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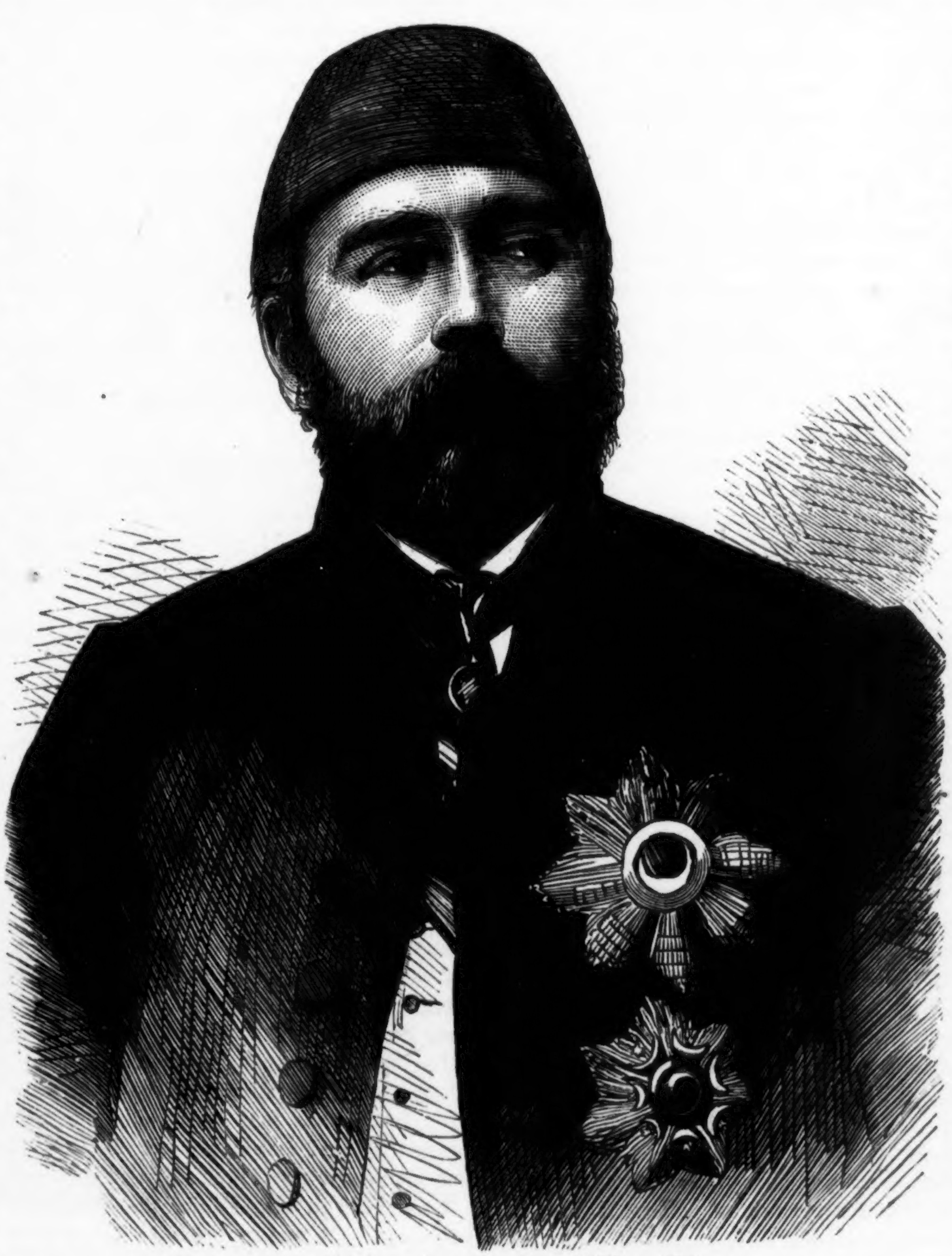
THE MODERN PHARAOH.

BY EDWIN DE LEON, AUTHOR OF "THE KHEDIVE'S EGYPT."

THE land of Egypt! How many memories does that name recall?—memories of those wondrous Scriptural stories, first learned at pious mothers' knees; memories of a history which was older than tradition when the Father of History, Herodotus, related the marvelous tales told him by Egyptian priests; and whose gigantic monuments have outlived the names of the proud Pharaohs who erected them to perpetuate the record of their dynasty. Coming down a little later, the mind recurs to that too-human story of the Egyptian Queen, whose face is carved in stone on the temple walls of Denderah, and of her Roman lover, who thought "the world well lost" for one smile of hers; and later still, of that new city, risen on the ruins of the old, in which Greek, Roman, Goth, and Barbarian struggled for mastery with the early Christians, in the time of their great Bishop Cyril, so graphically told in Kingsley's "Hypatia."

But recollections cluster so thickly around this strange land, that although a pile of volumes, rivaling one of her pyramids. has already been devoted to her story, the theme is not yet exhausted; and a new page in that eventful history has been inscribed by Mehemet Ali and his successors, who have created a new Egypt out of the wrecks of the old, which, though widely dissimilar in most of its features, yet preserves much of the antique stamp, and makes Modern Egypt unlike any other country on the face of the earth.

Among the most interesting pages of that new history of this ancient land, whenever it shall be fully and faithfully recorded, must be those which chronicle the reign of the Khédive Ismaïl, now deposed and



ISMAIL PASHA, KHÉDIVE OF EGYPT, 1863 TO 1879.

banished from the throne and city in which he sought to play the part of Haroun-el-Raschid; and who in sixteen years wrought more good and more evil to his country than any ruler, except the two Napoleons—the latest of whom he adopted as his model.

It is yet, perhaps, too early to do full justice to the man and his works, for we stand too near both; and, at this moment, too many partialities and prejudices sway those who had the privilege of knowing intimately and closely watching Egypt during all those years. Yet, as far as may be possible, the present writer, who has enjoyed exceptional facilities in this regard, will attempt impartially to sketch the man, the monarch, and the chief results of his reign.

Every one knows that, through the united pressure of all the foreign Powers at Constantinople, instigated by England and France, and enforced by the iron hand of Bismarck (who, at the most critical moment, like Brennus of old, threw the sword of Germany into the wavering scale), the Sultan deposed Ismaïl, and placed his son Mehemet Tewfik in his seat—the Powers guaranteeing an annual pension to the dethroned Prince, of a quarter of a million of dollars, for the term of his life.

The refusal of his petition to be allowed even to reside in an Egyptian village hereafter, proves the determination rigorously to exclude him henceforth from any influence over Egyptian affairs; and he and his reign may both be treated now as things of the past; concerning which we may sit in judgment, as posterity ever assumes to do.

Innumerable pictures and photographs have made the face and figure of Ismaïl Pasha familiar to the public. Every one recognizes the round, full face, with its fringe of short, brown beard, and stubbly mustache; the regular and heavy features, cast in a Turkish mold; the heavy-lidded, half-closed eyes; the broad forehead, half-concealed by the red *tarbouche*, or fez cap; the full, sensual mouth, and iron jaw; the broad, squat figure, of barrel conformation—tightly buttoned up in the straight-collared, Stamboul frock-coat, with decorations pendent at the breast—a costume all European except the fez.

His late troubles have aged him somewhat, both in face and figure; but that marvelous stoicism, which is the birthright and in the blood of a Turk, masks, or has really blunted, the severity of a stroke, which has been death to Western rulers—and the face of the ex-Khédive has little outward show of inward suffering, either for his losses or his imputed crimes.

For, as a certain prehistorical character has charitably been declared "not quite so black as he is painted," so may it be justly said of the ex-Khédive; though that Charity certainly needs an ample mantle to conceal or palliate his "multitude of sins," both of omission and commission. In judging him, however, it would be unjust to weigh his actions or his life by an European standard; for neither his training, nor his environments or necessities, rendered it possible for him to think, feel or act as an European or Christian monarch is, in conscience and duty, bound to do.

Ismaïl was the second son of the famous warrior, Ibrahim Pasha, who reigned but seventy days after succeeding his still-surviving father, Mehemet Ali, to the Egyptian throne—Mehemet's last years having been darkened by madness, ending in imbecility. The elder brother, Achmet, perished in a railway accident in crossing the Nile, the train having been precipitated through an open drawbridge into the river with its living freight, twenty of whom perished. Halim, his uncle, also on board, leaped into the Nile and swam ashore. He still lives, and has put in a protest against Tewfik's succession.

Ismaïl was born at Cairo in 1830. His mother was one of his father's many wives, a Circassian slave, all of his brothers being the offspring of different women—on the Oriental plan. He was sent at an early age to Paris, and there carefully educated by French tutors. His father dying in 1849, he returned home the succeeding year, and became an open and determined opponent of Abbas Pasha, his cousin, who then reigned, and was kept as a State prisoner at large by that jealous despot—not being allowed to leave Cairo without special permission, and for a limited time.

So critical was his position that (to the certain knowledge of the present writer) he secretly sent his physician to one consul-general, asking his intervention in case of an emergency—which was promised him, and which he did not afterward forget when attaining power.

The death of Abbas, who was strangled by his own slaves while taking his *siesta*, relieved him of this apprehension; but he never reciprocated the confidence and kindness of his successor, his uncle Saïd, who strove in vain to obtain the support, if not the affection, of his family, all of whom, except Halim, sullenly and suspiciously held aloof from him.

During Saïd's reign, which lasted little more than eight years, Ismaïl devoted himself chiefly to the management of his estates, then consisting of 50,000 acres of sugar and cotton lands, and was considered a successful and skillful manager; keeping aloof as much as possible from public affairs, and only taking a part under Saïd's special orders. The generous, open nature of the then Viceroy never was sympathetic with the secretive and suspicious character of Ismaïl, who in youth possessed the caution of age.

In private, however, the young prince was a most agreeable and winning person, of pleasing appearance and elegant manners, very affable, with a ready flow of conversation, and the air of a polished Frenchman. He spoke French with perfect accuracy, lived in a very fine palace, furnished in European style, and entertained very handsomely the few foreigners with whom he was intimate; reserving his Turkish side for his hareem and his Egyptian associates.

The general impression entertained of the young prince by the foreign consuls-general—who were then small kings themselves—was that he was an agreeable, polished man of the world, without much energy or force of character, and more of a voluptuary, on the Parisian model, than a man of thought or action.

No one then suspected that, like Brutus of old, he was playing his part. No one intimate with him at that early day ever dreamed that he would ever develop the good or the bad qualities, and the strength of will and intellect which he has since so signally evinced, and which, for good and evil, have stamped him as the Modern Pharaoh.

He ascended the throne comparatively young—for, after a sixteen years' reign, he is but fifty years old now—succeeding his uncle, Saïd Pacha, a son of Mehemet Ali, in 1863. He had been previously intrusted by that generous and open-hearted relative with several high public positions, among them the Regency, during Saïd's occasional absences abroad. He cherished, however, neither love nor gratitude for his predecessor, for his nature was ever a suspicious and distrustful one; and, as a general rule in the East, "a man's greatest enemies are those of his own household," and his own children have ever entertained for him more fear than affection. He desired to be respected and feared, never to be loved, by his elder sons: as a younger one, Ibrahim, was his favorite: and succeeded thoroughly in establishing his domestic relations on that footing. He was reported to be as despotic in his household as in his government; but the vail of his hareem concealed his conjugal relations, in which he observed the Mussulman law in taking his full complement of four legal wives—the only part of the Mussulman law to which he was strict in his adhesion; seldom, if ever, going to mosque, except on public occasions of religious *fêtes;* openly drinking wine; and disregarding observances held sacred by all strict Mohammedans. Like many of the semi-civilized Turks and Arabs, his foreign training, while it had not inspired him with belief in or respect for foreign usages and faith, had given him a contempt for his own, as well as disbelief in the most vital tenets. Hence they are not only men of "little," but of no, faith; without any moral compass or rudder to steer by, or any higher guide than caprice or interest.

The only man the late Khédive ever was supposed to have confided in absolutely was his foster-brother, the Mouffetich Ismaïl-Sadyk, the son of a Fellah woman, who he made his Finance Minister and chief adviser, enriched, ennobled, treated as an intimate, yet finally had done to death, confiscating his vast possessions as those of "a traitor," which he was adjudged to be in secret session by an obsequious privy council. No man to-day in Egypt knows how or where he died, or where his grave is; and probably the secret will perish with the Khédive, since most of that privy council suddenly and suspiciously died, shortly after the Mouffetich tragedy.

A lurid light has been thrown on the Khédive's character by late revelations, some of which will be found related in "The Khédive's Egypt," and in "Egypt under Ismaïl Pasha," two recent works. How much of truth there may be in all these stories it were difficult to say, perhaps impossible to prove; for the peculiar system of Oriental life is such as to shroud in secrecy and for ever the darkest deeds, perpetrated either behind the hareem curtains, or in the almost equally secluded *selamlik*, or men's apartment; privacy and mystery being the two great elements of Eastern, as publicity and gossip are of Western, life.

But passing from the private life and character of the ex-Khédive, let us turn to his public acts, concerning which, although the element of secrecy has largely entered—to the confusion of his accounts and his creditors—the greater portion has been open to the public eye; and certainly there is much to show for the ninety millions of public and private debt, he has contrived to accumulate on the country and himself, during the sixteen years of his reign.

Upon his accession, he found Egypt in a transition period. The civilization and the reforms introduced by his famous grandfather, Mehemet Ali, had been retarded rather than advanced by his immediate successor and grandson, Abbas—a thorough Turk, who neither spoke the language, followed the customs, nor loved the laws or the ways of "the Infidels": and who, to the extent of his power, sought to retain Oriental usages and customs in the country. When he perished by a violent death at the hands of slaves (sent him as a present from Constantinople by his aunt, Nezlé Khanum), his uncle, Saïd Pasha, a younger son of Mehemet Ali, mounted the throne, and immediately reversed the policy and habits of Abbas.

Saïd invited and liberally patronized Europeans to settle in Egypt, and introduced all European arts and improvements for the decoration and sanitary welfare of Alexandria and Cairo. It was under his reign that gas, and water-works, and extensive railway and telegraph lines were introduced into Egypt; as well as factories revived, which had been disused and neglected since his grandfather's time.

He turned his attention more to useful than ornamental improvements, and was made the victim of many plausible foreign swindlers, with their grand schemes. But he did many useful things, too, in the way of public improvements; and the Suez Canal—the Mediterranean mouth of which bears his name—was the joint offspring of his, as well as of De Lesseps's public spirit. The work had progressed very far before his death, in January, 1863, and Ismaïl was compelled, by the pressure of Napoleon III., to continue, and allow the completion of the works.

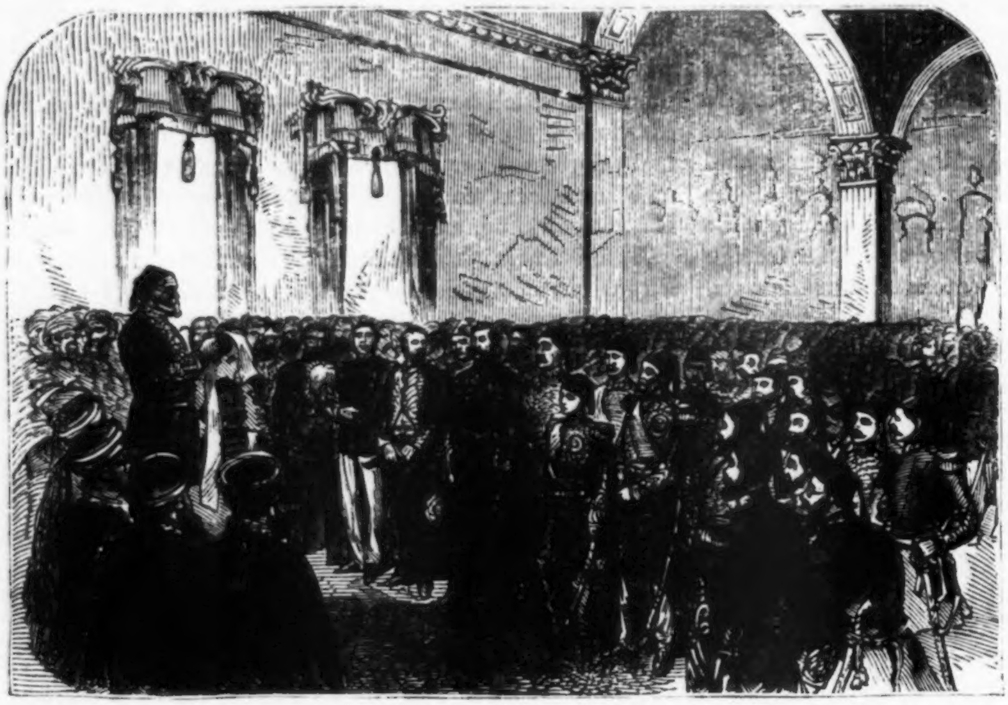
But if the initiation of all the public improvements in Egypt was not due to Ismaïl, it is but just to say that he pushed them far beyond a point ever dreamed of by Saïd: and revolutionized the external appearance, at least, of the great cities of Alexandria and Cairo: until the former has become almost completely de-Orientalized, and the latter partially so—in externals.

But "Old Cairo" is still a thoroughly Eastern city in more than three-fourths of its area, into which the Khédive's "improvements" never penetrated, and wherein the scenes of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments"(so familiar to all childhood) may still be daily and nightly seen; with apparently the identical "One-eyed calendars," water-carriers, vailed women, black eunuchs, camels and donkeys—whose wonderful adventures used so much to fascinate us in the days when there were children, and not "young ladies and gentlemen," educated out of imagination by common schools.

The period of Ismaïl's accession was also the era of Louis Napoleon's flood-tide of glory and power, when, with the aid of Baron Haussman, he was reconstructing Paris; and his Egyptian imitator sought, regardless of expense, to do the same by Egypt and her capital city of Cairo, that Napoleon was doing by France and her modern Babylon. Alexandria, which was Saïd Pasha's favorite city, Ismaïl shunned and never cared for; although her wealthy and enterprising foreign merchant-princes, of all European nationalities, caught the impulse from the Khédive: and have made it a solid and handsome European city, on the Italian model.

But at Cairo, Ismaïl took full scope and swing, on the Haussman plan; opening wide boulevards through the ancient, crooked and narrow streets, leading from the Ezbekieh, or central open square, in the heart of the city, to the citadel, on the verge of the Desert at its other extremity: tearing down houses and portions of houses in blocks, cutting down the giant sycamores planted by Mehemet Ali in the Ezbekieh Gardens, and rearing up huge piles of buildings with arcades like the Rue de Rivoli at Paris, on the site once occupied by those famous gardens, the pride and boast of Cairo, and nightly the resort of the native and foreign population for story-telling, pipe-smoking, coffee-drinking, and other harmless Oriental dissipations peculiar to the place and time. In his rage for improvement, the Khédive offered European and rich native residents valuable building-lots near the European quarter, then under cultivation, free of cost, on condition of erecting thereon each a house of not less value than $10,000, for occupation. The consequence of this was that in three years' time a new town, European in character of building, though Oriental in gardens, sprang up, as though by magic, in these suburbs, inhabited by Europeans and Europeanized natives; constituting at present one of the prettiest quarters of the city, and covering quite an extensive space, with a large population of several thousands.

In the course of an hour, the resident at Shepherd's Hotel, facing what once was the Ezbekieh Gardens—a fragment of which is now walled in as a French garden of fifty acres, perhaps—can pass through a Western and an Eastern town in quick succession, as utterly different in

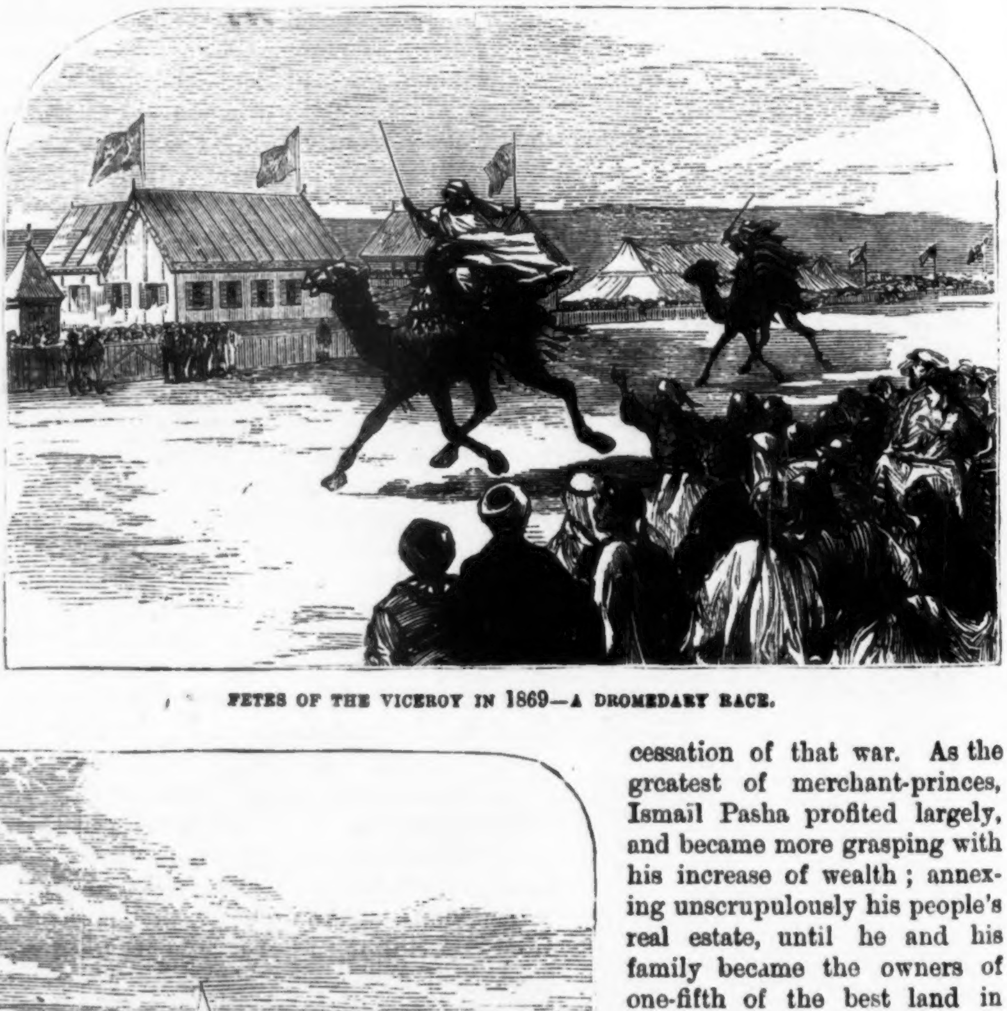


READING THE SULTAN'S FIRMAN IN 1868 GRANTING THE RANK OF VIZIER TO TEWFIK PASHA.

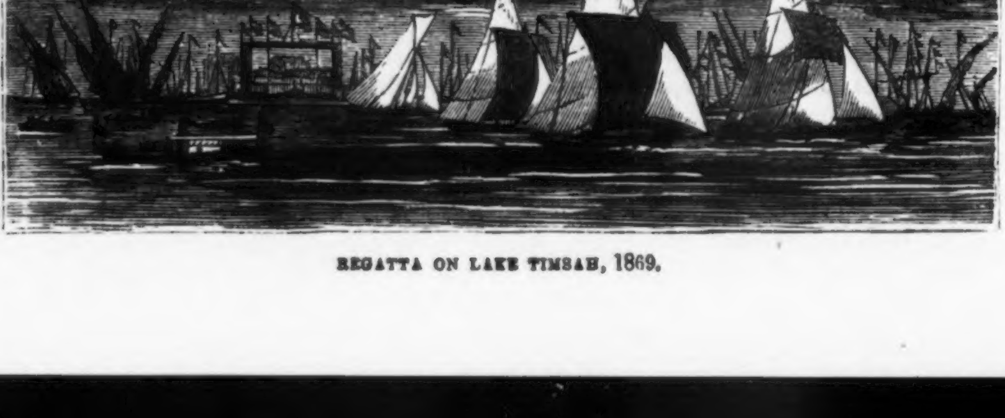
architecture and surroundings, as well as in the character and race of residents, as Europe is from Africa, or the West from the East.

The lighting of the city with gas, and supplying it with water-works; the making of excellent streets and roads inside and outside of Cairo, even to the Pyramids, formerly accessible only on horse- and donkey-back—these were labors of love with Ismaïl, and will remain his best memorials.

As to the palaces he built, in bad taste and at vast expense, for himself, his sons and daughters, they too will remain, but only as monuments of foolish waste and useless extravagance; for of abandoned palaces of former princes in Egypt going to decay, and uninhabited save by bats and owls, there was, when he built these, no end; the same mania for building having been evidently a family trait for three generations, which it is to be hoped will die out with the present.



FETES OF THE VICEROY IN 1869—A DROMEDARY RACE.



REGATTA ON LAKE TIMSAH, 1869.

The first ten years of Ismaïl's reign constituted a period of great apparent prosperity. The Civil War in America had greatly benefited and enriched Egypt, which had profited by the cotton blockade of the Southern ports, to increase the production of cotton, until the crop reached 600,000 bales of superior quality, commanding very high prices, as did also all Egyptian produce for the same reason; and the effects lasted for several years after the cessation of that war. As the greatest of merchant-princes, Ismaïl Pasha profited largely, and became more grasping with his increase of wealth; annexing unscrupulously his people's real estate, until he and his family became the owners of one-fifth of the best land in Egypt under cultivation (amounting to 1,000,000 of acres, held in his own name, or those of his family) which have but recently been surrendered up to the State, under the new *régime*: the new Khédive setting the example.

In 1869, the inauguration of the Suez Canal (one of the grandest public ceremonies of

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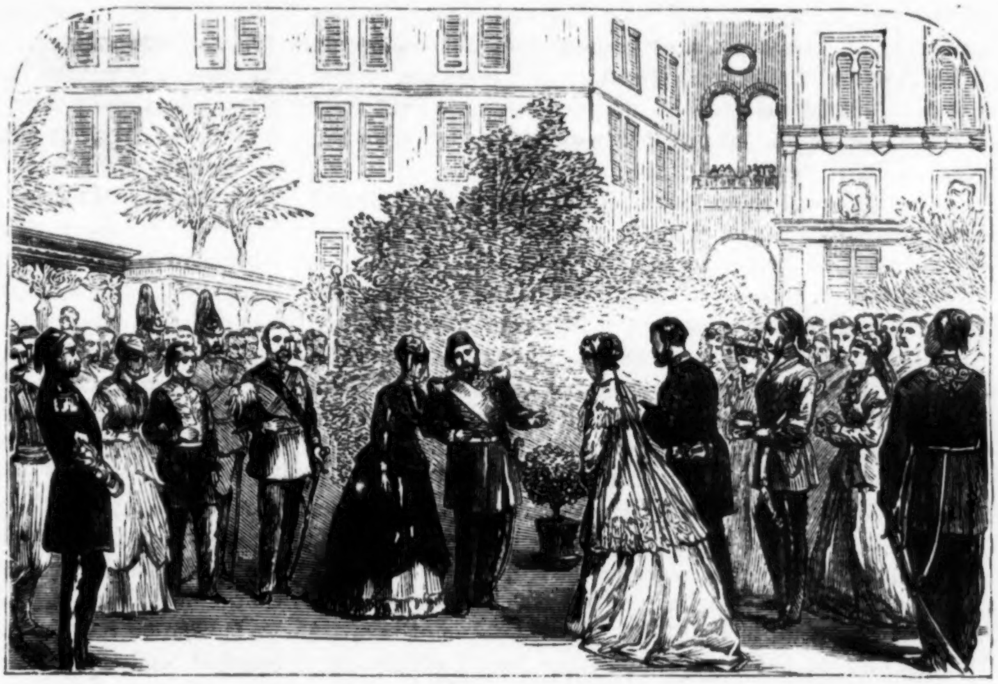
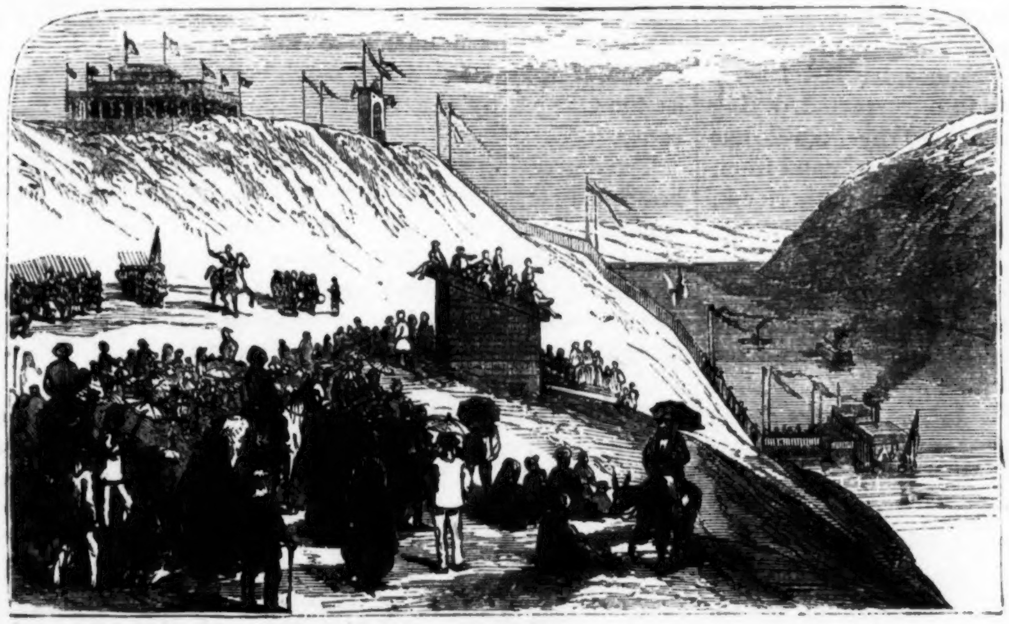
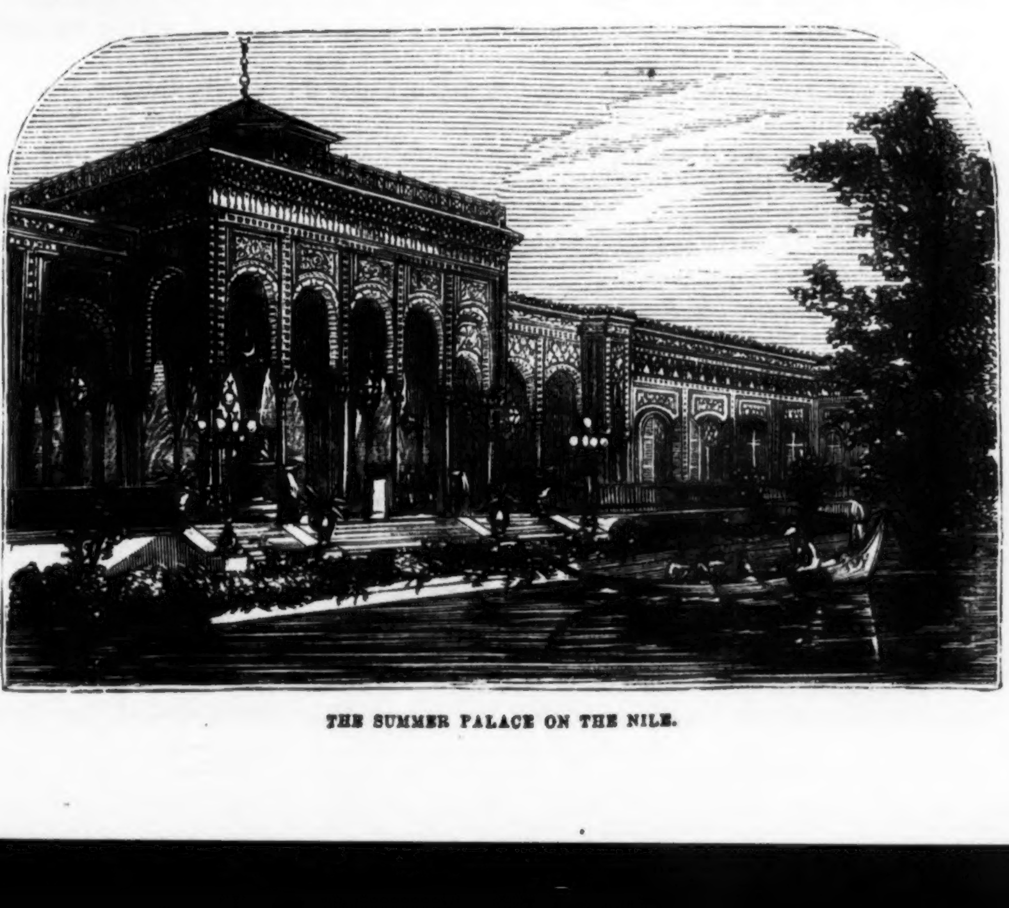
the century) took place, and all the great Powers of Europe sent their heads, or representatives of royal houses, to be the Khédive's guests. They were received and treated right royally. The world had witnessed nothing to equal that reception, since the days of "The Field of Cloth of Gold," and that was a poor pageant in comparison. At the head of the brilliant cortége was that then royal lady—now a bereaved and crownless widow, mourning like Rachel, that "her child is not"—the Empress Eugenie; and the *fêtes* in her honor, and that of the Prince of Wales, and other royal guests, were fabulous in cost and splendor. The accompanying illustrations feebly shadow forth a few of the entertainments offered by Ismaïl to his guests: who treated him as one of themselves thenceforth.


THE KHÉDIVE RECEIVING THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN 1869.


THE VICEROY VISITING THE WORKS AT ISMAILA.

The character of these *fêtes* was partly European, partly Oriental; while the Khédive entertained his guests in splendid palaces fitted up with the elegancies and comforts of Western civilization — the Empress and Princes might have imagined themselves at home in their own palaces—he gave them also entertainments which recalled those of the "Thousand and One Nights" in Haroun-el-Raschid's time. Dromedary races, Djereed playing by mounted Bedouins in their picturesque ragged costumes; regattas on Lake Timsah (Crocodile Lake) through which the Suez Canal was cut; excursions up the Nile to Thebes in splendidly decorated *dahabiehs*, or Nile boats, towed by steamers; and finally the gorgeous representation of Verdi's new opera, "Aïda," composed expressly for the Khédive and the occasion.

Distinguished strangers from all quarters of the world flocked by invitation, or inspired by curiosity, to this carnival of nationalities, wherein almost every specimen and class of the human race, civilized or savage, found its representatives; for the East was as largely represented as the West, Egypt numbering, with her own borders, and under the Khédive's


THE SUMMER PALACE ON THE NILE.

jurisdiction, no less than sixteen different races. Hence, in the way of languages, a reproduction of the colloquies at the Tower of Babel was offered on this occasion, as well as such a study of varieties in costume, as might have suggested novel and grand conceptions to such artists as Worth of Paris, or Poole of London.

Literature was represented, among others, by M. Edmond About, whose romance, "The Fellah," in which there is far less fact than fiction, was the fruit of this visit.

Egypt and its ruler were admitted with loud acclaim into the confraternity of civilized states and monarchs, and held up as examples of progress, in consequence of this manifestation. Orders and decorations were freely showered on the Khédive, and his sons, from all the foreign Powers, who proclaimed that since Haroun-el-Raschid there had been no such Eastern ruler. The Emperor of Austria conferred on the Khédive the Order of St. Stephen, one of the highest and most exclusive of Christian badges, and other monarchs did the same.

Before this period he had bribed the Sultan with an enormous sum (said to be £1,000,000), to change the order of succession to the Egyptian throne to his eldest son; setting aside the heir in regular succession, Prince Halim Pasha, the sole surviving son of Mehemet Ali, the founder of the house. At this time Fortune never seemed weary of showering down on Ismaïl her richest gifts; as well as on the heads of the royal pair of France, his fast friends and powerful protectors, whom he in turn visited during the great French Exposition; receiving so royal a welcome as to excite the jealousy of, and call down a reprimand from, his then nominal master, the Sultan, whose authority in Egypt had become a shadow, of which the annual tribute was the only substance.

The liberal spirit of the Khédive was shown especially in two of the measures of his reign. First, in the adoption of the Mixed Tribunals for the trial of causes between his subjects and foreigners (of whom there are about 100,000 in Egypt), for which he had to provide and pay for about thirty foreign judges, four of whom are Americans, with about a dozen American residents. Second, in the selection of American officers as chiefs and assistants on the staff of his army, to the number of forty or fifty—but three of whom now remain, under the retrenchment policy insisted on by the Anglo-French Commission, viz., General Stone, and Colonels Purdy and Mason.

Several of these American officers distinguished themselves as African explorers also—notably, Colonels C. C. Long, Colston, Purdy and Mason. General Loring was connected with the Abyssinian campaign, as well as Colonel Dye and several others.

The storm which swept away our military representatives has, as yet, spared the four judges, who are paid out of the depleted Egyptian treasury $21,000 per annum.

Profiting by his credit the Khédive, as he was then created, a title higher than that of viceroy, or governor-general, borne by his predecessors, made great and repeated loans on usurious terms for vast amounts, and launched out, not only into wild personal extravagances, but into gigantic public works, more fit for vast empires like Russia, or boundless territory and resources like those of the United States, than for the limited area, and yet more restricted resources, of poor little Egypt. Of these public works, some were actually completed, but mortgaged to the foreign constructors; others commenced, but not completed: and yet more planned, but never executed. The harbors, docks, lighthouses, canals and railways, and telegraphs come in the first category, and are Ismaïl's most durable legacy to the country. The thousand and one other projects commenced only, or existing merely in engineers' plans and salaries, immensely outnumber these practical performances. For the £90,000,000 indebtedness incurred, which has crushed the Khédive, and weighs like a dead weight on the country and its people, these public works are all there is to show; and few of them pay any dividends—the enormous interest on the public debt being wrung out of the sweat and blood of the overtasked Fellahs, the peasant proprietors of the soil, 10,000 of whom perished last year from over-work and famine in Upper Egypt. And this leads to the consideration of the Fellahs, or peasant laboring population of Egypt, who constitute its most peculiar feature, as well as contribute to the support of the country, and its expensive Court, about eight-tenths of all that is produced; out of which they receive barely enough to keep body and soul together, from a truly patriarchal and paternal Government. Last year, even that scanty pittance was not accorded them: for the foreign creditor tightened the screw on Khédive Ismaïl, who in turn, screwed down tighter the vice in which he held the lives and labor of his people. So the Fellahs were fearfully decimated and disheartened by famine on the Upper Nile, where the pressure was the heaviest, and the crops the most scanty, owing to a low Nile, the supply of water from the river regulating the crops.

Hence the reverence the Egyptians, even from the earliest time, have cherished for the Nile—to them a stream, if not as holy, yet as much beloved and reverenced, as the Ganges by the Hindoos—possibly from the same cause.

The despairing wail which went up from the Nile banks last Spring, reached the ears in Europe, previously deafened to the remonstrances of these slaves (whose skins were brown, not black) by the chink of the guineas wrung out of their sweat and blood by Khédive Ismaïl, through his Anglo-French commissioners, with unfailing punctuality (quarterly), as interest on the public debt. Ismaïl's deposition has been the result of this and non-payment.

Whether Europe, under the new *régime*, after making a scapegoat of Ismaïl, will still as rigorously exact "the letter of the bond," and her "pound of flesh," as stipulated therein, through the new Khédive, Mehemet Tewfik (a young man of twenty-seven, entirely in their hands, with the Sultan's eager clutch on his purse besides), events will very soon show.

But no change can make the poor Fellah's condition much worse than it has lately been, in spite of the gilding and the veneer which has been spread over the recent revival of Egypt by the deposed Khédive, and his loud-voiced eulogists, who proclaimed him not only a great and enlightened reformer, but an equally large-hearted philanthropist. To do him justice, in the early part of his reign, and at the period of his great prosperity, when the spell of Aladdin seemed his, Ismaïl did attempt to extend the advantages of education to his people: and, had prosperity continued, might have even ameliorated their condition, and improved their sordid and almost bestial lot and modes of living—an attempt spasmodically made by his large-hearted predecessor, Said Pasha, but soon abandoned in vexatious despair by that generous, but reckless and thoughtless, ruler. He left the Fellah as he found him, and if he did not elevate and improve his condition or his intelligence, did not further brutalize him by oppression and starvation.

Under the Modern Pharaoh—as under the old—the condition of the Fellah, or of the laborer and peasant (of whom he may or may not have been the direct descendant), the life, labors and condition of this class seem to have been substantially the same; with very slight changes indeed, throughout all the intervening ages. Nothing seems sus-

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ceptible of change in Egypt, for even Time respects there those things he never spares elsewhere—as the frowning Pyramids, the eternal Sphinx, even the exhaustless granary of the fields, irrigated as of old by the eternal river among whose rushes the infant Moses slept and smiled—still survive to attest.

A record traced on papyrus has come down to us from those distant ages, when the Pharaohs were building Memphis and Thebes—possibly the Pyramids—which modern skill and patience have deciphered, and there we read a description of the Egyptian peasant's lot, which applies equally to the cultivators of the soil to-day, in all the terrible truth of its revelations of

"Man's inhumanity to man"

in past ages, as in the present—whether men worship the Sacred Bull or the "Golden Calf."

The papyrus referred to is one of the treasures of the British Museum. It contains a correspondence, in hieroglyphics, between Ameneman, the librarian of Rameses the Great, and Pentatour, the poet of his reign (some thousands of years ago), whose poem, recording the achievements of that Egyptian monarch, engraved in hieroglyphic characters on the wall of the Temple of Karnak at Luxor, still remains for the admiration of posterity, or at least such of them as can read hieroglyphics! Ameneman thus writes to his friend, the poet:

> "Have you ever represented to yourself in imagination the estate of the rustic who tills the ground? Before he has put the sickle to his crop, the locusts have blasted part thereof. Then come the rats and birds. If he is slack in housing his crop, the thieves are on him; his horse dies of weariness, as it drags the wain. The *tax-collector* arrives; his agents are armed with clubs; he has negroes with him, who carry whips of palm-branches. They all say, 'Give us your grain!' And he has no way of avoiding their extortionate demands. Next the wretch is caught, bound and sent off to work, without wages, at the canals; his wife is taken and chained, his children are stripped and plundered."

This was not written in the reign of Ismaïl Khédive, any time within the last five years, as it might have been with truth: but in the reign of Rameses, called the Great.

The Fellah, or peasant proprietor and rural laborer of this year of our Lord, under the new dispensation of the reforming Khédive Ismaïl, with his wife and children, is wretchedly lodged in a mud hut, more resembling an African ant-hill than the habitation of a human being. He knows nothing either of comfort or cleanliness, nor do his family. He and his wife are insufficiently clad, each in a coarse blue cotton shirt—insufficient in her case for the preservation of decency to a foreign eye, her face only being entirely concealed from view. The children dispense even with a covering of rags, up to a mature age: and run about much as our "noble savage" did when "wild in woods," according to the poet. The women work as hard and as constantly as the men in the fields, in addition to their domestic duties; and the hard life of the Indian squaw is luxurious and lazy contrasted with theirs. The children are set to work almost as soon as they can toddle about, and are kept at it, until death or disease disables them. From the cradle to the grave the Fellah man and woman are underfed, overworked, overtaxed, and treated like beasts of burden more than like human beings, in the vast majority of instances, with some exceptions, of course; and this class numbers three millions and a half, out of a native population of five millions. And yet, strange to say, they are not wholly brutalized, nor stupefied intellectually, by such a life and surroundings, and such treatment at the hands of their native—or, rather, Turkish—taskmasters. For the ruling race—a mere handful, comparatively—is not Arab, or even Egyptian: but is, or claims to be, Turkish by birth, blood or descent. So do the Khédive and his family; Mehemet Ali coming from Cavalla, in Albania, and the mothers being imported Circassian women, purchased for the harems, and brought from Constantinople. Yet the Mouffetich, one of their most terrible and relentless persecutors and scourgers, was a Fellah by birth and training; and many of the Khédive's most unscrupulous employés for "squeezing the Fellah," were recruited from native ranks.

The Arab race does not seem to have been created for a race of drudges, for nature has gifted it with a ready wit, a quickness of apprehension, a retentiveness of memory, which, in the children, surprises all who understand their native tongue, or witness the ease with which the half-naked little donkey-boy of the cities picks up scraps of foreign languages, and masters and humors the weaknesses of the traveling *howadji*, out of whom he earns his daily bread. As he grows older, hardship, drudgery, insufficient and unwholesome food, and the unchecked indulgence of his animal nature, convert the bright boy into the sullen, slouching man, prematurely aged, and devoted chiefly to his pipe and coffee, his sole luxuries. Yet is he ever a good-tempered, amiable, and even merry animal; and a social one also, whose amusements consist in squatting down on the ground and listening to the professional story-teller or musician, who always collects crowds in the streets; or witnessing the writhings and contortions of the lower class of dancing women, on whom the Fellah's spare *paras* (most valueless of coins) are freely bestowed. And yet, most of this apparently pauper class are real estate owners and taxpayers; the land of Egypt being chiefly subdivided into small holdings—very small, indeed, as may be judged from the character and means of the proprietors, as above described. The lands which the royal family took forcible possession of, and the large properties of a few pashas connected with or favored by royalty, constitute the sole exceptions; and these amount to little more than a fifth of the whole.

The marvel with every traveler in Egypt is, justly, how out of so small a country, with so sparse a population, such enormous sums can be raised annually as £8,000,000 or £9,000,000 sterling, equivalent to $45,000,000; and the wonder grows when the voyager sees the class from which that money is extracted. For all the wealth of Egypt comes out of the land; she is agricultural, and nothing else. The tax-gatherer is everywhere, the tax on everything—a tax on all trades and professions, even down to the donkey-boy, and not a solitary date-tree in Egypt is free of it. In addition to all this, the *corvée*, or compulsory and unpaid labor for canals or public works, or on the Khédive's and family's estates, has also been cruelly and constantly enforced, in spite of the poor wretches having left starving families at home.

But it would require a volume, not a chapter, to tell the Fellah's wrongs, in comparison with which the lot of slaves elsewhere, out of Africa, is rose-colored and enviable. And yet the Fellah is called a free man, and actually is a landholder and taxpayer. Let us hope that among the earliest of the sweepings of the new broom in Egypt, may be the removal of the filth, which has accumulated in the mud huts of the Fellahs.

With the defeat and removal of Napoleon III. from the throne of France, the prestige and power of his Egyptian *protégé* began also to decline. French influence, which had been all-powerful in Europe as in Egypt, disappeared everywhere, and the great French banking institution, "The Credit Foncier," a large portion of whose capital was invested in Egyptian securities, comprising

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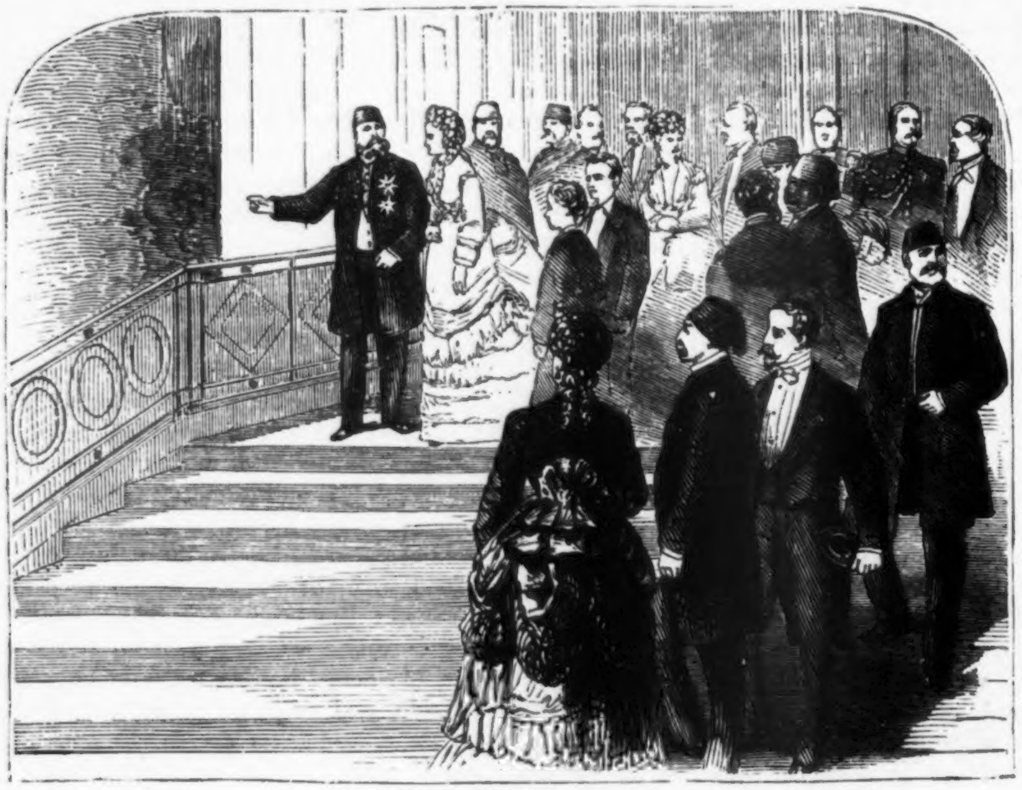
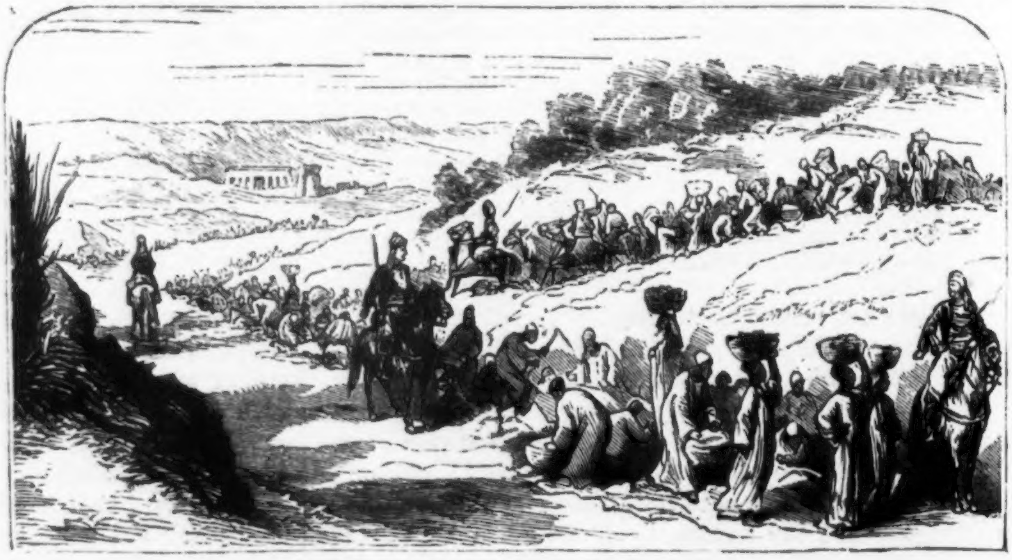


THE KHÉDIVE AT VERSAILLES.

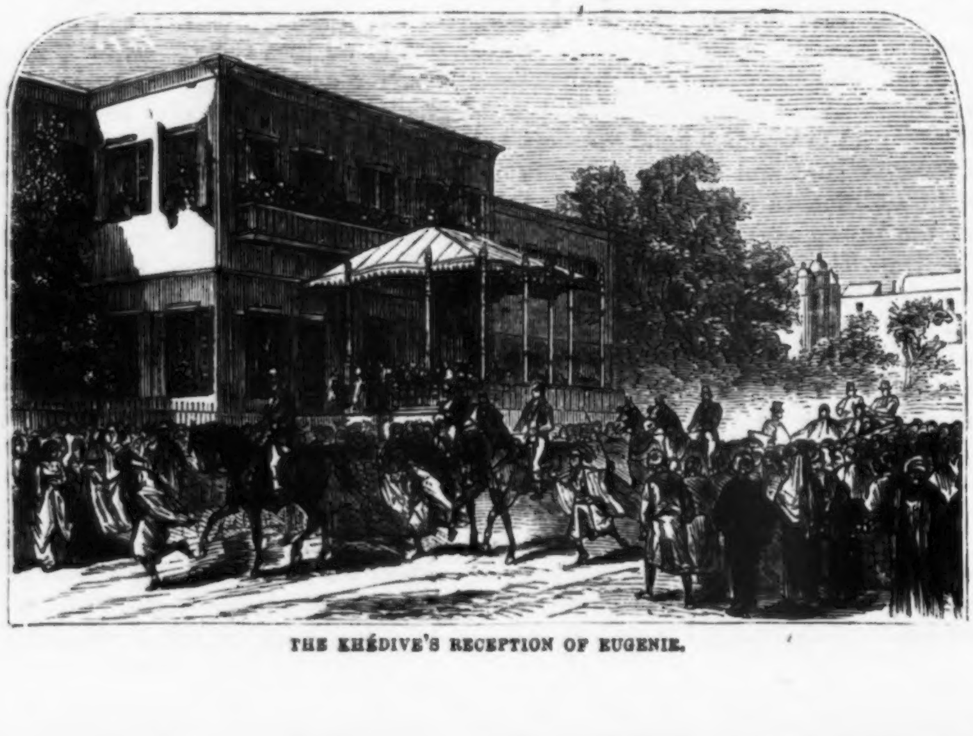
the successive loans made by the Khédive—became uneasy; and English creditors also interested in the same stock joined in putting pressure on their royal debtor, who had made Egypt his farm: and doubts as to the Khédive's solvency, or desire to meet his engagements, passed from whispers to the public prints.



LABORERS PREPARING THE ROAD TO DENDERAH.

Attempting to make further loans, the Khédive found the English and French public no longer confiding, and money impossible to raise, except on absolutely ruinous terms. So with his usual boldness, he determined to revive the shaken confidence of his foreign creditors, by taking them into his councils, trusting to his own astuteness to manage them. Accordingly, in November, 1875, he applied directly to the British Government to send out some high official, who might examine into and report on the condition and prospects of the Egyptian public debt.

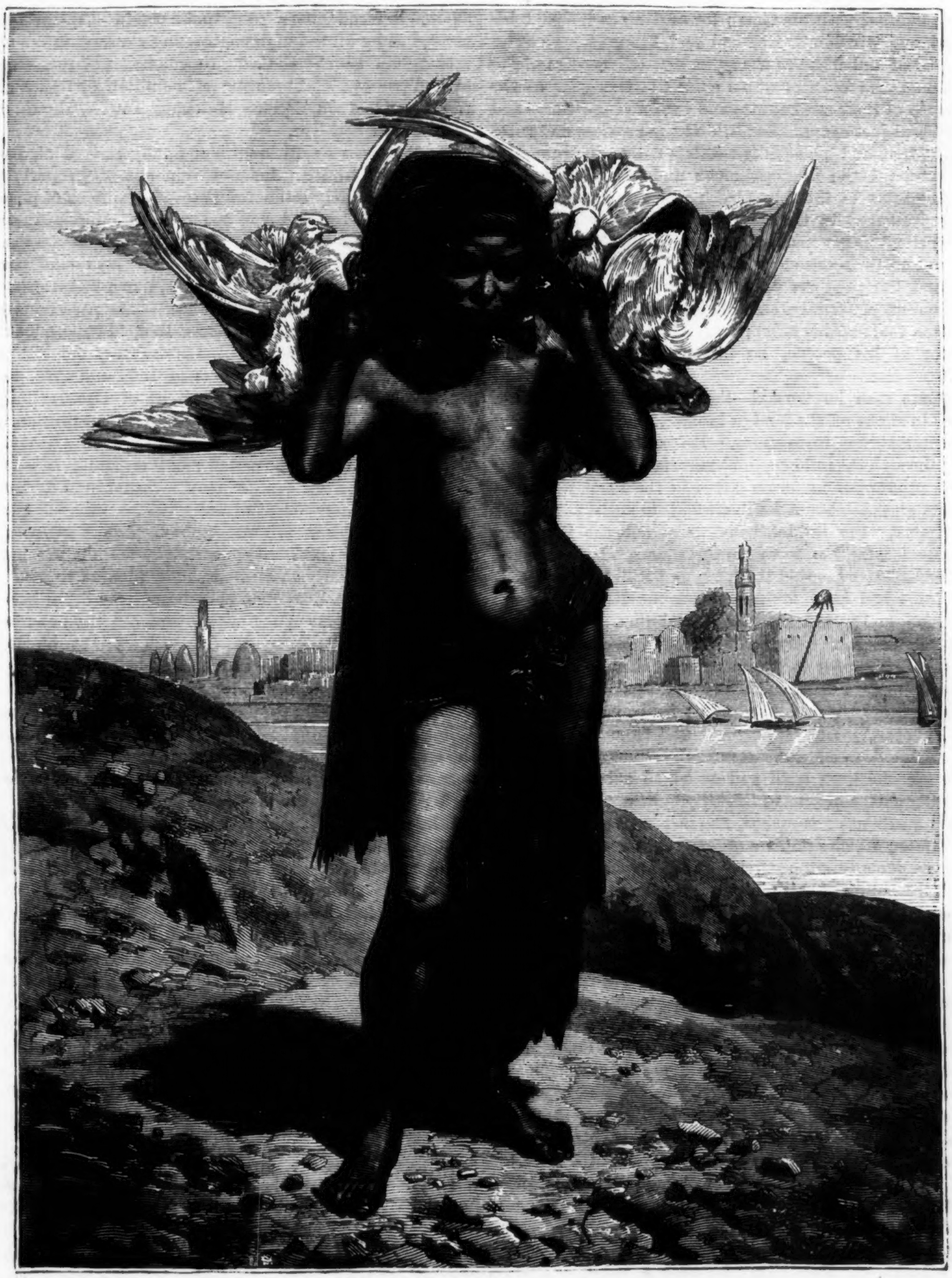
The British Ministry sent out Mr. Stephen Cave, a member of Parliament, and high public official, by far the ablest and most sagacious financier who ever meddled with the great Egyptian muddle. His report was favorable to the chances of redemption of the debt, but he recommended a reduction in the rate of interest—which did not meet the views of the bondholders, ever, like Oliver, "asking for more." Then Mr. Romaine, with a small army of highly paid English subordinates (paid in pounds what they got in shillings at home), was sent out the succeeding year, to take charge of all the receipts and expenditures of the country, and control all the departments. The Khédive, while nominally permitting this, took care privately to manage matters his own way. Then France, having recovered her spirits and energy, insisted upon sharing with England in their Egyptian spoils and offices; and Frenchmen were largely imported, and provided for in the public offices. Finally, getting more confident, France insisted on a joint commission to examine into Egyptian finance;



THE KHÉDIVE'S RECEPTION OF EUGENIE.

and M. Joubert, a French financier, representing the French bondholding interests, and Mr. Goschen, English ex-Cabinet Minister, representing the English bondholders, were named by their respective Governments for that duty—and the entangling alliance, which has made England and France copartners for the relief of the bondholders, was instituted and still continues.

For the result of that Goschen-Joubert Commission was the establishment of a joint financial agency, composed of Mr. Rivers Wilson and M. de Blignieres, who undertook to control the whole financial administration of Egypt, finally insulting and snubbing the Khédive, who dismissed them—on which they appealed to their Governments, who, with the assistance of the other Powers and the Sultan, deposed Ismaïl, putting his son in his stead. The first act of the son has been to protest against having



A FELLAH PIGEON-GIRL NEAR CAIRO.

the Wilson-de Blignieres administration saddled on Egypt, like the "Old Man of the Sea" on the back of Sinbad the Sailor. And so matters stand to-day.

Such is an outline of the causes which really led to Khédive Ismaïl's downfall. The afterthought, as to his having been deposed in consequence of his misgovernment, deceives no one familiar with the facts; for so long as he paid his interest and dividends, England and France were conveniently deaf and blind to the sufferings and wrongs of the population, the bulk of whom curse the foreigner as the real cause of their misfortunes and terrible condition—and not without just cause. For behind the reckless and ruthless Khédive, and his equally ruthless native instruments, who extracted the peasants' *paras* under the bastinado—like daughters of the horse-leech ever sat the bondholders; represented by the English and French commissioners, insisting on payment at any sacrifice to the taxpayers.

Driven to desperation by his creditors, native and foreign, and the pressure of the foreign Governments, the whole nature of Ismaïl seemed to have changed during the last three years of his reign; and, from the reformer and educator of his people, he became their scourge and tyrant.

The one man he trusted—the Mouffetich—devised a scheme to shake off the foreign leeches, that were irritating his master almost to madness. He contrived a plot by which, through the influence and exhortations of the *Ulemas*, or high priests (an immense power in the East), a kind of religious crusade should be instituted, to sustain the Khédive against "the Infidel," and drive out the intruding strangers, leaving Egypt to the Egyptians. It is believed that the Khédive favored this plot, but it did not succeed. The *Ulemas* had little faith in either the Khédive or the Mouffetich, and would not move: and then the farce was converted into a tragedy. The favorite Minister took a drive with his master one morning, was taken to the palace of Ghesireh on the Nile, and his splendid palace and multitudinous wives beheld him no more; for he passed for ever from Egyptian politics and plots, and from the sight of man. A few days later, it was officially announced that the Mouffetich had been tried and adjudged a traitor by the Grand Council, and sent to the Upper Nile. A few weeks later his death was announced, and his estates confiscated to the State; which estates were valued at several millions of pounds, including the jewelry of his women.

With the failure of this plot, and the death of that bold, bad man, the Khédive for a time lost heart, and offered no further opposition to the Wilson-de Blignieres combination; until a few months since, when he caused a riot to be got up by disbanded officers of the army, declared the country to be in danger of a religious massacre, and dismissed the Foreign Ministry, in which Nubar Pasha held a conspicuous place—than whom Egypt never has had an abler, more honest and patriotic minister—Armenian Christian by birth and faith, but identified with Egypt in interest, affection and patriotic feeling. And then Ismaïl at last stood at bay, declaring his purpose of appealing to his people: who responded by furnishing him a million of dollars to carry on a native Government, which he cheerfully pocketed, reorganized his army, and intimated his purpose of resisting force by force. So grimly did he stand at bay that England and France were alarmed, for neither could afford a war with Egypt for such a cause, or under such circumstances. So they invoked the long-disused authority of the Sultan to coerce his rebellious vassal. Ismaïl met this by sending a prodigious bribe of many hundred thousand pounds to Constantinople, and received assurances of support. The feeble shadow of the old Sultans saw his opportunity in this quarrel of getting liberal *backsceesch* (bribes) and of restoring his lost authority in Egypt, and was false to both parties.

He finally determined on declaring that Ismaïl should be deposed, but that his uncle Halim (then at Constantinople), not his son, should succeed him. Then Ismaïl defied the Sultan, as he had defied the foreigners: and showed so formidable a front, that a compromise was finally arrived at by all the high contracting Powers, to the effect that Ismaïl should abdicate, on condition of receiving an annual pension of a quarter of a million of dollars, and that his eldest son, Prince Mehemet Tewfik, should succeed him as Khédive.

On this basis a settlement was finally arrived at, Ismaïl taking with him an immense amount of property and plunder, variously estimated at several millions of pounds. Accompanied by his wives and retinue, numbering more than a hundred persons, he left for Naples in a splendid steam-yacht of great value—the *Mahroussa*—and passed out of Egyptian politics and finance, like a bad dream.

But then another difficulty arose. The perfidious Sultan issued his *Irade*, announcing that, in consequence of Ismaïl's misconduct, he had withdrawn from the new Ruler of Egypt the concessions of 1866 and 1873, which had made him virtually independent of Constantinople, except in the matter of annual tribute, amounting to more than three and a half millions of dollars. Against this, England and France protested; but so stubborn was the Porte that the *Irade* conferring the throne and its former powers on the new Khédive was not sent until the 15th of August, although Ismaïl was deposed, and his son actually invested with his authority, nearly two months previous.

It is yet too early to form any clear idea as to what the next move on the Egyptian chessboard may be, or how the game will terminate; but at this moment the two foreign Powers which have sought to establish a joint protectorate over Egypt and Khédive Tewfik are held in check by the passive resistance of the young monarch, who has declared that he cannot answer for public tranquillity should Messrs. Wilson and De Blignieres again be forced upon him and the country—a consummation as unexpected as it is embarrassing to England and France; no other foreign Power caring much about the matter.

Like the Third Napoleon, Ismaïl manifested, in his fall, the dignity and impassive stoicism of an Oriental. Up to the hour of his departure he comported himself like one accustomed to be obeyed, even by the son who succeeded him, who, to the last, kept up the semblance of respect due to a parent and a sovereign, as, leaning on his son's arm, the old Khédive passed out of his palace, and accompanied by his son to the railway carriages, there gave him his parting benediction.

The parting scene is thus described in the French journal published at Cairo, *La Reforme*, of June 30th:

> "His Highness, Ismaïl Pasha, departed from Cairo at eleven o'clock in the morning. Until that hour he had received the farewell visits of his former ministers and pashas. At 10:30 A.M. His Highness, the Khédive Tewfik Pasha, came to make his adieux to his father, and at eleven o'clock Ismaïl, leaning on the arm of his son, was assisted into the carriage of the latter, who seated himself at his left hand. They were escorted to the railway station by the troops, and the military band played the "Khédive's Hymn" as the old Khédive departed.
>
> "The parting scenes were touching—many wept, and the young Khédive could not restrain his tears. May the sad but salutary reflections which this scene must naturally have inspired guard the young Khédive against the evil advice of perfidious counselors!
>
> "A special train followed, with three of the wives of Ismaïl Pasha; the fourth, the mother of Tewfik, will not go with his father, but will remain at Cairo with her son.
>
> "On leaving the Palace of Abdine, an indescribable scene took

place between the departing women and those left behind. Cries and sobs were heard from the carriages, the slaves beating their breasts, and giving all the signs of despair at being exiled from their country. The cortége from the palace was composed of sixty State carriages.

"Arrived at Alexandria, the ex-Khédive and his suite embarked on the steam yacht *Mahroussa* for Naples, amid the thundering Khédivial salute from a'l foreign war-vessels in port, by order of the Consuls-general."

This departure took place less than two months since, yet already the banished Khédive is straining at his tether like a chained bloodhound, and longing to get loose again on his old trail.

In his written submission to the Sultan's decree, he made the request that he might be permitted to present his homage personally at Constantinople. This request not having been acceded to, he then obtained (probably through the usual means—bribery) a request from the Sultan to the new Khédive that Ismaïl be allowed to reside in Egypt—a proposal which met the emphatic veto of his guardians, the English and French Governments.

Baffled in these two efforts, but turning his eyes still homeward, toward the east, the banished Khédive asked to be allowed to repair to Algeria, with similar result. Finally he has proposed sojourning at Constantinople, near his dearly beloved and well-paid suzerain, the "Sublime Porte"; and the response given, with ludicrous haste, is a still more emphatic negative. In fact, Ismaïl does not seem ardently desired as a resident anywhere that he might be mischievous. But, "if he lives he will betray more men!" as poor Othello falsely said of Desdemona. So, at Naples we leave the ex-Khédive—for the present.

THE CONSCRIPT'S LOVE.

IN France, conscription embraces the whole bud and flower of youth and early manhood. Between twenty and thirty, no young man is entitled to exemption, except those fortunate enough, as students, to have carried away large prizes from the universities or from some national institute, or those unfortunate enough to be excused on the score of disease or infirmity; or again, those who have widowed mothers, or fathers of seventy years of age, or are the oldest brothers of orphan children. All else are subjected to the ordeal of being drawn; and there are times when these cases embody the most intense suffering, and the sundering of the strongest ties of affection.

In a small country town, not far from the capital of France, a group of anxious watchers were awaiting the decision which should take from them the light of their eyes, or restore them to safety in their own homes, until another of these fiery trials should occur.

On one side of the large town hall, the mayor and prefects were sitting in solemn conclave—lords of the destinies of the young and brave assembled on the other side. There were quick, hurried words—tears raining from loving eyes, and "smiles that might as well be tears, so sad, so faint their beaming."

There was a sea of troubled faces turned toward the assembled dignitaries, as if fate could be read in those stony eyes, so full of heartless indifference. Not a trace of human feeling was visible there.

What mattered it to their cold hearts that there were mothers whose very souls seemed dying out of their bodies—fathers whose only pride was about to be snatched away; young maidens who were to wear cypress wreaths instead of orange blossoms; and sisters who were to grieve for the absent and well-beloved brother?

How custom hardens the heart! These men were once human, but their stern, cold duties had turned them into stone, and they looked on the suffering of those around them with adamantine eyes.

Even one little group that seemed to attract the sympathies of all others in the hall, failed to excite any interest in the stolid-looking beings who sat with gold-headed canes pressed tightly to chin or nose, and white waistcoats worn over portly, well-fed stomachs.

The group alluded to consisted of a pale, venerable-looking man, considerably past sixty; a gentle-looking old lady about the same age; a young girl, with soft, tender eyes, and two youths, scarcely distinguishable from each other, in looks or age.

That they were brothers, no one could doubt; and affectionate ones, too, for hand grasped hand in a caressing way that would have become two gentle schoolgirls, and one had his arm around the neck of the other, who leaned lovingly on his shoulder.

It was the family of Jean St. Pierre, formerly a silk-weaver at Lyons, but now a shopkeeper near Paris, with his two sons as assistants. They, with the wife and the young orphan girl (the betrothed of Clement, the younger brother), composed the whole family.

Eugene, the elder brother, was a rare specimen of the middling class of young Frenchmen. His nature was tender as a woman's, yet brave and daring.

Though bred as a shopman, he had not sunk to the level of lower minds, but exhibited a superiority of intellect and a fondness for high culture that would have done honor to one bred in a grander sphere.

For years Eugene had loved the orphan girl whom his father had adopted. From a mere boy, he had learned the lesson which, sooner or later, comes to all—the puzzling lesson of human love—that perplexes and stirs all hearts with various degrees of strength and intensity.

He had never troubled the calm sea of her life until lately; and when at length he brought himself to disclose his feelings to her, how was his noble heart pained and startled to find that another image had been reflected in her pure soul already—and that other was Clement's!

He loved his brother too well to think for a moment of supplanting him; and thenceforth he buried his first and last passion, dropping only a "few natural tears" over its grave; nay, more, he had come this day, hoping from the depths of his heart that he should be drawn instead of his brother, and determining, if Clement's name was announced as a conscript, that he would take his place and leave him at liberty to marry the beloved Rose.

It was no mere romantic impulse that impelled him to make this sacrifice, but a firm, heroic determination to put his brother's happiness before his own, and to secure that of the orphan girl who had been once so dear to him.

Clement, who was really brave, had no thought of Eugene's intentions; but it must be owned that he thought his own sacrifice would be the greatest, since his brother had no betrothed to leave—not imagining the terrible struggle which had nearly overwhelmed Eugene's heart.

Rose had some conception of what was passing in Eugene's mind. She dreaded to part with Clement, yet she felt as if it would be wrong to accept selfishly the sacrifice which she was almost convinced would be made, should her lover be drawn.

It was a touching sight to see the frail little being, scarcely larger than a child, with her beautiful eyes looking sadly from one to the other of the brothers, and then

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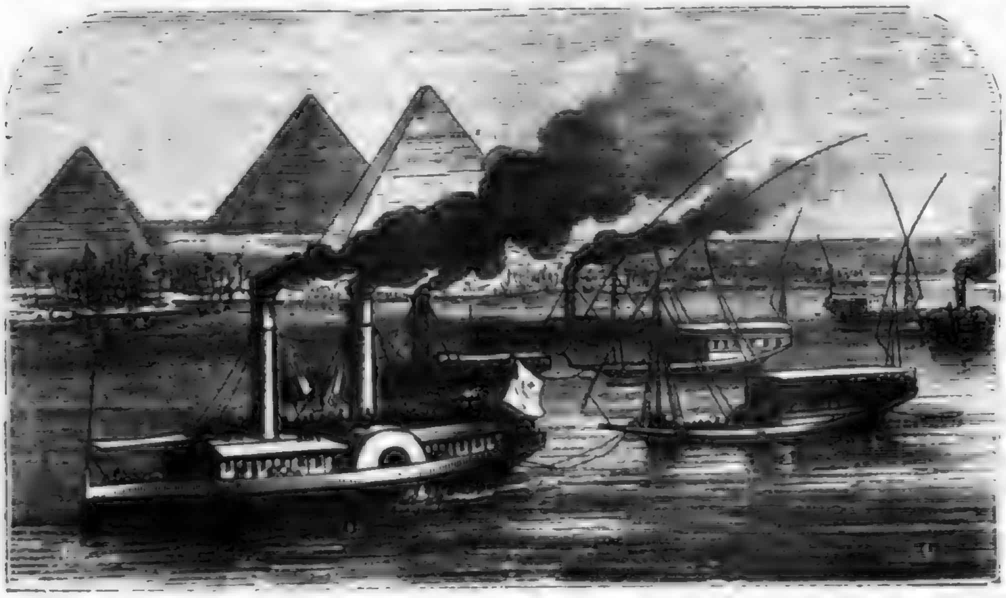
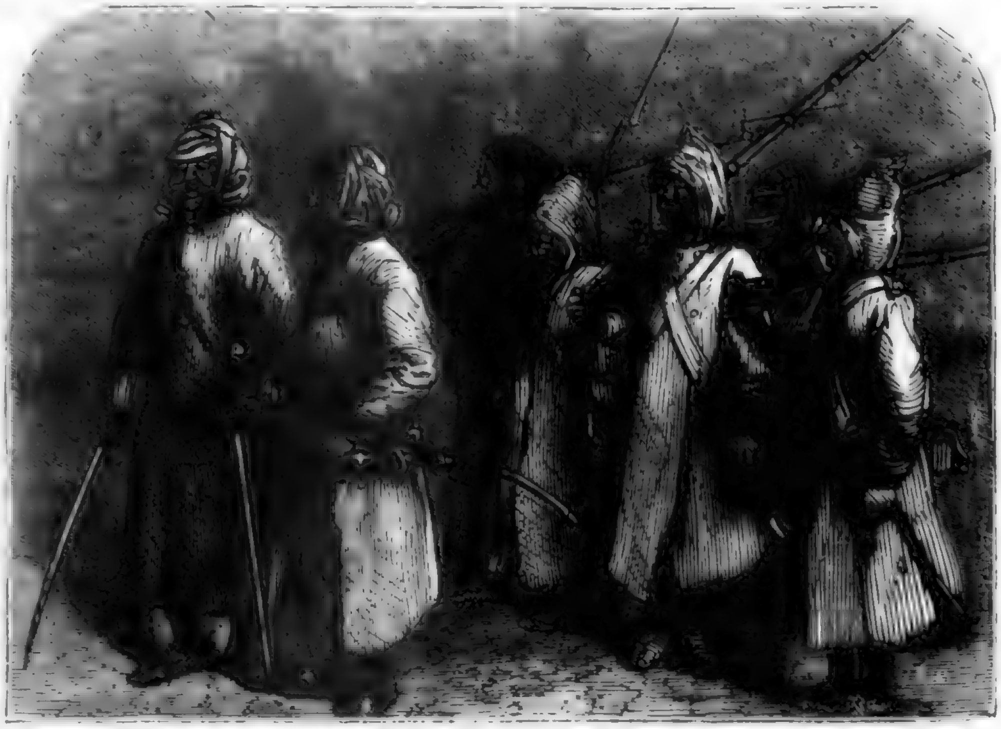


THE MODERN PHARAOH.—THE KHÉDIVE'S GUESTS ASCENDING THE NILE.—SEE PAGE 385.



THE NIGHT PATROL IN CAIRO.

glancing into the hard faces of the dignitaries on the opposite side of the hall.

Hark! the names are beginning to be called. The father pulled his hat over his eyes; the mother drew involuntarily nearer her sons, as if to shield them from that bitter fate; while the pale orphan buried her face in the folds of her little gray mantle, and wept bitterly.

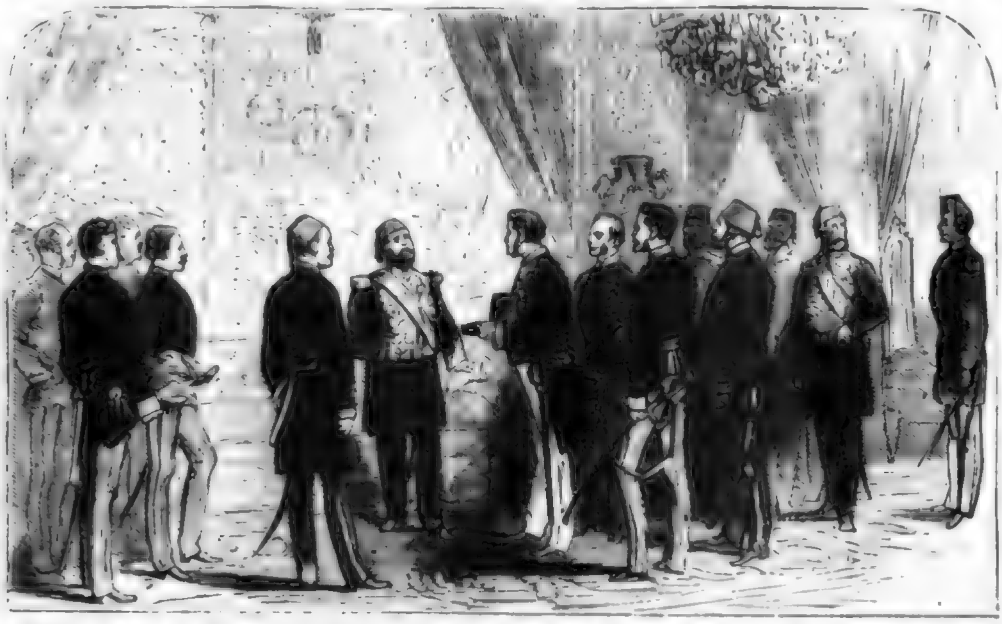
One, two, three!—neighbors and friends whose names were as household words; and then another name, at which sound the mother cried out, and the young girl fell into the arms of him whose name it was—Clement St. Pierre!

He trembled so much that he could not hold her weight, and Eugene felt her sway toward him. He took her in his arms and carried her to a little side room, where two or three clerks were waiting. One of them procured some water, and by this time Clement and the old people joined them.

Clement was pale and agitated. Eugene whispered him that he should take his place, and then the pale face flushed to a rich crimson.

"We will not talk of such a thing, brother," he said; "I should despise myself, if I allowed you to go; and you, in your heart, would despise me too."

And Eugene pleaded, and the tender eyes of Rose seconded the appeal, selfish as she knew herself to be; but in vain.



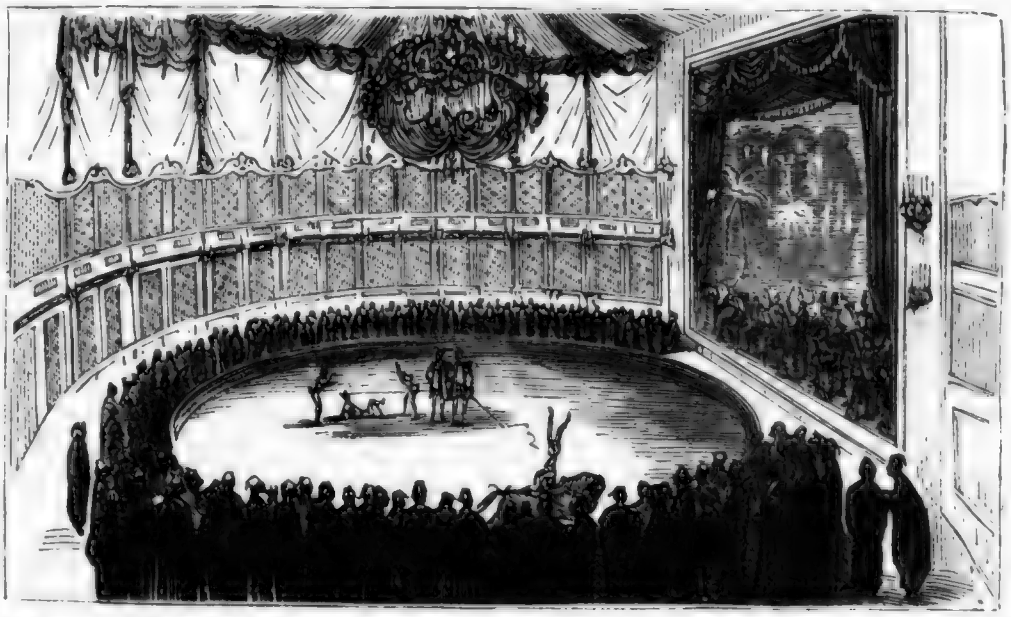
THE ORDER OF ST. STEPHEN CONFERRED ON THE KHÉDIVE BY THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, IN 1870.

Clement was not to be outdone in nobleness, and he joined the regiment into which he had been drafted, without a tear at the hardness of his lot.

Once under the sway of him who was worshiped as the hero of France, he devoted himself, heart and soul, to the cause, and won for himself the reputation of a brave soldier. Rose, he knew, was safe under the care of that noble brother. He knew nothing of that melancholy episode of Eugene's disappointed affection, and he deemed that the innocent child whom he confided to his care would be cherished as a dear sister.

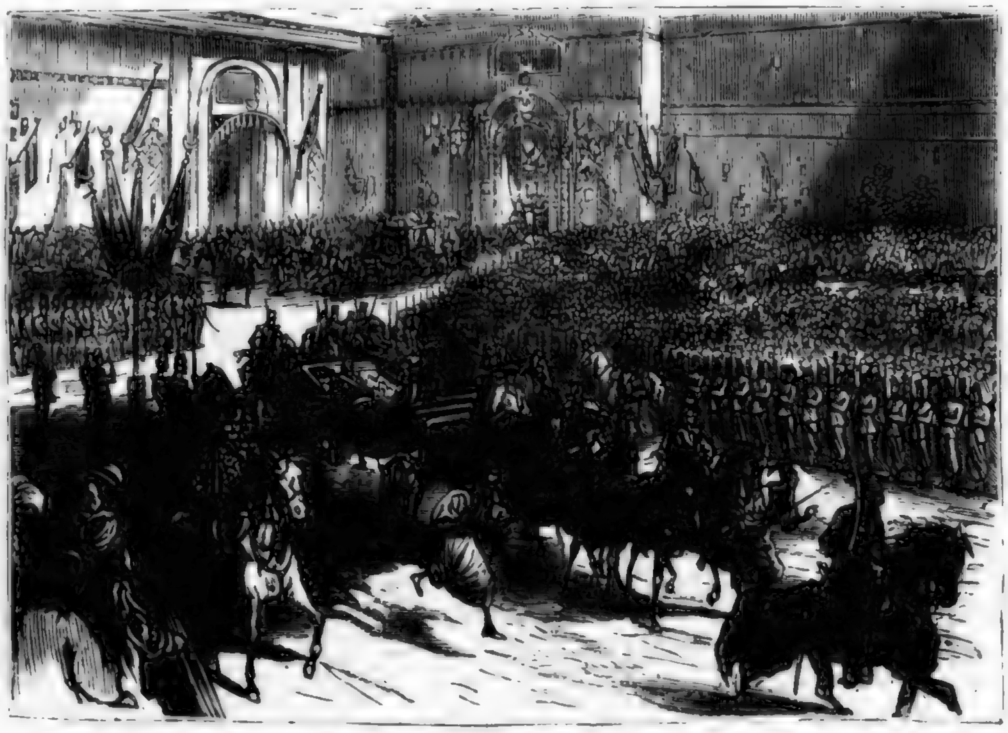
And so she was. Had she

been married to Clement before his departure, Eugene could not have been more tenderly respectful — more brotherlike. And the long time in which Napoleon was earning that terrible fame that had but the bare rock of Elba as its guerdon, Eugene guarded his sacred trust until, to his dismay, he found that Clement's memory had yielded to his own presence, and that the heart of Rose was so interwoven with his idea that it had become treacherous to its first love.



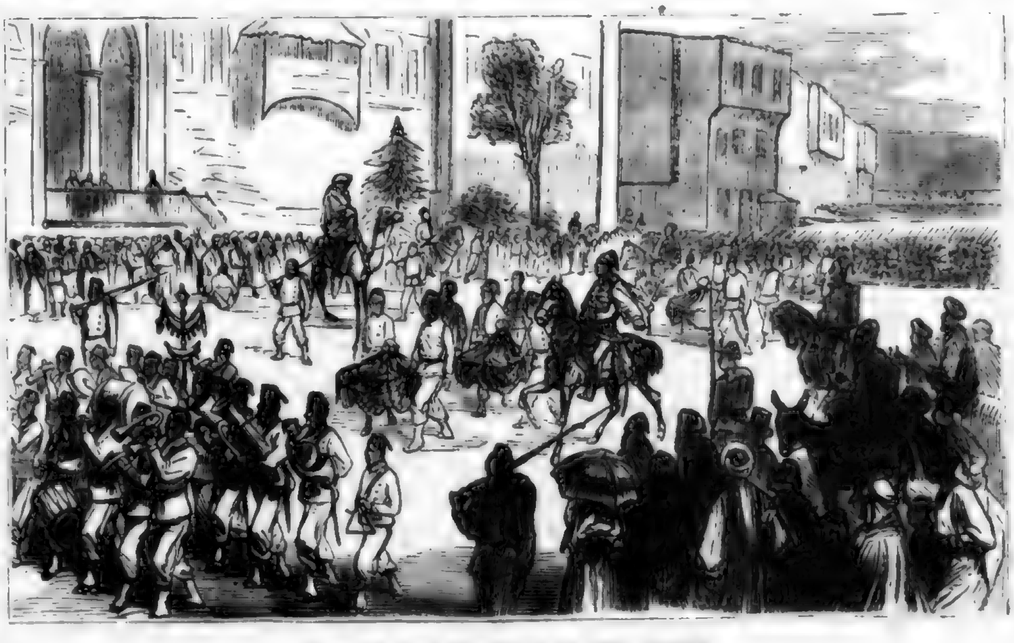
A PERFORMANCE BEFORE THE WOMEN OF THE HAREM AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE KHÉDIVE'S DAUGHTER.

Meantime, the mother had been pining for her absent boy —pining with that resistless yearning which a mother's heart alone feels. She drooped and faded under the intensity of her anxiety for her youngest darling, and she dropped away suddenly on the anniversary of his departure.



DEPARTURE OF THE KHÉDIVE FROM HIS PALACE OF EL MIHICH, AFTER THE SIGNING OF HIS SON'S MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

Her husband, to whom she had been all that a wife could be, fell into a gloomy state from the day of her burial. He grew "older than years in sorrow"; and soon Eugene and Rose had to tend his weakness as they would that of a little child. They sat around when the shadows came over his face, and he murmured wild, unmeaning words. Rose would steal her little hand into Eugene's, with a loving clasp around the fingers scarce larger than her own; and when the memory of Clement made him withdraw from that clasp, her dark, mournful eyes would turn to him with such a reproachful appeal that he could not but renew the pressure.



FETE AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE.

It was a melancholy vigil that they held over that old man's couch, night after night; unstringing their nerves, and weakening their judgment, perhaps. When the wintry winds howled around the dwellings, and the only sight that met their eyes was that wild, haggard face—the only sound in their ears the ceaseless moan from the pale lips—was it wonderful that the Spring found them looking forward to a future in which they should share somewhat of joy together, as they had shared sorrow? At all events, there had been irrevocable vows spoken that made them both shudder as they uttered them,

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yet uttered with a strange delight, by the dim firelight whose dull, red flame glowed upon the lovers' faces like a single eye peering into their very souls. The absent soldier's fate faded from their minds. He might be dead; might be lingering, wounded and sick, in some far-distant prison, ill-used or neglected, and pining for the sight of those eyes that saw naught but the faces nearest them; or he might be nearer than they thought—perhaps nearer than they wished. They tried not to think at all, but only to go on with this fierce, passionate joy to the end of life. They dared not even dream of meeting Clement in heaven.

One chill March morning, when the rain splashed down over the icy roads, freezing as it fell, they went down to the little church erected by the Protestants. The old, gray-headed minister was there, trying vainly to warm himself by the feeble fire, and the altar stood almost in deep shadow, so dim was the light that entered. Here were spoken the words that bound them together. As they went out, the weather changed to a warm temperature, and the lightning flashed over their wet garments, turning them almost to liquid gold. The clouds had darkened to blackness, and the thunder rolled frightfully. The horse which had brought them down lay dead beside the church door, and they were obliged to walk back.

How still and dark was the house that received them from that strange bridal! No sound was heard, and they groped up the dim stairway to the sick-chamber. On the bed lay the form they had left there; but the eyes could never again unclose upon them, and the hand could never be stretched out to welcome them home.

Beside the bed sat a stranger—a thin, pale, weary-looking man, whose matted beard and long, untrimmed hair hid half the dreary-looking face.

Oh, why was this pale phantom alone there to greet their coming? And why did they start and shrink away from it even more than from the lifeless frame of Jean St. Pierre? Too truly did conscience whisper who was the ghost that had scared away the first bridal kiss upon their lips.

Shivering in every limb, they approached the bed. Clement met them half-way, weeping at the sight extended before them, yet full of all noble and generous brotherly love—of all glad, unstained affection for her whom he deemed was still his own.

"Brother! dear Rose!" he exclaimed, with a hand for each; but in a moment he knew that something was wrong. He went up to Rose, and laid his hand upon her arm. "Love, you are pale and ill. Nay, don't turn away from me. It was not my fault, dear, that I did not come sooner. Cheer up, brother! I will not have my little Rose scared by her first acquaintance with death. Look! she cannot stand. Give her some wine."

And mechanically the elder brother poured out some wine, and held it to the poor bride's pale lips. Eugene's touch brought back the faded crimson to her cheeks.

"Don't speak to her, Clement, for heaven's sake—at least, not in that way," gasped Eugene. "She is not yours now. Pray leave us together for a moment, until she recovers and is able to see you."

"Not mine! leave her with you until she is able to see me! Before heaven, brother, if there is treachery here you shall rue it. I swear it over my father's dead body."

He shook his brother roughly by the arm, but the deep, unfathomable distress in Eugene's face softened his rising temper. He turned to Rose.

"Dear, *you* will tell me true—has he dared to make love to you since I went away?"

"He is not to blame, Clement. I was dying for your return, and I flew to him for comfort in my grief. He was kind to me, and——" She hesitated.

"And you have learned to love him better than me! Say it, Rose! If it is really so, I will forget all he has said—only I cannot give you up."

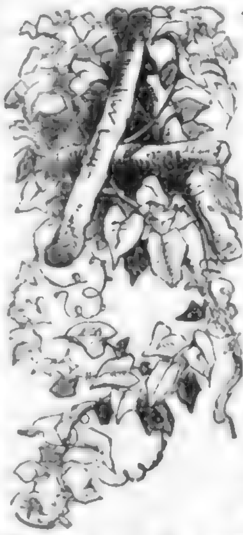
"Alas! you must do so. You will be a brother to me, Clement, still."

"No; you are my betrothed wife, and he must and shall resign this new claim."

"Clement, cease. *I am Eugene's wife.*"

Clement staid only to bury his father. Stung by the treachery of the two he had loved best, he returned to the army. He lived long enough to see the hero he worshiped chained to the rock of Elba, and died, welcoming the angel of death to bear him into a world where there is no change, no wounded hearts, no sad memories of buried love.

A SUMMER OUTING IN JAPAN.



AWAY from the glare and noise and the dust of Yokohama during this brilliant, beautiful weather; away to some sequestered village amongst the great, goblin-haunted hills, or to the health resorts nestling by the side of hot mineral springs, or to one of the pleasant spots on the coast where the air is pure and fresh, and the sky blue and cloudless. Anywhere away from the clatter of brokers' traps, the howling of the coolies, the harsh chatter of mercenary Chinamen, collars, etiquette and Mrs. Grundy.

So say and sigh, during the month of July, many of our countrymen exiled in the fair, romantic land of Japan; and the result of this very universal saying and sighing is a general exodus from the settlement on the shores of Yedo Bay.

Resolved to go, the pleasurable difficulty arises of picking and choosing from the *embarras de richesses* presented. Granted that one can go unhampered by social or business ties, that one's health is good, and it will be found a difficulty not easily to be disposed of, so dazzling are the various paths of attraction open to inspection. One may pack up a few necessaries in a knapsack, put on an old Knickerbocker suit, fill one's pockets with a sketch-book, smoking implements and paper money, and start forth to explore; wander away from the beaten tourist tracks, along byways leading to quaint old-world towns and villages, as yet unoperated upon by the great wave of modern civilization; roam amongst the mountains, famous for their legends and superstitions; take the railway to the capital, and spend a pleasant week or two amongst the monuments of the mighty past which still crowd it; or hire a junk and coast away down to Kobe and on to Nagasaki through the peerless Inland Sea. These and a hundred other baits are held out to the jaded seeker for tranquillity, change of air and scene, and amusement.

But we do not want to make a toil of a pleasure by performing long journeys and roughing it extensively; so we decide to spend a week at the solitary Isle of Inoshima, but a few miles from Yokohama, yet one of the most beautiful, healthy and romantic spots in this beautiful, healthy and romantic land.

We need order but a few essential stores to be put up and sent forward by coolies; for Inoshima is well furnished, and the frequent European visitors there have created a supply of the common articles of European food equal to the demand. A *jinrickisha* takes us away from the objectionable suburbs of Yokohama, and lands us in front of a huge temple fane, where the country, real and unadulterated, may be said to begin.

The road, as befitting the country, and in keeping with the poetry with which we wish to invest everything, is rough and uneven. Brawling torrents rush along on each side, spanned now and then by quaking wooden bridges. Right up to the clear blue sky on either side rise hills whose sides are clothed with the wild luxuriance of vegetation so charming in Japan; thickets of delicate bamboo, intermingled with the deep red of the azalea, the more delicate hues of the cryptomeria, the occasional sparkle of the camellia, and the deep, sad green of the hardy pine, most weird and poetical of Japanese trees.

Away over the narrow stretch of paddy-fields in front, rising over distant billows of brown, green and red, standing grand and solitary against the sky, appears the cone of Fujiyama, the Peerless Mountain. As one gazes on the scene, one stops involuntarily, and drinks in the first draught of the pure holiday air.

And then we stride on, past scattered cottages, wherein the hardy, ever-industrious women are spinning coarse garments or making rush baskets; where the bronzed urchins are rolling in the sun, and the poor, naked laborer is resting awhile from his toil in the paddy mud for a drop of tea and a whiff of tobacco; past rude rustic temples, approached by winding paths, indicated by great arches of wood or stone, curiously carved; now mounting, now descending, always with the same magnificent, glorious view of earth and sky spread around, until we strike the Tocaido, the great main road, at the long, straggling village of Totsuka.

There is but little to detain us here. Hordes of Sunday visitors of the worst quality, from the European settlement, have long since robbed Totsuka of whatever was once there romantic and original. The children, as we pass, shriek, "*Tojin baka!*" ("Beast of an invader!") and run away at full speed; the very dogs growl and bark as we approach. The inhabitants have grown so accustomed to foreigners that they scarcely deign to raise their heads and give us the ordinary civil salutation of "Good-morning."

So we hurry through Totsuka along the great main road, once the scene of many a stirring event and glorious pageant in the old feudal days, now an ordinary commonplace—although in certain districts beautiful—road, stretching from the eastern capital to the western.

Four miles further on, and we reach the extensive village of Fujisawa—in the old days, as the great tea-houses on either side of the road still attest, an important halting-place for the retinues of the great lords on their journeys through the country. Now it is dull enough. A somewhat picturesquely-situated temple at the entrance to the village arrests the attention for a minute; but the inhabitants are as morose and uncivil as those of Totsuka; so we willingly turn off the road, and, passing under a huge stone porch, follow the well-beaten track which leads to the beautiful island of Inoshima.

As we advance, evidences that we are approaching the coast grow more and more distinct. Trees are few and far between; the rough boulders, which have been playing havoc with our feet for so many hours, are superseded by thick, deep sand. Wayside shrines and hill temples become numerous; for we are nearing one of the sacred spots of Japan, and for hundreds of years the weary feet of pilgrims from every part of the country have plodded along the route we are now following.

We purposely skirt the seaside village of Katasi, for it reeks with evil smells, and the inhabitants are familiar with the language and manners of the worst types of English and American tourists; and we find ourselves, just as the sun's rays are beginning to lose their strength, and as the air is becoming tempered by the cool breeze of evening, on the seashore.

Well may the Japanese be proud of this bit of scenery, and class it among the seven great views of their land. In front, standing out of the sea, just as Mont St. Michel stands off the Norman coast, rises the densely wooded, many-templed island of Inoshima; behind which, and on each side of which, stretches the deep-blue expanse of ocean. To our right, over a purple range of hills, rises the beautiful cone of Fujiyama; and to the left wanders a bold coast outline, with a shining belt of sand, upon which the waves incessantly beat. If we are fortunate enough to escape tourists and hordes of dirty pilgrims, at first sight it seems the *beau-idéal* of a holiday resting-place; so we give our knapsacks a hitch up, and cross the narrow spit of sand—covered at high tide—which connects the island with the mainland.

Once in the quaint little tea-house, standing aside from the rough beaten village street, hidden in its own little grove of trees, and we feel that our holiday has actually begun. How sweet and fresh the air seems! How quiet and sequestered the spot! How "dimly religious" the fading light! as, after a hearty meal, we stretch our willing limbs on the soft white mats and puff at our pipes, we watch the fishermen and women returning from their toil on the sands below, we listen to the gentle tinkle of temple bells summoning folk to vespers, ever and anon a snatch of wild song or the mournful notes of the national guitar reach our ears, and it is hard to think that rowdyism and European snobbery can ever penetrate here, as it often does during the fine Summer and Autumn months, although confined to the hours of daylight and to Sundays, and rarely extending to evenings or week-days. One by one the sounds cease and the lights fade from the windows, night steals on, and not unwillingly we turn into our soft, clean quilts and are soon asleep.

Then the exquisite delight of awakening the next morning with the enchantment of the new scene spread around like a picture of Arcadia. Long before the earliest Yokohama servant has dreamt of leaving his bed, we have thrown open our shutters to let in the glorious flood of morning sunshine and the faint, fresh smell of the sea—have slipped on a few clothes, and are off to the shining sands and smooth shelves of rock for a plunge. Red jelly-fish and floating garbage need not be apprehended here, as in Yokohama Bay. We tumble in head first, and disport ourselves in the clear, cold, blue water with the genuine delight of boys let loose from school. Then for a run on the sand, and breakfast; after which we have a long, bright day before us. This we may pass in a dozen different ways.

We are in duty bound to explore the Holy Island itself first; so we start in the lightest of flannels for the dark, romantic cavern, within whose depths sits enshrined Benzaiten, the Japanese goddess of the sea. Hither, during the pilgrimage season, resort hundreds of all sorts and conditions of men from the remotest parts of Japan; and here, under the very nose of the goddess, dwell a tribe of small, amphibious boys, who, at the sound of a foreigner's voice, rush forth, and, unimpregnated with the odor of sanctity, offer to dive or swim any distance for a small coin. Or we may climb about the many tortuous, pine-hidden paths, leading away to countless shrines and temples, some pretentious with gilding and ornament, others mere shanties of red-painted wood; but all very sacred, and all tenanted by filthy old priests who clamor for alms. Or, weary of almsgiving and tramping over sharp-edged

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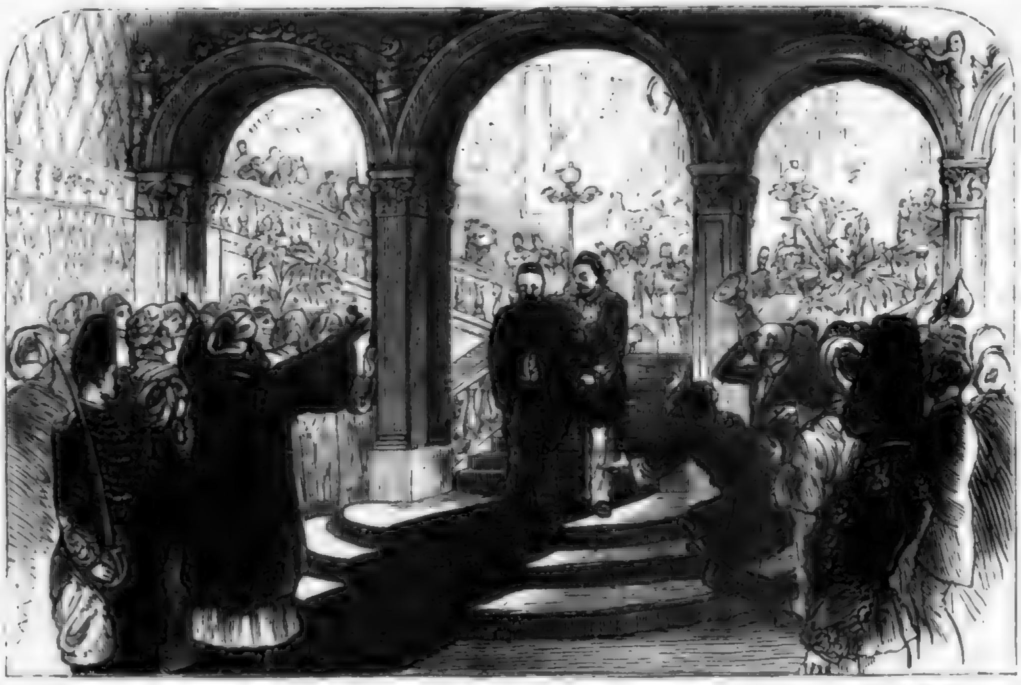
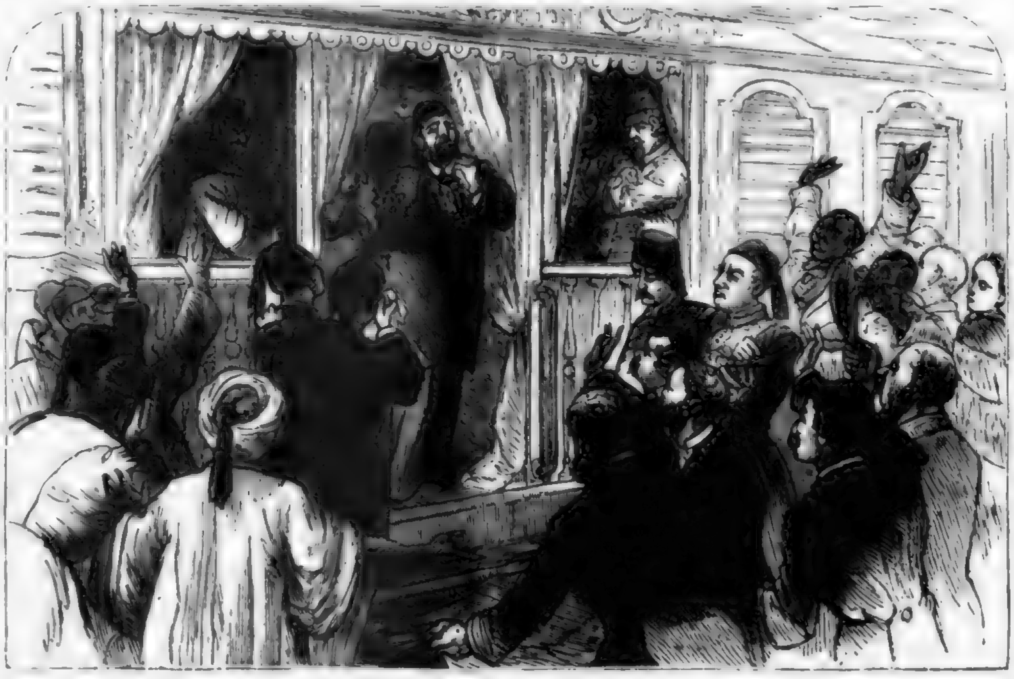


THE MODERN PHARAOH.—THE EX-KHÉDIVE LEAVING THE ABDINE PALACE.—SEE PAGE 385.



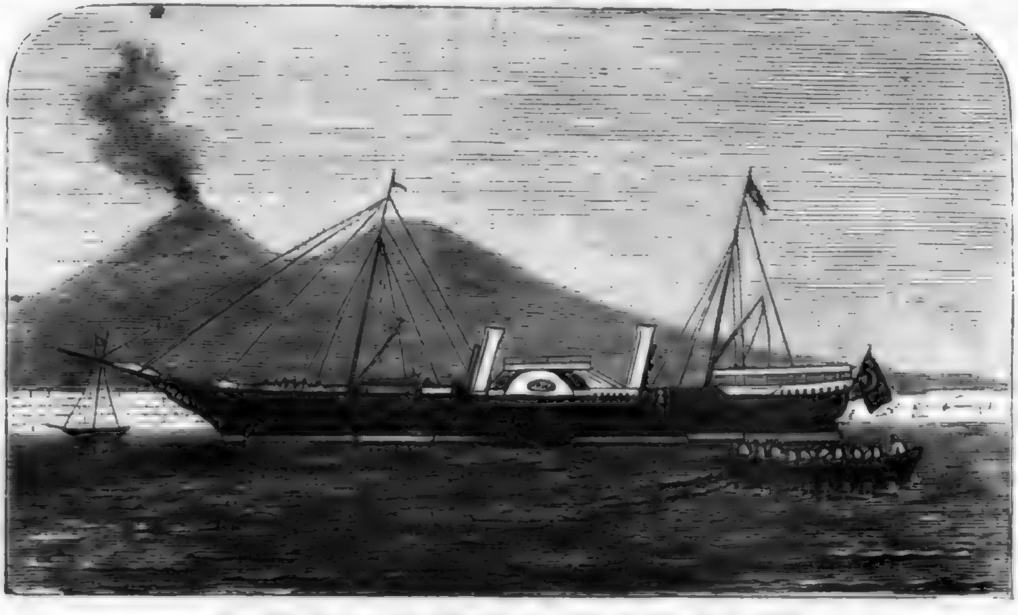
DEPARTURE OF THE EX-KHÉDIVE FROM CAIRO.

boulders, we may seek some sheltered ledge of rock away from the path, from which we may lazily watch the ever-industrious fisher-folk toiling far beneath us in the bright, sparkling water for their daily bread; or feast our eyes on a view of sea, hill and dale unequaled in Japan, and perhaps unsurpassed in the world.

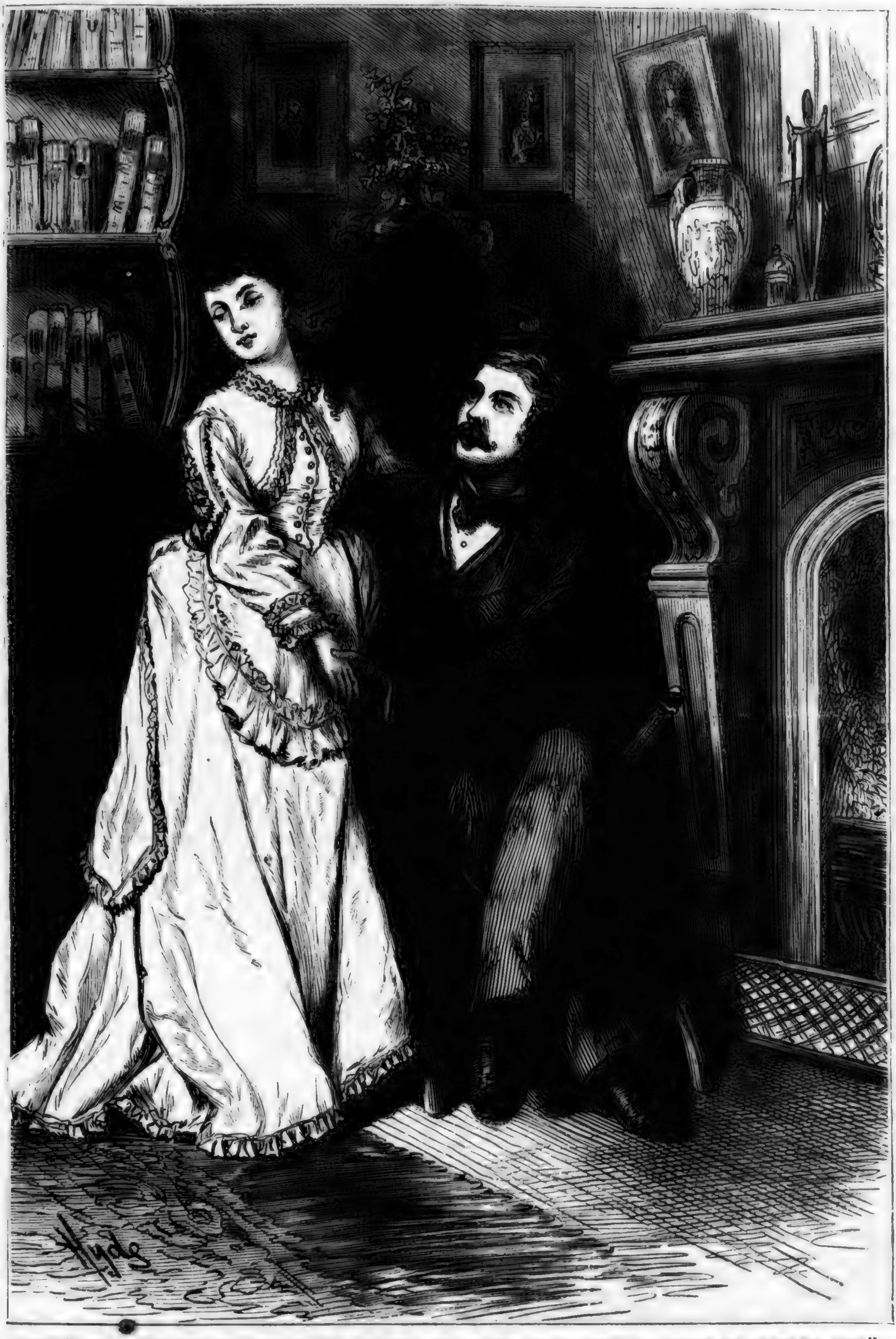
Let the traveler behave properly, and he will be treated with all civility by these rude, simple dwellers by the sea. The best room in the humble inn, the best and simplest of cooking, the most willing and attentive service, may be obtained at the smallest of prices, and with it all the brightest of smiles and the utmost readiness to do all that is required; so that this aimless roaming forms one of the pleasantest features of the brief holiday.

And far away inland, amongst the many-colored hills, through the great woods of sweet-scented pine or graceful bamboo, along the rocky margins of brawling torrents, by pleasant valleys of waving green, the same air of peace and solitude remains supreme. Life jogs on just as it has for hundreds of years, undisturbed by innovations or by the effects of the bad side of civilization, so-called, and the pervading atmosphere is that of dreamland. In the little, heavy-thatched temples, hidden amidst dense groves of trees, one may always be sure of a night's accommodation and simple rural fare. The priests, more intelligent than the ordinary run of rustics, are invaluable as cicerones and repositories of quaint old-world lore; and although their inquisitiveness about matters European may be at times a little tiring, one overlooks it in the very simplicity of their questions and answers.

So one may linger dreamily or actively, as one chooses, through the short span of holiday. The result is always the same: renewed health and vigor for work in the bustling, Mrs. Grundy-ruled settlement, and a sighing that so pleasant and instructive a time has so quickly flown by.



ARRIVAL OF THE EX-KHÉDIVE AND HIS HAREM AT NAPLES.



WOMAN'S WILL.—"HE DREW HER ROUND TO HIM, AND DOWN UPON HIS KNEE, BUT SHE WOULD NOT SUFFER HIM TO SEE HER FACE." SEE NEXT PAGE.

WOMAN'S WILL.

IT was drawing to the close of a showery April day.

Madeline Guise stood under the portico of Tavistock Place, brushing the raindrops from her riding-habit.

In England, April is richer in flowers than with us, and at Miss Guise's feet lay a little heap of floral treasures, gathered from thickets and banksides, tempting to her Londonbred eyes.

"Walter is in his study, waiting to speak with you," said a clear, grave voice at her elbow.

She started and flushed, still busily brushing away the glittering raindrops.

"Is he *very* angry, dear Miss Erfut?" Miss Guise asked at length of her gentle hostess, and beginning to gather up her flowers.

"Madeline, dear child, why did you ever begin a flirtation with this Major Sinclair? And, more than all, why have you gone galloping over the Downs with him this afternoon, when Walter particularly said he would return from court at four, and take you out himself?"

Gentle Miss Erfut removed her bright-bowed spectacles —a habit of hers when perplexed—and gazed long and anxiously at the sweet, fair face of her nephew Walter's betrothed.

"Walter should not have said that I *must not* go riding this afternoon with Major Sinclair; for you see, dear Miss Erfut, I just *would* go after the interdiction from his royal highness."

Miss Guise looked bewitchingly lovely and saucy as she said this.

"Is it generous, Madeline, to feel so sure of Walter's passionate love, that you can afford to put a slight upon it?"

Miss Guise's fair face overclouded in an instant; the white lids drooped over her beautiful blue eyes until the long lashes shyly swept her crimsoning cheek; some of the flowers fell from her relaxed hold.

"Walter will consider this last ride something more than a mere slight put upon himself," she answered, in a low voice. "Dear Miss Erfut," the lovely girl continued, a moment after, while her blushes deepened, and over her face was blended scorn of herself and hot defiance toward Mr. Walter Erfut, "Walter said my choice must be final between Major Sinclair and himself this afternoon, and"—with an irrepressible twinkle from her blue eyes—"you know I went off riding with the major!"

As Miss Guise expected, Miss Erfut was shocked at any such totally unexpected and independent action in Walter's betrothed.

"Go at once to him, dear, and make your peace with him this time, if it is possible," Miss Erfut said, with a sigh, offered up in remembrance of her young guest's willful ways toward her adored nephew.

"But I won't go, dear Miss Erfut, Miss Guise said, in simple astonishment. "Walter must come to me!" and the petted London belle swept up to her room to exchange her riding-habit for an evening dress.

When Miss Guise descended the stairs again, she was looking and feeling a little more subdued. Her really warm heart yearned to make its peace with her lover.

She had been a little spoiled by two London seasons, but her native nobility of heart had remained untouched; the seeming contradictions of character were only on the surface.

"Walter, may I come in?" she asked, going resolutely to his study-door. "He does not hear me," she said; and softly turning the handle, with a little shiver of trepidation, entered, and closed the door behind her.

The heavy Wilton carpet rendered her light footfalls inaudible.

"Why does he not turn his head and see me?" she thought, growing a little petulant. "Why is he in such a brown study? He used to be aware when I entered a room in which he was." A vivid scarlet flamed up in her cheeks, the angry color setting off her blonde beauty in a wonderful way; a haughty defiance shone in her eyes, and, advancing a few steps, her patience gave out utterly. "What shall I do to make him hear?" and she overturned an ottoman.

Mr. Erfut laid down his book, and gravely turning toward Madeline, placed a chair for her, righted the maltreated ottoman, and quietly resumed his seat.

"I am fairly in the enemy's camp now; what shall I do next?" Madeline asked herself, striving not to feel discomfited by this silent reception. "That was not a bad move with the ottoman, although it failed to evoke flattering notice. How grave and stern Walter appears!" she thought, still communing with herself. "He means to be master of the situation, but that won't come about through my eating humble-pie," casting a glance under her long lashes. "I do not feel one bit sorry if he is going to be cross about it. What if I should order my maid to pack my trunks, and go back to London without even a good-by?—it would serve him right."

In direct contradiction to this, a shower of tears fell. As she hastily brushed the tears away, a bit of spurge-laurel, and a few sweet-breathing violets, gathered for her by Major Sinclair during their ride that afternoon, fell from among the soft folds of lace at her throat into her lap. In a repentant mood she flung them upon the floor.

"I should think there was no cause for Walter's being so obtuse. Can't he see that I have come to make up?"

This time a wistful glance went from under the long lashes, the sweet red mouth quivered uncontrollably. She longed to throw herself on that broad, kind breast, and whisper that one little word—Forgive.

"It really was very naughty to do as I did," and here a little sniff greeted the silent room. The sound dismayed her, but the figure in the study-chair betrayed no signs of discomposure. Mr. Walter Erfut seemed given to brown studies that afternoon.

"If I only could command my voice, but I know that instead I shall be foolish and cry. Walter!"

"Yes, Madeline." But Mr. Erfut did not turn his head toward her.

Madeline's cheeks, which had grown quite white with nervous agitation, now flushed up again.

"If he is so very cool, I refuse to say another word!" she said to herself, and the sweet, quivering lips tried to close firmly.

Presently she glanced again toward him. She fancied he looked sad as well as stern.

"Tired, too," she thought; "shut up in that close court to-day from ten o'clock until four, and a brisk canter with me over the Downs would refresh him. I wonder why I am so insensible as not to stop now and then to consider what *he* would like. I, who love him so dearly—dearly, too!"

Here a large tear rolled slowly down her fair, sweet cheek. She rose impulsively and went to the back of his chair.

"Walter, I am so sorry!"

"Yes, dear."

"And—and—it was very wrong—and—won't you forgive me, Walter?"

He drew her round to him, and down upon his knee, but she would not suffer him to see her face. Over it the crimson blushes sped like billows, and warm tears fell fast and long; they proved a most refreshing shower. By-and-by she suffered him to raise her head from his shoulder, and to look into her sweet, shy eyes.

"How many times have we 'made up,' Miss Guise, since your marvelously short visit to my aunt?" he asked, with mock gravity.

"I *was* frightened—you need not laugh, sir! I was sorry enough to be frightened this time; but, Walter, it was your fault!"

"Ah, indeed! Be so good as to give me the clue."

"You know you said I *mustn't*, and so I just *would!*"

"Let me read you a story from the German of Langbein, to show you to what lengths these 'mustn'ts' and 'woulds' lead sometimes, and then we will forgive each other, and be 'wiser ever after.'"

Sir Hugo had reached his fiftieth year (read Walter from a book he took down from the well-filled shelves) unmolested by any passion save one for a flowing goblet. Instead of love-passages, his delight was in tournaments, whence he always returned victorious. At length he was flung from the saddle of his indifference by the beardless tilter *Love!* He saw Angelica, the fairest maiden of the land, forgot his gray hairs, and, unmindful of the incongruity of an union between May and December, led her to the nuptial altar.

Fortunately, Angelica was modest as she was fair, and her firm virtue repulsed the numerous butterflies that swarmed round the opening flowers of her beauty. Sir Hugo knew the tried virtue of his consort, and therefore was she dear and precious to him as the apple of his eye.

One morning he rode out to pay a visit to a neighboring brother-in-arms, his honest squire, Conrad, trotting after him. Scarcely had they proceeded half way, when the knight suddenly stopped, and cried:

"Come here, Conrad; a most tormenting thought has just occurred to me! This is the very day that Father Nicholas comes to the castle to say mass for my dear wife and myself, and I am not at all inclined to have him in my abode during my absence; so gallop back, and desire your lady, in my name, not to admit the priest."

Conrad paused, and shook his head as if in doubt, and replied:

"Excuse me, noble sir, but perhaps the Lady Angelica, if left to her own discretion, will do what you wish."

"Curse on your *perhaps!*" exclaimed the knight; "I make all sure by giving the order."

"Do you think so?" replied the squire. "Now I, in my simplicity, believe exactly the contrary. Take the advice of your faithful servant, for once in your life. Let things take their course, and give no orders upon so delicate a point."

"A fig for your delicacy!" cried Sir Hugo, angrily. "What absurd fancies have you got in your head to-day? Do you think an hour's ride back a task so very tedious?"

"Oh, if it comes to that, sir," rejoined Conrad, "I have no more to say."

He put spurs to his horse, and rode back to the castle.

Angelica saw him galloping up, and cried, in terror, from the window:

"What has brought you back in such haste? Has any accident happened to my lord?"

"None whatever, gracious lady," answered Conrad; "but the noble knight was apprehensive that some accident might happen you, if by any chance you took a fancy to ride Sultan."

"I ride—ride the large grayhound!" exclaimed Angelica, in utter astonishment. "I believe you are drunk or mad! It is impossible that your master can have sent me so ridiculous a message."

"Ay, but he did, though," pursued the squire; "and my noble master said at the same time that he knew Sultan would bite terribly, not being accustomed to be made a pony of; and he therefore begs that you will not attempt to divert yourself in that way."

Having said this, he again mounted his horse and galloped off to rejoin his master.

"Am I awake, or do I dream?" ejaculated Angelica. "The folly of Sir Hugo is so strange that I am almost tempted to believe it all a wild dream. What does he mean? Is it not enough that I have hitherto tried to read his every will and wish, and when known, obeyed them implicitly; and do I deserve that he should stretch his power so far, and play the capricious, haughty tyrant? Now I see that to be too submissive, too softly compliant, is not the way to treat him; the worm that crawls the dust is trampled upon. But no, sir knight, it is not gone quite so far with us yet; in spite of you I will ride Sultan; and you may thank yourself, as but for your message such a thing would never have entered my head."

Her soliloquy was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who informed her that Father Nicholas had arrived, and was in the antechamber.

"I cannot receive his visit to-day," said the consort of Sir Hugo, "for my lord is absent. Give this as my excuse to the reverend father, and beg him to return to-morrow. With all due respect to Father Nicholas," continued she, when left to herself, "he shall not spoil my pleasant ride. Now, if my pony were but here! He must have an easy gait, and his teeth—I do not fear; he is as quiet as a lamb. Oh, how I shall delight in this twofold pleasure—of showing the surly old fellow that I care neither for him nor his orders, and of trying a pastime that is, at least, a novel one!"

Through every corner of the house now resounded her cry of "Sultan! here, boy!—Sultan, Sultan!"

The immense but docile animal sprang from a bone upon which he was feasting, and was at her side in an instant.

Caressing him till she got him into a room, the door of which she shut, "Now, friend Sultan!" cried his fair mistress, "no growl, no bite, and all is safe!"

With her snow-white hand she continued stroking and patting his huge back for some minutes, and then, in the hope that, if only through gratitude, he would comply with her fancy, she mounted her new steed.

He showed his teeth a little, in some doubt what all this meant, but she soothed him again into good-humor and patient endurance of the novel burden; but he thought this quite enough, and did not stir from the one spot.

Angelica was naturally not much pleased with being thus stationary; she therefore gently goaded him with her foot; but to no trot would Sultan condescend.

He remained motionless as before, while something very like a growl escaped from his immense and fear-inspiring jaws.

Out of all patience, she now exclaimed:

"You shall feel the spur, then, you lazy brute!" and drove her heel into his side.

He now growled audibly, but stirred not an inch. She repeated her blow.

This was too much for canine patience. He made a spring, and as she fell at full length upon the floor, he turned and bit her hand.

The dismounted rider bedewed the floor with a few tears

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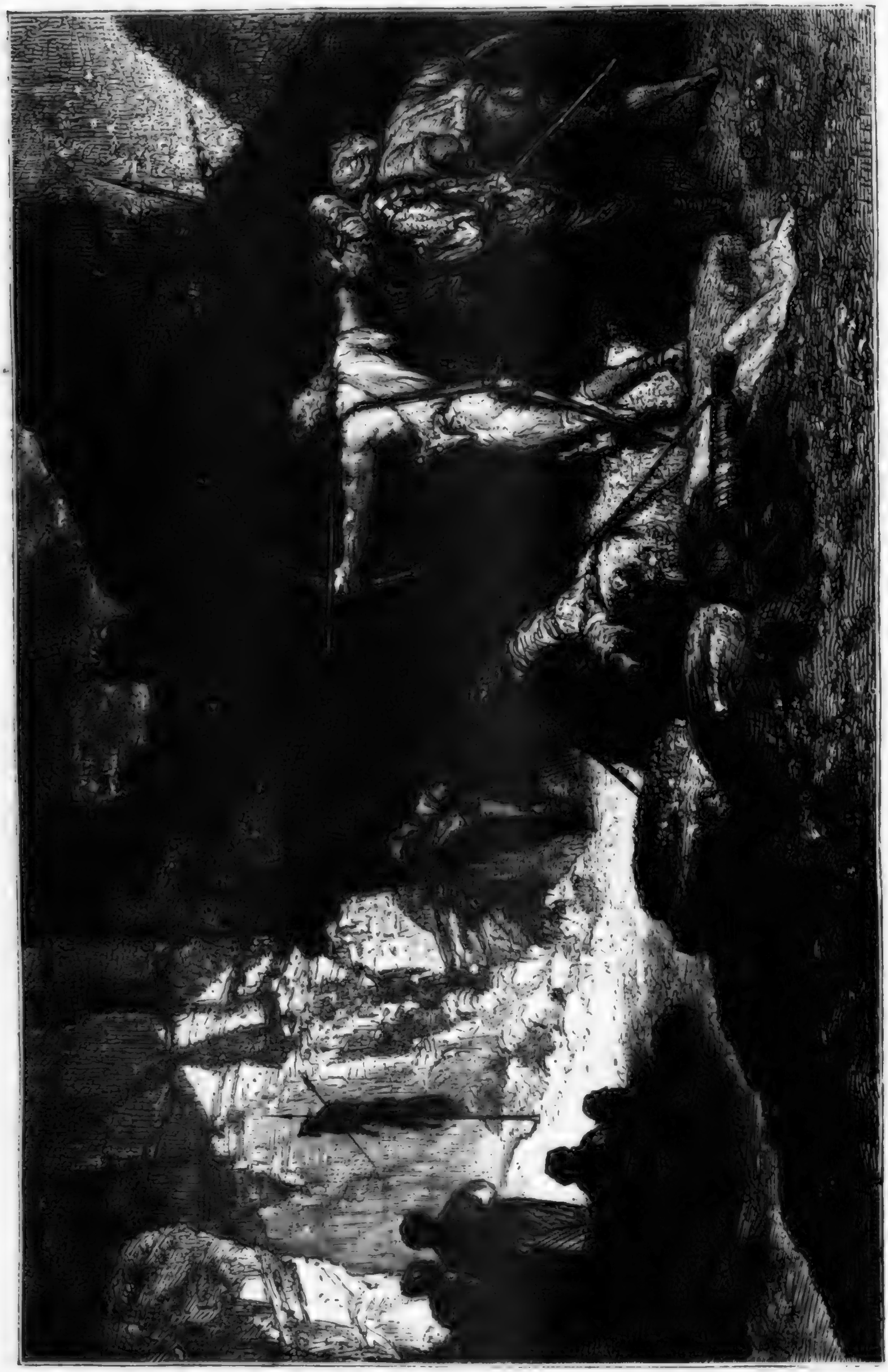


ARCHERY, PAST AND PRESENT.—BRIGANDS OF THE ABRUZZI SHOOTING AT A HARE.—SEE PAGE 406.

and then sprang up, to turn out of the room the uncourteous brute who had thus rudely shown how little he understood play.

Toward evening Sir Hugo returned, and inquired, with suspicious haste, whether Father Nicholas had been there.

"Oh, yes, he was here," answered Angelica; "but I ventured to refuse him admittance."

The knight cast a triumphant glance at his squire, and whispered him:

"Now, Old Wisdom, do you see the use of my orders?"

Conrad, who, as may be supposed, had said nothing of the alteration he made in the substance of his embassy, shrugged his shoulders, with a smile, unperceived by his master, who had turned again to his consort, and now first perceived that she wore a bandage upon her soft hand. He immediately inquired the cause.

"Sultan bit me," said Angelica; "and it is all your fault, Sir Hugo," added she, sobbing.

"My fault!" cried the knight.

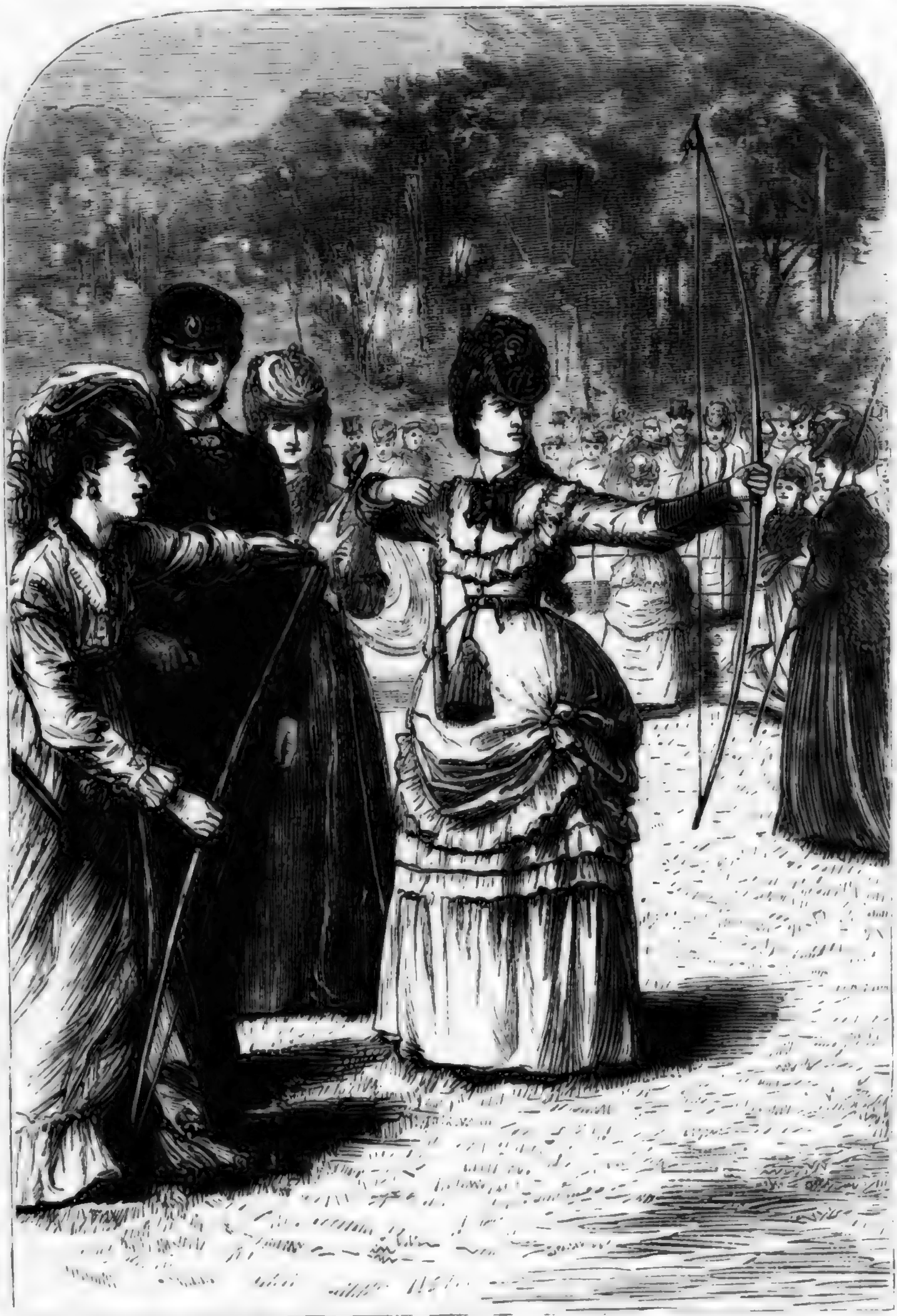
"Yes, your fault, and nobody but yours!" retorted his spouse. "If you had not sent me word by Conrad not to ride the nasty, mischievous brute, such a mad trick would never have entered my head."

In mute astonishment the knight hurried out to seek an explanation from his squire, who had slipped away when Angelica began her complaint.

"What message did you bring your lady?" demanded he.

Conrad now confessed the truth.

"Were these the orders I gave, you scoundrel?" said the enraged Sir Hugo.



LADIES AT ARCHERY PRACTICE IN REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.

"Certainly not," replied the squire; "but you will own that I have made my point good. You may now see how it would have been had I given your order about the young priest. My noble lady is a model for her sex, and almost an angel; but still she is a daughter of Eve, who seems to have bequeathed to all her lineal descendants her own spirit of perverseness. And we have only to remember the Lady Angelica's pleasant ride upon Sultan, to be convinced that it has lost none of its vigor in the *descent*."

"I possess at last, Miss Erfut, a talismanic word, by means of which I shall be enabled in the future to reduce your nephew, when occasion offers, to the most perfect docility of deportment," Madeline said, gayly, as they joined Walter's aunt at dinner.

"Reduce *Walter* to proper behavior?" quaint Miss Erfut asked, removing her glasses in the old, perplexed way—in fact, since Miss Guise's visit, Miss Erfut had become quite expert in this habit with her glasses.

"I will explain," Madeline volunteered. "*You*, dear Miss Erfut, have almost completely spoiled Walter. The counteracting influence that I shall bring forward to bear upon him will be very simple in process, but wonderful in result. I have only in the future to pronounce the word *Sultan* to him, and the magic stands confessed."

"Is not the boot on the other leg, dear?" Mr. Erfut asked, with a mild, innocent air.

"I am glad you are so happy and merry again, my dear, I am sure," Miss Erfut said, looking kindly toward Madeline, in whom she had blindly expected to behold lasting signs of contrition. While carving, Walter told the story of the Lady Angelica to his aunt, and in conclusion he said, slyly:

"I always believed that story to be pure fiction until—lately!"

"Woman's will," simple Miss Erfut made answer, "seems to be an established thing. I only wish more was thought of God's will."

While Madeline's maid unbound her young mistress's beautiful hair that night, Miss Erfut's step was heard passing the door on her way to her own room.

Madeline hastily dismissed her maid, and begged Walter's aunt to spare her five minutes.

"Certainly, dear, as many minutes as you would like," Miss Erfut said, setting down her bed-candle on Madeline's dressing-table, and stroking the fair, bright hair which enveloped the young girl's slight form like a vail; but instead of commencing a conversation, Madeline began to cry; then she looked up brightly, and put her arms around Miss Erfut's shoulder.

"I do mean to be good, and make Walter happy," she whispered.

Miss Erfut, for answer, held her in a long, close embrace. Not another word was spoken; but they both slept the sleep of the just that night. And when Madeline, on the point of departure for London, clung to Walter's aunt, the old lady pressed her to name an early day for the wedding.

"I had grave fears about Walter's taking a London beauty for his wife; but, my dear, it is all right now."

And Miss Erfut took off her glasses, not in the old, perplexed way, but in order to wipe the moisture off of them.

ARCHERY, PAST AND PRESENT.

By W. Holberton.

The bow is undoubtedly one of the oldest weapons of man, and the origin of stringed instruments; and, until gunpowder came into use, the most effectual. Even for some time afterward the bow held its own against its noisy and powerful rival. When the Spaniards invaded America, they found it a weapon more to be feared than their own clumsy arquebuse, and they were exceedingly astonished to find that the Indians could pierce their best armor at a distance of 150 yards.

At the present time, among civilized nations, this weapon is only used for sport; and there is no question but that long-bow shooting is one of the most fascinating and healthy of all outdoor games.

An archer feels that whatever success he meets with is entirely due to his own skill and exertions; there is no short road to accurate shooting—nothing but long and patient practice will make an archer. In rifle-shooting, any person with nerve and good eyesight can often, in a few days' practice, make a very decent score; but here there is no barrel to glance along, no peep-sight, wind-gauge or spirit-level, or exact charge of powder; the archer's eyes, muscles and experience are his only aids, and on these alone can he rely for good shooting.

Notice an expert bowman shooting at 100 yards on a windy day. Standing erect, with his eyes fixed on the target, he raises his bow, drawing back his string as he does so, until his thumb touches his ear, and the arrowhead is resting on his bow-hand, and launches the arrow in the air. It describes a graceful curve, and at first looks as if it would go wide of the target, but the wind sweeps it over so that, by the time it has traveled 100 yards, it drops with a loud, and, to the archer, delightful thud into the gold.

One reason that we become so interested in archery, is on account of its being so very difficult. Rifle-shooting soon becomes monotonous, from the fact that one soon reaches one's limit, while in archery there is a steady improvement, and perfect, or nearly perfect, scores are unheard of.

There is a great deal of romance connected with the long-bow; it has a mysterious charm for young and old alike. We never tire of reading about Bold Robin Hood and his merry men; how they split willow wands at 100 yards, and always defeated their opponents at the butts. Many of their feats with the bow seem now incredible, but we have abundant testimony to prove that the accurate shooting in olden times was something wonderful, and can only be accounted for by the fact that they were accustomed to the daily use of the bow from early childhood.

We give below a few examples of wonderful shooting, selected from reliable English authorities, to show to what a pitch of perfection they had arrived.

Julius Africanus, who lived in the reign of the Emperor Servius, is one of the oldest writers on archery of whom we have any record. He relates that one day while hunting, in company of a certain king, they were attacked by an enormous boar; while they all sought safety in flight, the king remained, and shot out one eye after another so accurately that the animal was completely blinded and easily killed.

He also tells of another archer who could sketch an outline of a human face, by the dents made with his arrows against a shield. Again, another would allow any one to shoot at him, he saving himself by stopping the arrow midway with his own.

Coming down to more modern times, we hear of the Indians of Demerara hitting coins, barely visible, at 100 yards nearly every shot; also of the Tartars practicing at geese-eggs, at fifty yards, and hitting them nearly every time.

A traveler named Cockburn says he saw the most astonishing feats performed among the South American Indians; one of the most common was to pin a bird to the ground, by shooting upward, the arrow, as it returned, striking the bird through the back; and this at long distances.

Henry VIII., at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," surprised the French with his skill with the long-bow. At a distance of 240 yards he struck the bull's-eye repeatedly. Such shooting would compare favorably with off-hand rifle-shooting. At that time the targets were generally placed at a distance of 200 to 240 yards.

October 1st, 1870, a match was shot between Miss Littledale and two gentlemen; Miss Littledale won the match, which lasted three hours, putting the last three arrows into the gold. The distance shot was 100 yards.

Mr. Waring, founder of the famous "Royal Toxophilites," has been seen to put twenty successive arrows into a four-foot target at 100 yards; and there are now many very excellent archers in Great Britain. Here in this country we have not as yet made much progress in accurate shooting; but still there are some expert shots, and many coming to the front with very respectable scores.

We are not able nowadays to use bows of sufficient strength to carry arrows ten and twelve-score yards, as of old, for the reason that we have not been used to the bow from childhood, and therefore not had the constant practice necessary. Ffty-two pounds' pull is all that is needed, however, to send an arrow five or six-score yards, and that weight most people can soon get used to.

The pull or weight of a bow is their measure of strength, and is found in this way: Suspend the bow by its centre, then attach weights sufficient to pull the string down twenty-eight inches for a man's bow and twenty-five inches for a lady's. The number of pounds required to do this is called the "weight" or "pull" of the bow, and is stamped on its back near the handle. The arrows are weighed by English coin, and are stamped three-and-sixpence, four shillings, or four-and-sixpence, as the case may be

One of the oldest, if not *the* oldest, society of archers, and yet flourishing, is the Royal Edinburgh Archers, organized about the year 1600. Among the most prominent are the Woodmen of Arden and the Royal Toxophilites. Some of these English societies possess handsome grounds and club-houses, and their meetings are conducted on a large and magnificent scale. White tents and glittering flags and targets scattered over the dark-green turf, the handsome uniforms of the members and dresses of the ladies, altogether make a scene not soon forgotten. These meetings are usually followed by a dinner and a ball.

Among the oldest and most prominent American clubs are the following: the Wabash Merry Bowmen, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Staten Island Association for Ladies' Outdoor Sports; Kokomo Archers, Kokomo, Ind.; Chicago Archery Association; Highland Park Archery Club, Highland Park, Ill.; the Buffalo Toxophilites; Oritani Archers, Hackensack, N. J., etc.

There are now hundreds of organized clubs in America, but, unfortunately, many will soon tire of the game, and their numbers will be reduced. Still, it is to be hoped that the majority will keep up their organization from year to year, and show more stability than such clubs generally do in this country.

The National Association organized January 23d, 1879, in Crawfordsville, Ind., Hon. Maurice Thompson, president. This society will do a great deal toward keeping this royal sport popular. Many clubs have joined the Association, and many more would, were their dues not so high. They hold a meeting this August in Chicago, for the purpose of shooting for prizes, and it is to be hoped they will be successful. Unfortunately, only members of the society can enter, so that the majority of archers are barred out.

As it is desirable that all clubs should adopt uniform rules and regulations, we append those laid down by this Association, viz.:

"The targets shall be four feet in diameter, and when placed on the stands, the centre of the 'gold' shall be four feet from the ground.

"The 'gold' shall be 9 6-10 inches in diameter, and each ring shall be 4 8-10 inches in width.

"The value of the colors shall be: gold, 9; red, 7; blue, 5; black, 3; white, 1.

"In case an arrow cuts two colors, it shall count as having hit the inner one.

"All disputes shall be referred for decision to the Captain of the Target where they arise.

"Every Society belonging to this Association shall adopt a 'Society Color,' and provide for its members a uniform badge, of a size not less than two inches in diameter, from which shall depend a ribbon of the color adopted; and no archer shall be permitted to shoot at any grand annual meeting unless he wear such badge upon his left breast.

"Every archer shall shoot with arrows bearing his distinctive mark, and every arrow leaving the bow shall be deemed as having been shot, unless the archer can reach it with its bow while standing inside the line from which he is shooting.

"All arrows must remain in the target until the value of the 'hit' is recorded; otherwise it shall not be counted.

"Matches shall not be shot under the rules of the 'National Archery Association,' unless they be shot at one of the following 'rounds,' each archer shooting three arrows at an 'end.'

"The 'York Round,' consisting of 144 arrows, as follows:

Seventy-two arrows at	100 yards.
Forty-eight " "	80 "
Twenty-four " "	60 "

"The 'American Round,' of 90 arrows, as follows:

Thirty arrows at	60 yards.
Thirty " "	50 "
Thirty " "	40 "

"The 'Columbia Round' (for ladies), of 72 arrows—

Twenty-four arrows at	50
Twenty-four " "	40 "
Twenty-four " "	30 "

These comprise the principal rules, so far as they relate to shooting, the balance being for the management of the Association and annual meetings.

The favorite woods used for bows are as follows: yew, lancewood, snakewood, beefwood, greenheart, hickory, locust, Osage orange, and bamboo. Bows made from the latter are equal to yew, and less apt to break. The bamboo is split into strips, the soft part planed out, and then they are glued together again, and wrapped with silk. This process is patented by a gentleman in Brooklyn, N. Y. Yew, when perfect, makes a fine bow, but is very expensive, the bows being worth from fifty to two hundred dollars. Spanish yew is the most valuable, Italian next, and then English. Snakewood makes a very beautiful and a very powerful bow, but this wood is short-grained, and apt to break. Backed bows, when properly taken care of, are better than self bows. By the word "self" is meant bows of one piece of wood.

Arrows for hunting are made from hickory or some other hard wood, and tipped with sharp steel for large game, and with lead for small birds. Target-arrows are made from well-seasoned pine, pointed with steel and nicked with horn, to prevent the strings from splitting them. The finest and best are footed with hard wood and painted between the feathers for the purpose of keeping the feathers from coming off.

From Hansard's "Archery we quote the following weights for arrows to be used in shooting-matches—but of course much depends on the strength of the bow:

30 yards, the arrow should weigh	5s. 6d.
60 " " " "	4s. 6d.
90 " " " "	3s 6d.
120 " " " "	3s. 6d.

The best strings were formerly made in Germany, but now they are made here. In fact, all the archery implements are made here, equal to the finest foreign goods, with the exception of yew bows.

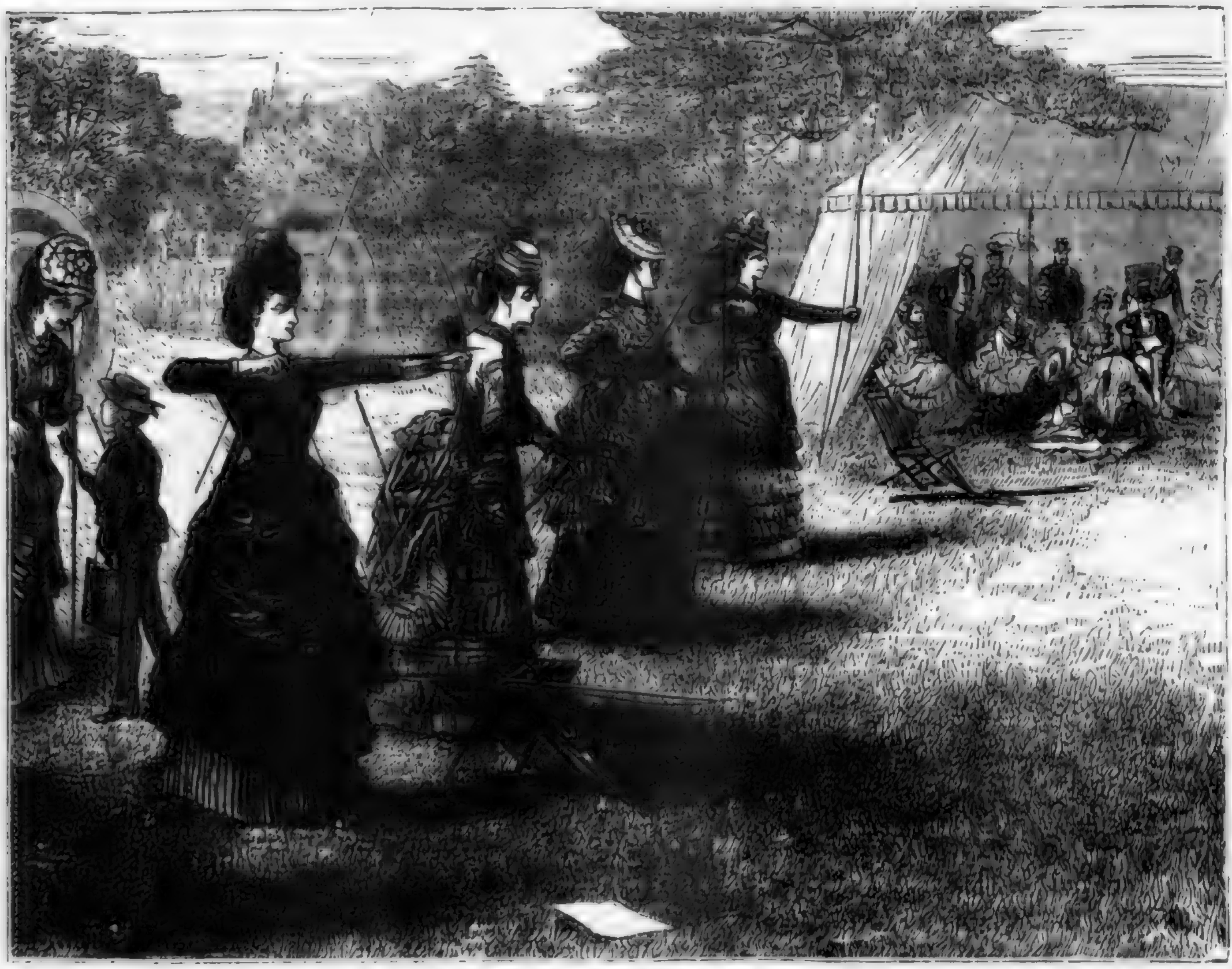
In selecting a bow, get one suited to your strength. This is very important, for if too light or too heavy, it will spoil your shooting. Let it be of as good a quality as you can afford. As a rule a man can begin with a 38 or 40 pound 6-foot bow; and a lady, a bow of 5 or 5 feet 6 inches, and a pull of 25 to 28 pounds. The second season you will probably need one several pounds heavier. As we mentioned before in this article, a 50 or 52 pound pull will do all the work nowadays required of a bow.

The arrows are even of more importance than the bow. They should be well-balanced, straight, and well-feathered. Half the arrows sold fly poorly, and their owners wonder why they make poor scores. If you find an arrow missing often, mark it, and if, after a fair trial, it proves uncertain, discard it at once. Fine arrows are expensive, but it is impossible to pay attention to all the little details necessary to make one without charging for it.

Having the bow and arrows, it is now necessary to have a target, which should be of the regulation size, and a stand five to six feet high.

A tassel of green worsted to wipe the dirt off of the arrows; an arm-guard, of stiff leather, to protect the wrist from the recoil of the string, and knuckles, or finger-tips,

XUM



A LADIES' ARCHERY MEETING IN ENGLAND.

to protect the fingers that pull the string, are also necessary. It is almost impossible to shoot with comfort without a quiver, and we would advise every archer to use one, as well as a little box of grease, composed of tallow and beeswax, to touch the string and finger-tips. This latter little article is quite important, as often the friction between the string and knuckle-tip becomes so great as to destroy the flight of the arrow, and cause it to waver and fall short.

The colored score-cards are the handiest things to keep a record of one's shooting on. The shots are pricked into their respective colors at the end of each "end," and when the round is finished, their total value is marked in its proper place.

To string the bow, grasp with the right hand the handle of the bow, place the lower tip against the inside hollow of the right foot, but not on the ground; rest the left hand on the upper end, holding the string between the forefinger and thumb; bend the bow, *flat side out*, by pressing down and from you with the left hand, and pulling toward the body with the right, at the same time slipping the left hand up until the string is firmly in the nock.

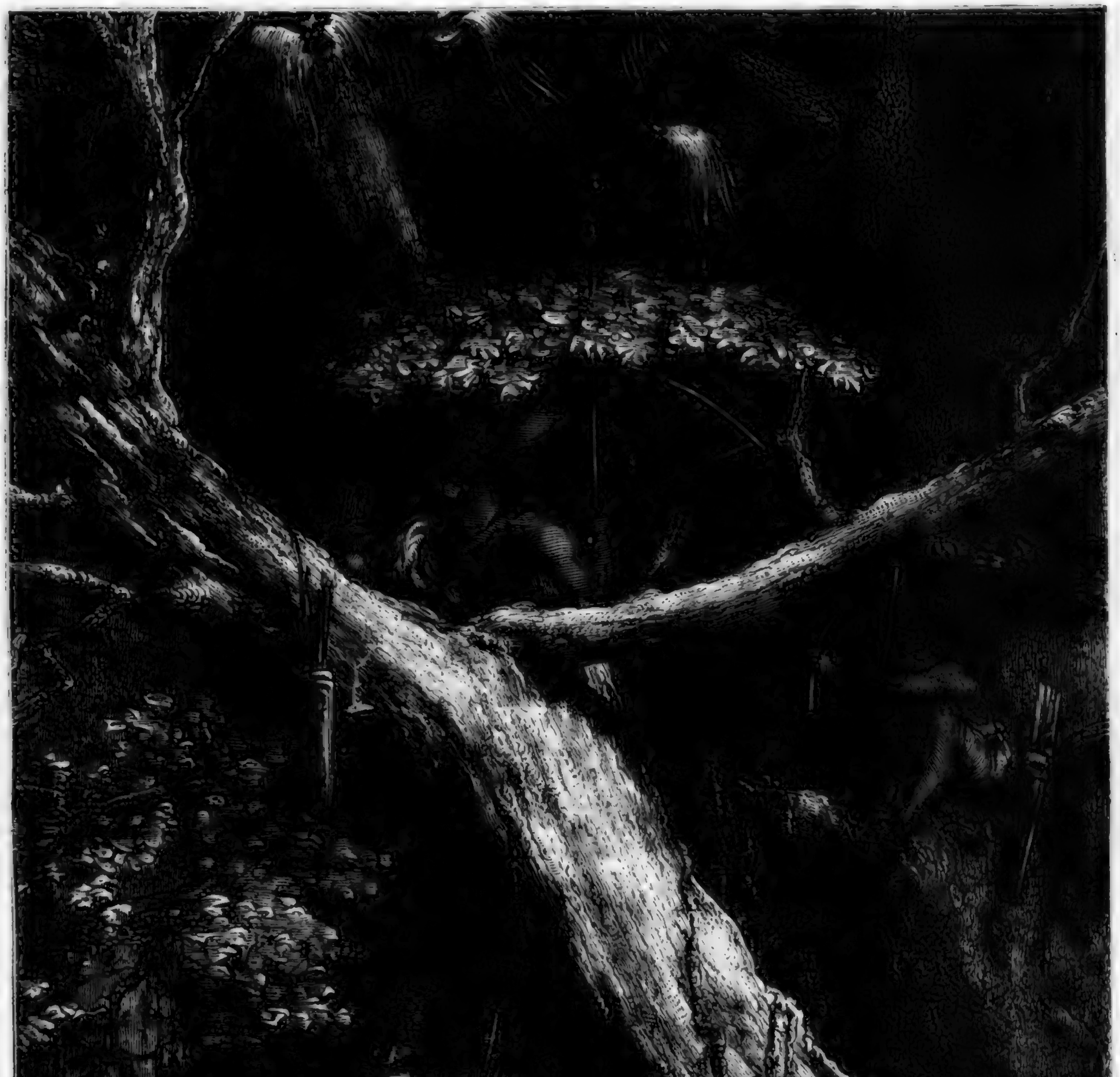
Now take an arrow by the nock, taking care not to injure the feathers, and place it carefully on the string where whipped, with the cock feather uppermost, and the shaft resting at right angles with the string and just above the handle of the bow, which should be held firmly with the left hand. Now take an easy but erect position before the target, the left side toward it; gaze steadfastly at the gold over your left shoulder, while raising the bow to a perpendicular position. When opposite the face, draw back until the thumb touches the right ear, and loose promptly, but without jerking, or moving either hand.

To loose the arrow properly is a very difficult thing, and much of the force and straight flight of the arrow depends on this being well done. Note carefully the direction of your shot, and try to correct any error you make the next time. Do not be discouraged if you shoot badly at first, as it takes constant and steady practice to make even a small score. In England it is considered wonderful for any one to win a prize with less than four or five years of practice.

Twenty yards is far enough away to place the target at first, but as soon as you have mastered the first principles of "holding" and "loosing," and can clap in four out of six arrows, move back ten yards. We advise those who wish to become expert shots to practice regularly, even if but for an hour at a time, and to vary the distance of the target, shooting at longer ranges in preference to shorter ones.

A number of the clubs in the Eastern States have organized an association like the National, with very much the same rules and regulations. They will hold a meeting in Boston during the latter part of September, but will only shoot the Double American and Columbian Round. All clubs in the Eastern and Middle States should join this association, and take part in the contest. Initiation fee, covering all dues, five dollars. This will give younger archers an opportunity, as there are very few yet who have had the chance to practice at the York Round.

Prospect Park in Brooklyn, N. Y., has a fine range, and almost every afternoon there are many practicing at the



BORNEANS SHOOTING BIRDS-OF-PARADISE.

butts. It is a pity that the authorities in charge of Central Park will not show the same liberal spirit, and devote a space to archery clubs.

In olden times there were public ranges outside of every town in England, and on holidays the butts were crowded with archers. It is to this fondness for manly games that England owes much of her strength; and wherever this spirit is shown, you will be sure to find healthy men and women, and a nation hard to subdue.

It is therefore to be hoped that our people will encourage all these out-of-door sports that require nerve, muscle, and endurance, and not, as they are too apt to, laugh at and treat such things with contempt. Surely it is far better to spend one's time out of doors, gaining health and strength, than to be lounging at the club over billiards, strolling up and down the avenue, or drinking and smoking in some fashionable bar-room.

The following are considered fair average scores at present here; after we have practiced a year or two more, we shall probably consider them small: At 40 yards, 145; at 50 yards, 100; at 60 yards, 75; at 80 yards, 50; at 100 yards, 25. Of course this refers to ten ends (20 arrows), and the regulation target. At the "York Round," a total of 200 points is a good score, and 250 would probably win most matches.

Do not be frightened from attending a match, even if your scores are small. All archers shoot poorer in public as a rule, and the only way to obtain nerve and confidence is to shoot in public as often as possible. Many who make big scores at home will find to their astonishment that they are "nowhere" in a crowd; so that many are disappointed who expect much, and many agreeably surprised to find how much better their scores stand than they had reason to hope. No one will win a match the first time they shoot before a strange crowd—so do not stay away, but go, if only for the practice.

TWILIGHT.

A SONNET.

By William Wordsworth.

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art thou as undiscerning Night!
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower
To the rude Briton, when in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
The self-same vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy power, brought forth;
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between;
The floods—the stars; a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

ONE MOMENT'S WORK.

By Jane G. Austin.

Most of the old residents of Boston will remember the time when the steeple of Park Street Church was under repair, and the workmen, as they neared the top, some two hundred feet above the ground, concluded to save themselves the trouble and delay of carrying up a scaffolding, by simply nailing cleats—that is to say, short strips of wood—across the needle-like spire; and, clinging to these with hands and feet, continued their labors, to their own manifest peril, and the terror of the worthy citizens who watched the operation. But not the most acute of these observers suspected then, or afterward, the actual tragedy connected with this apparent danger; the deadly peril in which not alone a man's body, but his soul, was placed during these few days; and the struggle for life and death that was carried on upon that airy battle-ground. Like most of the serious crises in the history of men, it lay beneath the surface, and the few concerned in it wished nothing so much as to keep it from becoming public; so that it is only now, after the lapse of many years, and the death of the parties principally concerned, one of whom is my authority, that I feel at liberty to relate this too true history of a man's temptation and fall and bitter expiation.

John Clifford was a carpenter by trade, and a fine-looking, active man by nature, well-to-do according to his needs, and an object of desire to most of the young women of his acquaintance. Why, then, disregarding this amiable majority, should he have eyes only for Mamie Bridge, teacher in one of the primary schools of the city, and daughter of Mrs. Bridge, the harassed and debt-ridden, and consequently most unamiable, head of a dingy boarding-house in Franklin Street? Clifford had met Mamie at the house of one of her pupils, and fallen immediately in love with her soft blue eyes and pretty brown curls; but, in spite of all his efforts, could gain but little notice from the young lady, who, indeed, seemed to feel herself rather out of place in the boisterous, noisy games which were the order of the evening, and slipped away at the moment when John, in the character of the "blind man," was groping and peeping about the room in search of her.

A few days later the young carpenter applied for board at Mrs. Bridge's house, but was tartly informed by that lady that she did not take mechanics—though, goodness knows, she might as well; for gentlefolks could run away without paying their bills, as well as working folks.

So John went away discomfited, but found board at a house opposite to Mrs. Bridge's, and, securing a front room, devoted nearly all his leisure to watching Mamie's in-goings and out-comings, especially on Sundays. It was not long before the vague and restless jealousy he scarcely acknowledged to himself found an object in the shape of a handsome, if somewhat reckless-looking, young man boarding in Mrs. Bridge's house, and a frequent attendant upon her daughter. A few shrewd questions in the right quarter soon brought the carpenter to the knowledge that this favored gallant was called Richard Stapleton, that he was a student in the Medical School, possessed a somewhat dubious reputation for morality, and was supposed to be engaged, or nearly so, to Mamie Bridge—who, as the informant added, "was a world too good for him, in spite of his fine airs and feelings."

After this conversation, John Clifford's watch upon the opposite house grew closer and more serious than ever—sterner, too; for he had as yet been able to see or hear nothing to make him believe that Stapleton was likely to prove a more honest or honorable lover, to say nothing of husband, to the girl they both loved than he himself would have done; and, indeed, a black suspicion day by day was growing up in his heart, fed by certain words dropped from time to time by Jones Burton, another of Mrs. Bridge's lodgers, with whom the carpenter had contrived to scrape acquaintance at the hardware establishment where Burton was cashier.

"There'll be a row before long in that quarter, if Ma'am Bridge don't look out," said Burton. "She's so keen to get Mamie married to a gentleman, that she shoves her into his arms; and she's such a Tartar that the girl never speaks to her when she can help it; and what's a little, innocent thing like that to know of such a fellow as

Stapleton? There'll be the ugliest sort of a row over there some day, you see if there ain't."

John Clifford paid for the saw he had just bought, and went out of the shop without a word; but that night, as he watched from his own dark little bedroom the pretty little courting-scene enacted in a room of the opposite house, he clinched his sinewy fist and muttered a few strong words, which we will hope the Recording Angel did not too literally set down upon the debit side of his account.

Taking advantage of Jones Burton's good nature, the young carpenter by-and-by gained admittance to the Bridge mansion and the presence of Mamie, who, girl-like, soon detected the passion she had inspired in the heart of the silent, dark-looking stranger, and, being the sweetest-tempered and kindliest little beauty in the world, could not find it in her nature to treat him otherwise than kindly and attentively. This did very well, so far as these two alone were concerned; but when, one evening, it chanced that Richard Stapleton remained in the public sitting-room, instead of taking Mamie out with him or going to his own chamber as was his wont, he too began to look and listen to John Clifford's low and hesitating speeches addressed to Mamie Bridge; and listening, an evil scowl crossed his sullen face, and his tone assumed an ominous sneer that his betrothed, if such she was, had long since learned to dread and avoid. The visit did not last long, and ended without any actual disagreement between the young men; but from that day they knew each other for enemies and rivals, and John Clifford's watch upon the movements of the other grew feverishly vigilant and suspicious.

It was at this time that the repairs upon Park Street Church commenced, and John Clifford was one of the carpenters employed by the master-workman who took the contract. He had only been at work one day before he made a disagreeable discovery—in fact, two of them: first, that Richard Stapleton passed the church several times a day in going to and from his lectures at the Medical College; and secondly, that Mamie Bridge's daily walks led in the same direction at the same hours, and that the two were always to be seen together. This fact once discovered, John Clifford could not help torturing himself by the use of it, and never missed an opportunity of watching the lovers from their first appearance upon Tremont Street until they passed out of sight up Park Street, too busy with each other to spare a glance toward the haggard face and burning eyes glowing down at them, now from a window, now from the roof, anon from some chink or cranny of the stagings, and always with a growing hatred in the looks cast upon Stapleton, and a desperate passion in those that dwelt upon his beautiful companion.

The repairs went on, and reached the steeple, where was only room for two men to work together. These, selected for their daring no less than for their skill, were Clifford and a companion named Morris; and these two were the venturesome originators of the cleat-ladder mode of ascending to the spire—a piece of daring which attracted the attention and excited the fears of at least half the population of Boston.

It was the second day that this had been in operation, and John Clifford, from his airy perch, looked down at the usual hour to torment himself with the sight of his happy rival walking beside the object of his hopeless love. In due course of time Stapleton appeared, but his companion was Jones Burton, instead of Mamie Bridge, she having been obliged to go in another direction. The carpenter heaved a great sigh of relief, and turned back to his work, but was presently interrupted by Morris, who had been down for some nails, and now, in passing him, said:

"Look out for an accident, Clifford. There's two fellows down there, and one has bet the other a new hat that he daresn't climb up these cleats and hang his old hat on the weather-vane, and he, like a fool, has took up the bet. The boss tried to stop 'em, but they wouldn't listen to a word, and finally he got mad, and told 'em to go to the Old Boy their own way, for anything he cared, and I left 'em getting ready. Here they come!"

And, looking down to the opening in the roof giving access to the steeple, Clifford beheld his rival just emerging, while Jones Burton's face appeared behind, looking pale and scared. Stapleton's, on the contrary, looked flushed and reckless, and it was evident that, early as was the hour, he had already been drinking.

"There, Burton!" cried he, stepping upon the staging around the lower part of the steeple. "You stay here to see fair play, and be counting out ten dollars for that hat, for I sha'n't be gone a minute. Now, then!"

And he rapidly ran up the first ladder to the scaffold where Clifford and Morris stood, the former walking away before the climber had time to recognize him, while Morris said:

"I'm going up myself, sir, and you'd better follow as close as you can—you won't be so likely to be dizzy. There's a place close to the vane where you can pass, if you want to. There's cleats both sides there, and I can get out of your way. But you'd better think again before——"

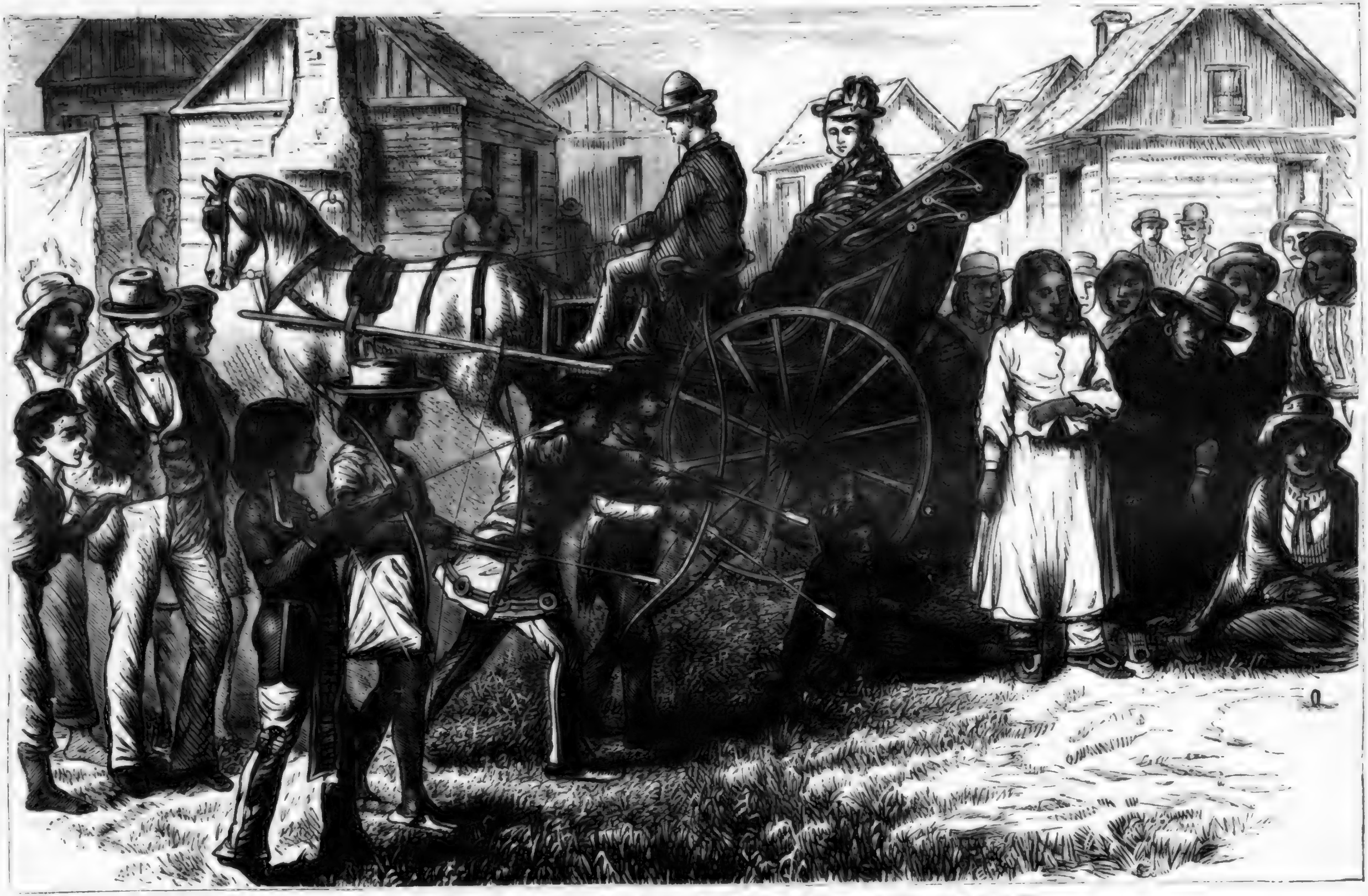
"Go along up, my man, and don't talk so much," interrupted Stapleton, boisterously. "I'll leave the old hat on the vane for you, if you like. It isn't far to the hatter's, and I'm to pick out the best in the shop, and Burton is to pay for it."

The voices of the two men passed up, and Clifford began slowly to follow them, but upon the other side of the steeple, and therefore out of Burton's sight; for he did not at that moment feel as if he could exchange words of careless courtesy with anybody.

Arrived at the point where the scaffolds terminated and were replaced by the cleats, he was obliged to come round the steeple, but was still so far removed from Burton's line of vision as not easily to be recognized, or his movements very distinct. As for his motive in ascending with such caution, or, indeed, in ascending at all, since he knew that he must descend before Stapleton or Morris, and since nothing could be more disagreeable to him than a meeting with Stapleton, the young man would have been at a loss to describe it himself, and, in fact, moved rather by instinct than reason in what he did. But suddenly he paused in his upward journey, and, clinging convulsively with both hands to the frail support he grasped, gazed with horror upon the cleat he had just been about to seize. Originally fastened with two nails, one of these had broken off, and the other, pressed downward and outward by the ascending feet of the two men who had just passed over it, was ready to give way at the first impulse.

"The first man who trusts himself on that cleat is a dead man!"

So shaped themselves the sickening throbs of John Clifford's heart, as, clinging there to the slender spire, with the roar of the great city at his feet, almost swaying him from his hold, he faced the tempter who has always loved the high places of the earth, and listened to his suggestions. He needed to do nothing but to go quietly down again as he had come up. No one could know that he had seen it; no one could hold him responsible for the misstep of the giddy fool whom all had urged not to ascend



ARCHERY, PAST AND PRESENT.—INDIAN BOYS SHOOTING AT PENNIES, AT LORETTE, CANADA.—SEE PAGE 406.

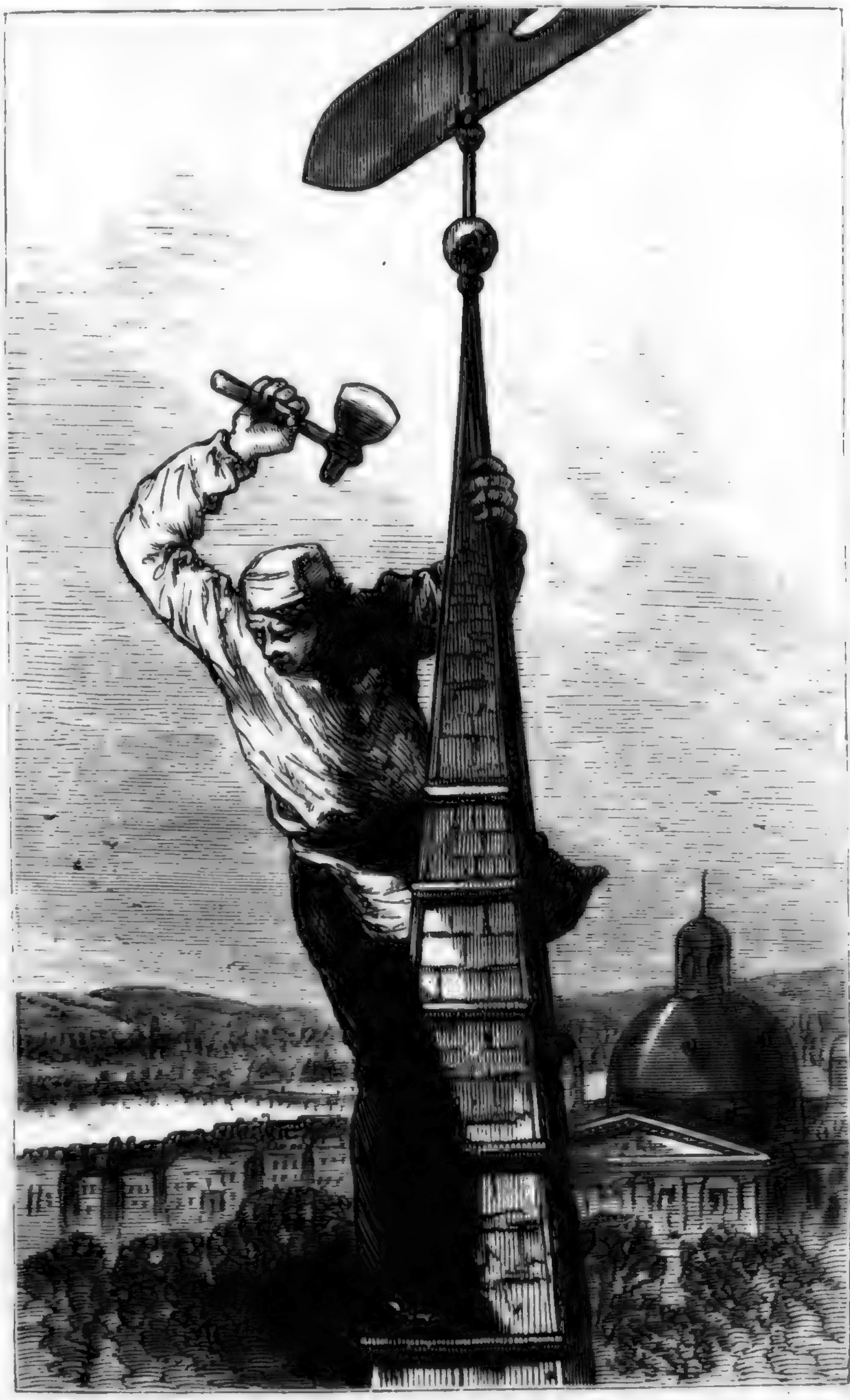
the steeple. And then, as if to smooth the path for him, came the voice of his companion Morris, hailing him from above:

"Clifford, go down, will you, and leave room for the gent. He's turned a little dizzy, and I'm a-helping him down."

John Clifford's white lips shaped an answer, but no sound issued from them, as, without an upward glance, he began swiftly to descend; and still the cheery voice of Robert Morris followed him, although now the words were not addressed to himself, but to Stapleton.

"There, hang on close, and don't you look down, nor yet up, but straight at the old steeple. Stop, now; rest a minute, and I'll get past you, and then I can set your feet, if you miss the cleats. That's it! Now, come along, mister."

"Go past him!" echoed John Clifford, to himself.



ONE MOMENT'S WORK.—"SCARCELY KNOWING WHAT HE DID, HE HURLED THE HATCHET FROM HIS HAND, AND LEANING FROM HIS PERILOUS STANDING-POINT, HE FOLLOWED THE GLITTERING LINE OF THE BRIGHT STEEL IN ITS DESCENT."—SEE PAGE 410.

And then, by a great effort, he raised his eyes and saw his hated rival, his whole frame collapsed and shrunken with terror and the hair perceptibly raised from his clammy brow, clinging convulsively to the cleats near the top of the steeple; while Robert Morris, the blithe, bright-tempered, generous young Scotchman, whom Clifford had known and liked so well, had managed to pass below his charge, and, with his eyes and his whole attention fixed upon the trembling limbs he sought to guide, mechanically moved his own feet from cleat to cleat, until now only two separated him from that treacherous one, to rest upon which, even for an instant, was death, certain death, not only to him, but to the quivering charge, whose feeble hold would no doubt be loosened at the same instant.

This conviction darted through the mind of Clifford like a flash of lightning, and with something of the same stinging pain awoke him from the sort of trance in which he had moved for the last few minutes. Without an instant's pause, he sprang once more up the cleats; and, while Morris tried in vain to coax his charge to move, Clifford reached the dangerous spot, and quietly said:

"Stop; there's a cleat not quite secure. Hold on till I put another nail in."

"No need of it, John; and the jar will, maybe, scare him into letting go!" said Morris, impatiently; but without reply, Clifford drew a couple of nails and a hammer from the pocket of his workman's overalls, and in a moment had made all secure. Then he slowly descended, followed step by step by Morris and the nearly senseless Stapleton, who no sooner reached a place of safety than he swooned altogether, and was taken down to a carriage in the arms of Morris and Burton.

That night, through the unshuttered window of Richard Stapleton's chamber, Clifford saw him lying upon a sofa, while beside him knelt Mamie, smoothing his brow, tenderly caressing his hair, his cheeks, his lips—in fact, bestowing all those proofs of devotion and interest which any loving girl would feel herself free to exhibit toward the man she loved and hoped to marry, especially at the moment when he had escaped a great peril, and been, as it were, given back to her from the very grasp of death.

"Curse him! curse him doubly!" muttered John Clifford, as from his own dark room he watched these endearments. "If it had not been for Morris in the way, he would not be there now. Oh, give me another chance!"

And the Enemy of Souls caught up the wild prayer, and was permitted to answer it.

The next morning Clifford was ordered to knock off the cleats from the now completed steeple, and, with his sharp shingling hatchet in his hand, mounted to the top of the spire, and commenced his work. It was about half-completed when his strained and eager watch upon the corner of School Street discovered the two figures he so dreaded, and yet was so impatient to behold—his rival and his hopeless love.

They were walking very slowly, arm-in-arm, and he was evidently relating, probably for the hundredth time, the story of his danger, for both faces were directed upward, and Stapleton was gesticulating with his free hand, while Mamie, clinging to the other arm, gazed up in his face with that absorbed and admiring fondness women, ever since the days of Desdemona, have shown for the handsome hero who tells of "the dangers he has known."

John Clifford watched those expressive gestures and that loving, upturned face until they were close at hand, and then, grinding a cruel oath between his teeth, he turned back to his work, trying to shut out the sights and sounds that maddened him; for he fancied that, amid the roar of the great city that ascended to his eyrie, he could distinguish the hated voice of Richard Stapleton, and even the sweet tones of Mamie's exclamations and questions.

For a few moments he wrought furiously at his task, and then, unable to bear the uncertainty longer, he turned abruptly and looked down. There they stood, almost directly beneath him, both looking up, and Stapleton, the better to direct the girl's attention to some object he was pointing out, had passed one arm about the girl's shoulders, and tilted her chin up with the other hand, while he laughingly insisted upon her raising her eyes to the very top of the steeple.

It was but for an instant that they held the caressing attitude, but that instant was sufficient to fill the measure of John Clifford's jealousy to well-nigh frenzy, and scarcely knowing what he did, he hurled the hatchet in his hand, at the handsome, mocking, hated face of the man who thus before his very eyes—before the eyes of all men, boasted of his familiarity, his mastership over this girl, who had never vouchsafed more than the slightest touch of her cool fingers to him who loved her so madly, so passionately.

The hatchet left his hand almost before he knew it, and yet, no sooner was the act irretrievable, than a deadly calmness replaced the fury of the moment, and, leaning from his perilous standing-point, he followed the glittering line of the bright steel in its descent; and, had he seen it bury itself in the brain of his rival, he would have felt neither remorse nor horror, and from that instant the soul of John Clifford would have become the unresisting slave of the fiend who had so skillfully tempted it. But this was not to be; the mercy of Providence is untiring, and the narrow and stormy path of penitence is always open to the sinner who will seek it; through this steep and painful path John Clifford was yet to climb to the purer and better day, albeit it was at cost both to him and another of much that makes life worth the having.

Richard Stapleton's upturned eyes caught the glittering danger swooping down upon him, and, although he did not suspect the motive—in fact, had failed to recognize the workman, whom he had seen but seldom, and in obscurity, an instinct swifter than even that glancing death told him that its aim was his life, and another instinct made him shrink suddenly back; but no third impulse prompted him to secure the safety of the woman who would have gladly—nay, blithely, faced the most painful death to save him from harm; and the very movement of his own retreat, still clasping her shoulders as he did, brought her into the danger he escaped; and, before the cries of horror and dismay formed on the lips of the by-standers could shape themselves upon the air, the axe had fallen, and, with one wild scream, Mamie Bridge sank to the pavement, while her lover started aside, and would have rushed from the spot had not a bluff workman in the little crowd already gathering seized him by the arm, exclaiming:

"Hold on! Nothing's going to hurt you now; and you'd better look after your girl."

And Clifford! With the lightning perception which such cases replaces thought, he had seen the coward movement of Richard Stapleton; he had seen the danger averted from the man he hated to the woman he loved; he had felt the sharp anguish of defeat, and the consciousness that he had periled his own soul for vengeance, and that the blow had recoiled on himself with tenfold bitterness. It was too much for a brain already frenzied with rage and jealousy, and a body enfeebled by vigils and fasting. As Mamie Bridge sank smitten to the pavement, John Clifford, with one wild gasp of agony, lost his hold upon the frail support he held, and fell from the steeple; but, as God's grace would have it, reached the upper scaffolding in safety, and was presently found there, a crumpled, unconscious heap, by his fellow-workmen. They removed him to his lodgings tenderly enough, saying to each other that he had seemed ill and unlike himself for days, and that he must have suddenly swooned upon that giddy height, and dropped the hatchet as he fell.

A whole week passed before consciousness returned to the miserable man, and then the first question that he whispered was:

"Is Mamie Bridge dead?"

"No—nor like to be," replied the kind-hearted, overworked landlady, who had so patiently cared for her friendless lodger, even to the neglect of other duties. "But I dare say she'd rather be than to live as she must live, for they say she's an object that her own mother can't bear to look at, and will never have the use of her right arm again. The hatchet took off part of the nose, part of the lips, and part of the chin, and then struck on the shoulder and cut some of the cords, so that at first the doctor thought he'd have to take the arm off, but he's concluded now that he can save it, though it's dead as much as if it was off—but, then, ain't I a fool, and you so weak? Lord, he's off in a fainting fit, and all my fault!"

Another week, and John Clifford was able to crawl out into the sunshine, the ghost of his former self. His first independent act was to send and ask Richard Stapleton to come to him, and in a few hours the student, with an air of rather supercilious astonishment, entered the room where he lay, gathering strength for the interview. It was not a long one.

In a few stern phrases the criminal confessed his crime, and offered to the other such reparation or such vengeance as the law would give him if he chose to take it, or such private compensation as money might afford; for Clifford was not poor for his years and station, and had already a good balance at the bank.

Stapleton listened attentively and silently; went to the window, looked across the street for several moments, and then returning to the side of the couch, said, coldly:

"I don't know that I care about taking the law of you, although, of course I might; but, after all, you did not hurt me, and may have done me a service in breaking off an affair that I was getting confoundedly bored with."

"You are going to desert Mamie?" burst out Clifford, springing to his feet, all ablaze with indignation.

"Desert?" repeated the other, haughtily. "I see no occasion for using hard words, my young friend, but, of course, I do not intend to marry her. She was a very pretty girl, and, as she was also a very prudish one, I should have married her rather than not have her; but now—— Well, your hatchet has saved me from a piece of folly scarcely to be excused by all the beauty that is gone for ever now from Mamie Bridge's face. I have already left her mother's house, and never shall see one of its inmates again, if I can help it. I give you my good wishes, and good-by."

"It's a pity you swerved when the hatchet fell," replied the young carpenter, slowly; and with an airy grimace, and "Thank you!" Stapleton left the room and passed out of John Clifford and Mamie Bridge's lives, never to return.

Months later, John made his confession to the poor girl who, like the sacrificial lamb, had borne the penalty of another's sin and wickedness. When he finished, she simply said:

"Yes, I forgive you with all my heart, but the loss of my good looks and of my right arm is not the heaviest loss you brought upon me, John."

"No!" replied he, hotly. "But, Mamie, if your good looks are gone, here are two eyes that never care to look upon any other woman's face than yours; and here is a strong right arm that asks no better than to spend all its strength and all its cunning for you; and, for the rest, Mamie, perhaps the love you have lost was not, after all, truer, or more lasting, than that which has long been yours."

"I know that, John," replied the poor child, bitterly enough. "I have felt that for a long time, but the heart is not to be forced, and mine cannot turn even now to another love. I may be your true friend—your sister, but nothing more."

"Then let me be your friend—your brother, dear," pleaded the carpenter. "You need some one to stand between you and the world, now that you are disabled by my act from helping yourself; and who so fit as I to fill the place? Your mother is not well off, and she feels the expense and care of your illness. You won't be hurt at my speaking out, Mamie?"

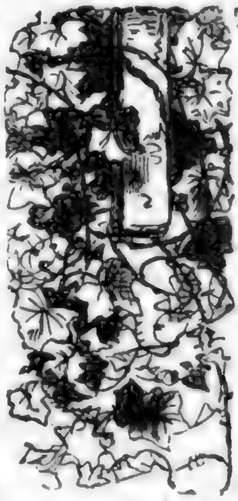
"It is too true! I cannot deny it. Poor mother!" groaned the unhappy girl, hiding her poor, marred face in the light shawl laid over her upon the couch she seldom quitted.

"Well, then, Mamie darling, let the marriage words be said over us, and then I shall have the right to take this dear, dear charge off your mother's hands, and to care for you and protect, and be a friend, a brother, a lover, a husband to you, as you yourself choose. Only marry me, Mamie—that is all I ask."

And so Mamie Bridge became Mamie Clifford, and the last days of that man were better than the first, and she, poor child! became content at last, and in the end more nearly happy than most of us whose faces remain unscarred, and whose lives have received no such blow, can boast of being.

The editor of a prominent New York journal, traveling in India, writes as follows of what the jugglers perform in that country: "I have seen a man throw up into the air a number of balls numbering in succession from one upward. As each went up, and there was no deception about their going up, the ball was seen clearly in the air, getting smaller and smaller till it disappeared altogether out of sight. When they were all up, twenty or more, the operator would politely ask which ball you wanted to see, and then would shout out, 'No. 1,' 'No. 15,' and so on, as instructed by the spectators, when the ball demanded would bound to his feet violently from some remote distance."

THE DEAD MODEL.



IT glowed upon the canvas and filled the room with light; it spoke through the sight of the soul. It was a poem—an art-poem.

It represented Jesus, the Saviour; Christ, the Son of Mary; the Lamb of the crucifixion; the Beloved One of God. How utterly beautiful! Filling a large canvas, it portrayed a radiant and glorious Being, draped in white, as in a "garment of light"; the flowing, golden beard falling over the throat, yet showing something of the unutterable beauty of the pure and pensive mouth; the darkened eyes holding their grand gloom as the only shadow in the glowing whole; the dome-like brow of purest alabaster revealing the angelic, superhuman nature; the absolute perfection of the features still showing that symmetry of form is not incompatible with intensity of expression.

The drapery was wonderful. Snowy folds enveloped what naught but a vesture of radiance should have defined; the form that the cross had held, but had not made mortal.

On the hands—spread forth in blessing—were the livid marks of the nails, the cruel nails! The naked feet bore similar witnesses. The brow had bled to the piercing thorn. In the glory of the eyes lay remembered anguish. But those blessed hands, extended, seemed to say, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

But what, above all, was wondrous in this all-wondrous picture was the halo above the brow, the radiance of which filled the entire canvas with a flood of glory. The painter had solved the great art-mystery. He had *painted light!*

And Rovere Ethemere leaned back in his chair and gazed at his work with a kind of awe.

A woman leaned upon the chair behind him; a very beautiful woman; so beautiful that it is difficult to describe her, because of the ethereal character of her loveliness, its peculiar nature.

Describe a flower! describe a song! describe joy! describe love! As well attempt all these as to describe Angela Ethemere.

Yes; she was his wife. Only a wife could gaze thus, first upon his face, then at the picture. She seemed to be lost in the double contemplation of the artist and his work; tracing, perhaps, a resemblance, which certainly existed, between the Christ-face and the human one on which her tender, melting, blue-gray eyes fastened their loving gaze.

Gentle, truthful eyes! What memories they held of hours that throbbed with an excess of joy; of days that sparkled with a wealth of smiles!

What features, too, were those of Angela! Half Greek, but not cold; not wholly symmetrical, yet so delicate that no *positive* defects could be defined; their beauty heightened by a marble pallor, the only red being the impassioned lips, chaste as fond; half brown, half golden hair; a form as fragile as a poet's thought, and grace in every attitude.

The third of the beautiful objects that filled the studio with their poetic presence—the picture, Angela and the artist—was by no means the least powerful to fix the gaze. Genius sat upon Rovere's brow, truth lived in the deep, diamond light of his large eyes, whose concentrated gaze held a world within them. He was a man whom all men liked. Women worshiped him.

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He deserved love. He never, throughout that brilliantly successful career that had preceded the moment at which we find him, had injured the happiness of any woman's life, though one hated him.

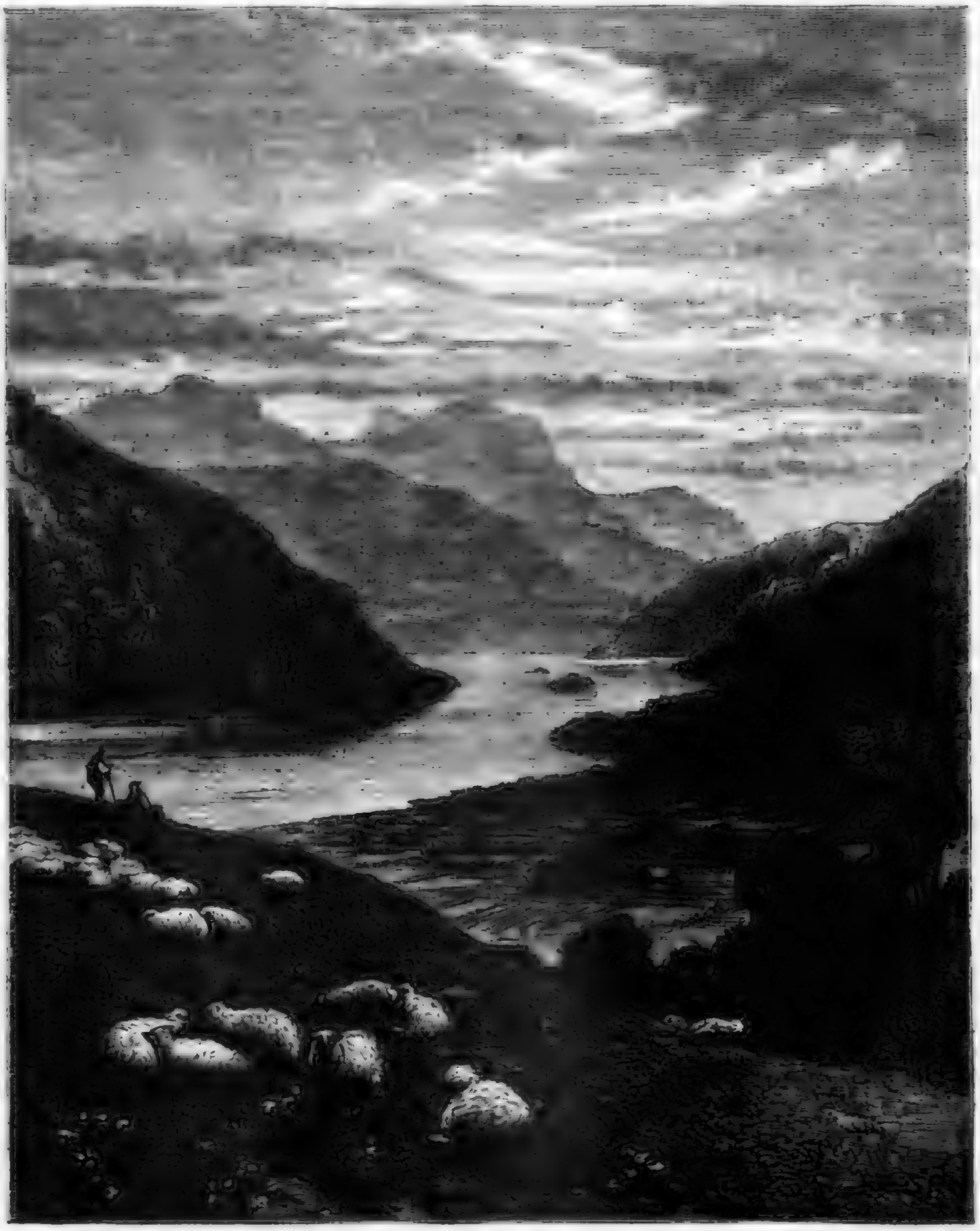
I loathe her name. To bring her here into my story, to tell you the cruel truth, and to depict a woman like Zenobia Althorst, is not a pleasant task.

But I have promised myself that I would write this recital *in memoriam*. Remember it to me, ye honored and lamented dead, Rovere and Angela! I mean it for a prayer. Perhaps it is little better than idle, useless tears.

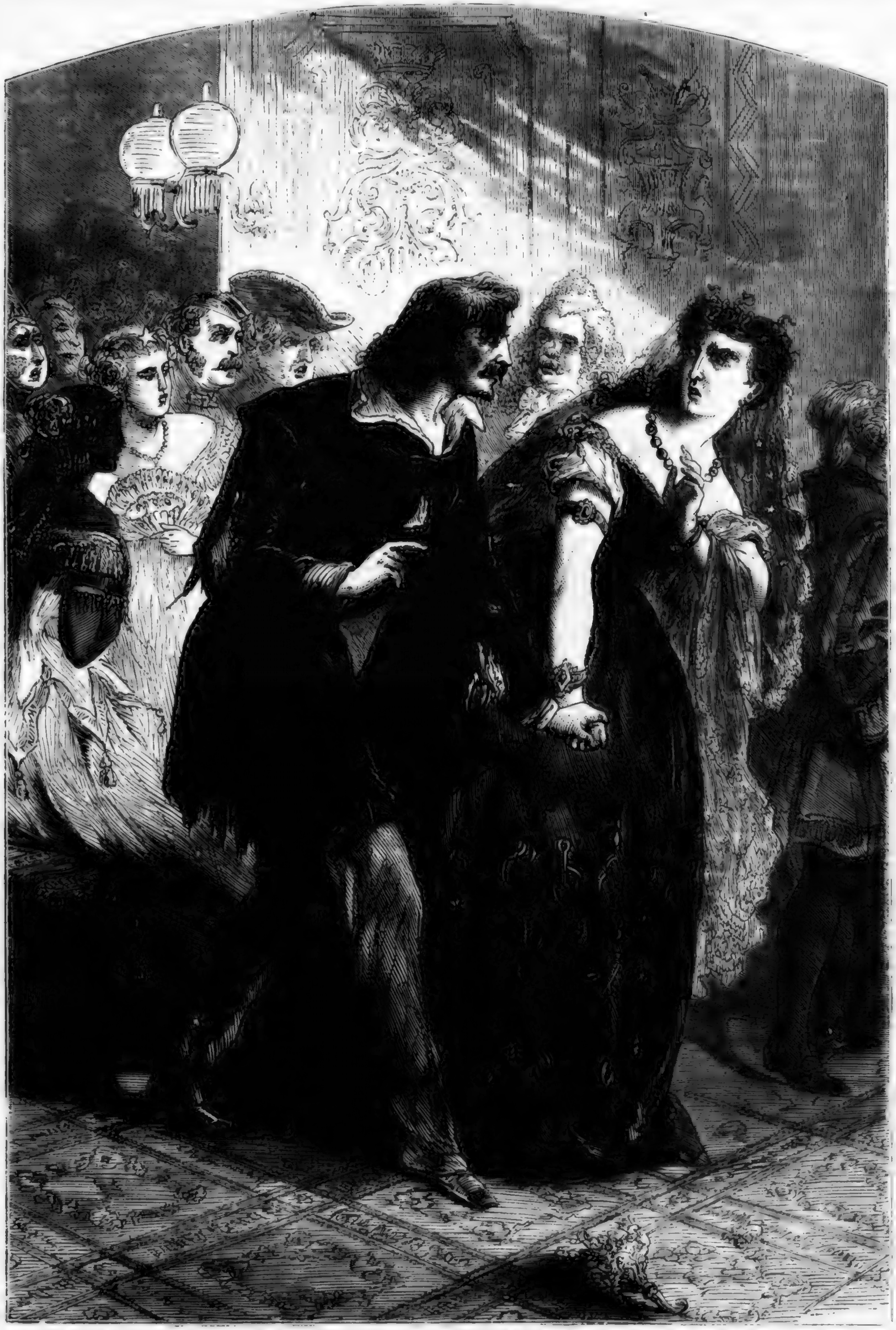
They had met in the world, in the gay throngs that crowded New York *salons*. The successful artist had a peculiar beauty, a grandeur, an exceptionality of type, bearing and presence, which had struck the art-nerve of Zenobia's sensuous nature and filled her selfish heart with an unholy glow.

From the first moment she repelled Rovere. He recoiled from her as the noble must ever shrink from the ignoble, the high from the earthy, the star from the sod, light from darkness. And yet that gorgeous being did not seem an object to recoil from. Only the refined, spiritual, though at the same time truly manly nature of the artist, could have felt and shuddered at the innate coarseness, undisguised *to him* by the really exceptional splendor of material beauty.

A queenly head; a wealth of jet-black hair; eyes like great, glowing jewels, like agates with the lustre of the diamond upon their dark, unfathomable depths, shrouded by sweeping lashes; a low, broad brow, along which the black hair curled and waved like the serpent-locks of the Medusa; full, rich lips, haughty, too, in their imperial curve; a form regal in height—that of a Semiramide in fullness; complexion not snowy pale like Angela's, but dark, though clear; a rich glow in the cheek, which, if nature caused it to pale, was renewed by art, for which crime of *lèse-réalité* Rovere would have disliked her, had there been nothing besides in this barbarian nature to jar upon his nerves.



TWILIGHT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 419.



THE DEAD MODEL.—" 'THE DEVIL HAS A MESSAGE FOR YOU!' HISSED HE IN HER EAR. SHE DREW BACK; ALL RECOILED. THE FASHIONABLE GUESTS STARED AT THE MAD ARTIST, WHO CLUTCHED ZENOBIA'S WRIST."—SEE PAGE 415.

Artists loathe any recourse to art in a woman's toilet. False hair, cotton, crinoline and powder, to all ridiculous, to them are loathly. Painted cheeks, above all things, are the artist's aversion ; the sickliest pallor is, to the art-eye, less shocking than the meretricious glare of rouge.

It might be that the presence of an awful aunt, on the occasion of Rovere's first encounter with Zenobia Althorst, had something to do with the jarring memory it left.

Mrs. Barnbridge had "come up out of oil," and on the occasion of her first visit to the artist's studio, not having yet learned how to calm down the horrors of what she would have designated as her "taste in dress," appeared in a "loud" style of attire, justly to be expressed by a shouting red, a shrieking green and a bellowing blue. Insanity, embodied in a bonnet and jewelry so rabid that it inevitably suggested the propriety of incarcerating its possessor for life in a *maison de santé*, completed this striking whole.

Zenobia, always regal, if somewhat Oriental, accompanied this painful woman. Rovere felt, he told Angela, as if his teeth were on edge for a week after, as if he had been eating pickles.

The embodied nightmare in color seated herself and expressed a desire that her niece's portrait should be painted by Mr. Ethemere.

Zenobia, whose lack of vulgarity was to be accounted for by the fact that she had resided with her aunt but one Winter, and that owing to the accession of vast wealth which had come upon her aunt through petroleum, also expressed a wish to possess, in a likeness of herself, "a specimen of Mr. Ethemere's exquisite skill."

Thus they first met and parted, with but a few phrases of the most common-place description, but Zenobia had given, unsought, her heart to the Raphael-like Ethemere, and saw everywhere she turned a pale, statuesque head, with a noble form draped in a velvet artist-tunic and haunting, poet-eyes.

She loved absorbingly, evinced it unblushingly, was repelled courteously, yet firmly, and hated as the base hate.

The day that she heard of his marriage—a clandestine one—with Angela Winthrop, the heiress, she murdered him a thousand times in her cruel thoughts, consigned him to a thousand deaths, each more hideous than the last, and writhed in the consciousness of her own failure and her rival's triumph—the more agonized because she had hoped till then.

They had met, Angela and she—spiritual and material beauty, poetry and prose, the orient and the north, heat and light, love and passion, suggesting to Rovere an angel beside a fiend—both beautiful, the one in her evil glory, the other in her touching loveliness. They had met and repelled each other.

Wealth is power. Zenobia, who had full command of her aunt's purse, vowed to crush the artist by foul means, whom she had failed to win by what she considered fair ones.

Did you ever meet—you whose kind eyes peruse my lines—with one of those *bought critics*, those hirelings of the press, whose cruel motto is—

"Oderint dum metuant"?

Zenobia had one of these banditti of the pen in her pay.

Heaven shield the unfortunate who fell beneath the lash of Shelsbury Lynch. Unsparing, relentlessly cruel, gloating in every pang of his victim, this man in London and Paris had for years lived by this mental murder. He slew not the body, but the heart ; he dragged to death, not the material frame, but the lofty aspiration ; he killed, not the physical being, but peace.

Possessing great wit, vast powers of criticism, immense experience, he did not hesitate to falsify, abuse and sell his powers at the bidding of a cruel, remorseless woman.

You have seen the artist when his picture was finished. He clasped Angela to his triumphant heart, bounding with the consciousness of having achieved a great picture, of having borne an art-child that would do him honor ; and he swore to her that the wealth she had forfeited through her marriage with him should be hers, through his brush, his toil ; and this day was their last really happy one.

A great art exhibition took place on the morrow, but through the kindness of some personal friends, the peculiar light desirable for the "Christ" of Ethemere was obtained by its private exhibition in a room hung with curtains arranged with consummate art.

Its exhibition, so far as the effect upon the gazers went, was a great success. One lady fainted as the glory of the picture burst suddenly upon her, and, as she revived, murmured :

"I thought—I had gone—to heaven !"

But the next day the bloodhound was let loose upon the devoted victim, and Shelsbury Lynch began his vile game. He hoped for more than money, and allowed himself to dwell upon the idea of winning Zenobia Althorst.

Why not ? He was thirty-five, talented, if not wealthy, of good family, and if a "Bohemian," not of the low kind. His position as a *littérateur* was, on the contrary, very clearly defined, and, in spite of his unsparing pen, to deny his talent was what no one thought of. Besides this, his person was rather handsome than otherwise, his manner good, his social relations unobjectionable. Abroad, he had been a lion.

The criticism of the "Christ" of Ethemere was a cruel deed. Sarcasm did its worst, and falsehood cast its foul smoke from the evil fire of hate upon the glowing and lovely canvas. Hate is the Calvary of genius ; malice, the spear in its side.

The wonders of the picture were all denied. Its lovely lights were called intolerably glaring ; its beautiful drapery was qualified as coarse ; all expression was denied to the face. The hair, the beard, the eyes, the hands, the feet—all met with equal disapprobation ; all as undeservedly. A picture that, in its glorious beauty, could not be gazed on long without a tear ; a touching poem, rendered by a poetic brush, was mercilessly mocked at, and with an irreverence which its subject alone should have made impossible to the most savage art-critics. And, in his inmost heart, while he wrote, Shelsbury Lynch acknowledged that he had never seen anything more touchingly beautiful ; or in America, as well as in many foreign cities, any picture better painted. But he had been hired to jeer and to lie, and he jeered and lied.

Keats died of these things—Ethemere wept.

Other publications besides that in which Shelsbury Lynch caused his criticism to be published followed his evil lead. The ignorant, bowing down to what they believed his superior art-knowledge—a knowledge which had, it is true, been proved again and again in criticisms of a candid nature—followed in the footsteps which had trodden on the honest, kind, bleeding heart of the poet-painter.

The criticism, headed "The False and Meretricious School of Art," and which was elaborate and long, reappeared. The would-be connoisseurs had each their little sneer, and the "Christ" of Ethemere remained unsold.

There it stood, with its slighted beauty, against the walls of Rovere's studio, its occult color unappreciated, its poem unread.

One such criticism would not, cruel as it was, have suf-

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ficed to kill the artist, as an artist; but means were beginning to fail for the pursuance of his profession.

Angela had been disinherited in favor of a nephew of Mr. Winthrop, and Ethemere's foreign studies had cost him a large sum.

It would be painful and idle to follow the gradual loss of the artist's powers, the gradual breaking of his heart. Suffice it to say that Zenobia's vengeance had so well progressed that, eighteen months after she had taken a mental oath to ruin Rovere, Ethemere the artist and his wife lived in a couple of rooms that were garrets, and were glad when the sale of some pretty picture, or the fulfilling of some trifling order, enabled them to add meat to their fare. Genius, though immortal, is soon "starved out."

A word to women. Why do not women make it their work to encourage art? Who sees women, except in rare instances, buying pictures? Jewels, ribbons, silks, are daily purchased by our fair countrywomen, whose delicate beauty can well dispense with extravagant toilet accessories, at the cost of hundreds, nay, thousands, while gems in landscape, lovely statuettes, and beautiful pastels, the contemplation of which every day, in their apartments, would elevate the minds of these girls and matrons, are passed neglected by. A jewel pleases but a little while; ribbons, silks, and laces soon lose their attraction, as well for the purchaser as for the eyes to which they are lavishly displayed; but a beautiful production of art *lives*, and grows lovelier and grander by contemplation.

Want is a cruel goad. Angela began to droop. Her frail frame needed the luxuries of life. Even fare of a wholesome if not a dainty nature was coarse to her delicate organization. She had been bred in luxury—away from it she perished. Consumption, induced by privation as well as by mental pain, had set its remorseless seal upon her fair young life. The wife of two years died an agonizing death on the very day of her marriage anniversary.

Rovere looked at the dead form before him and then looked around him. Angela had died with words of love on her lips, had told him how happy she had been in spite of all, had said they should meet in heaven, had striven, even in dying, to impart hope, but in vain. When she died, although in the body he still lived, the man who worshiped her died also.

A strange, terrible smile broke over his face as he gazed at his dead wife, and, after a minute of contemplation, he arose.

Then he began to paint, as if under the inspiration of some fresh incentive. He painted the lovely dead. The marble form, motionless and emaciated, the sweeping lashes upon the hollow cheek, the rigid beauty of the perfect lips, the lovely, terribly beautiful face, the death-locked hands, the unbound, still lustrous hair.

He painted as he had never painted before. All prior productions sank into insignificance as he proceeded. The angel of death seemed to guide his hand.

"I must buy a coffin!" he muttered to himself, "and flowers for the grave. Then I must leave money to be buried beside her. I must not rest!"

And thus he painted on, without food, only pausing to remove the moisture from his brow, to light candles, or to mix colors.

I think Zenobia would have shuddered at this downfall of a great intellect. It was horrible to watch his livid and emaciated face, to note the gradual dying out of the light of hope, the dawning of an unimaginable horror.

From time to time, fever would rise, and then he would wave his hand toward the "Christ," and smile, as if to say, "Patience, I am coming!"

There was a fancy ball at Zenobia's house on the night when Angela died, and the woman who had killed her glittered with jewels in the fantastic garb of a Moorish sorceress.

A large, jeweled serpent with eyes of ruby flamed above her brow, the most fitting ornament she had ever chosen to heighten her subtle and evil beauty. A robe of black velvet, marked with cabalistic characters, wrought in thread of gold, draped her form. Hers was a sinister presence in this weird attire. The dark beauty of her face, framed against the falling luxuriance of her jetty, snake-like hair, gleamed out in all its power as Shelsbury Lynch approached her.

"Have you any news for me? Have you fulfilled your task?" asked Zenobia.

"Almost," replied Shelsbury.

"But nothing except his utter failure as an artist will satisfy me."

"It is complete, and I have come to claim my reward."

"Complete! Is he——"

"No—not absolutely 'starved out' yet. Why, woman, will nothing less than his death satisfy you?"

Had she answered the truth, Zenobia would have replied: "Nothing less, and that a death of torture!" but she feigned to shrink and turn pale.

"You jest!" replied she.

A scrutinizing look was fastened upon her face, and a tantalizing laugh met her ear.

"Do you know, fair enchantress, that to hate this man as you do—and I believe you would be happier at the sight of his corpse than you have been for years—to hate him so, *you must have loved him!*"

"Loved him!"

"Yes."

But her feigned indignation was in vain. Shelsbury Lynch had read her secret, and that knowledge made her his own.

"It matters not; as my wife you will forget him."

"Your wife!"

"My wife! It must be so. The story I could tell would not read well. I love you. I love your demon-beauty!"

"I hate you!"

"That may be; but you will marry me."

"I cannot!"

"You will! Did I ever tell you that Ethemere knows whom he has to thank for his decline and fall?"

"You have betrayed me?"

"No."

"How then?"

"I know not. Intuition, perhaps; but know it he does."

A shudder ran over Zenobia's frame. She had heard that the worm, if trodden upon, will turn. The base are always cowardly.

At this moment there was a stir in the crowded rooms. The groups scattered and fell away as a man advanced in their midst.

This man was pale—a more livid face was never worn, except by the dead. A shabby velvet tunic, of the shape of that worn by Titian, and now so much affected by artists, hung from his emaciated shoulders. His beard, long and neglected, fell on his breast, and his eyes shone with a wild, appalling look.

He walked directly toward Zenobia.

"The devil has a message for you!" hissed he in her ear. She drew back—all recoiled. The fashionable guests stared at the mad artist, who clutched Zenobia's wrist.

"Come!" said he.

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She did not attempt to struggle. She saw that reason had partly, if not wholly, deserted its throne. Following his impulsion, therefore, she passed through the crowd, which stood aghast.

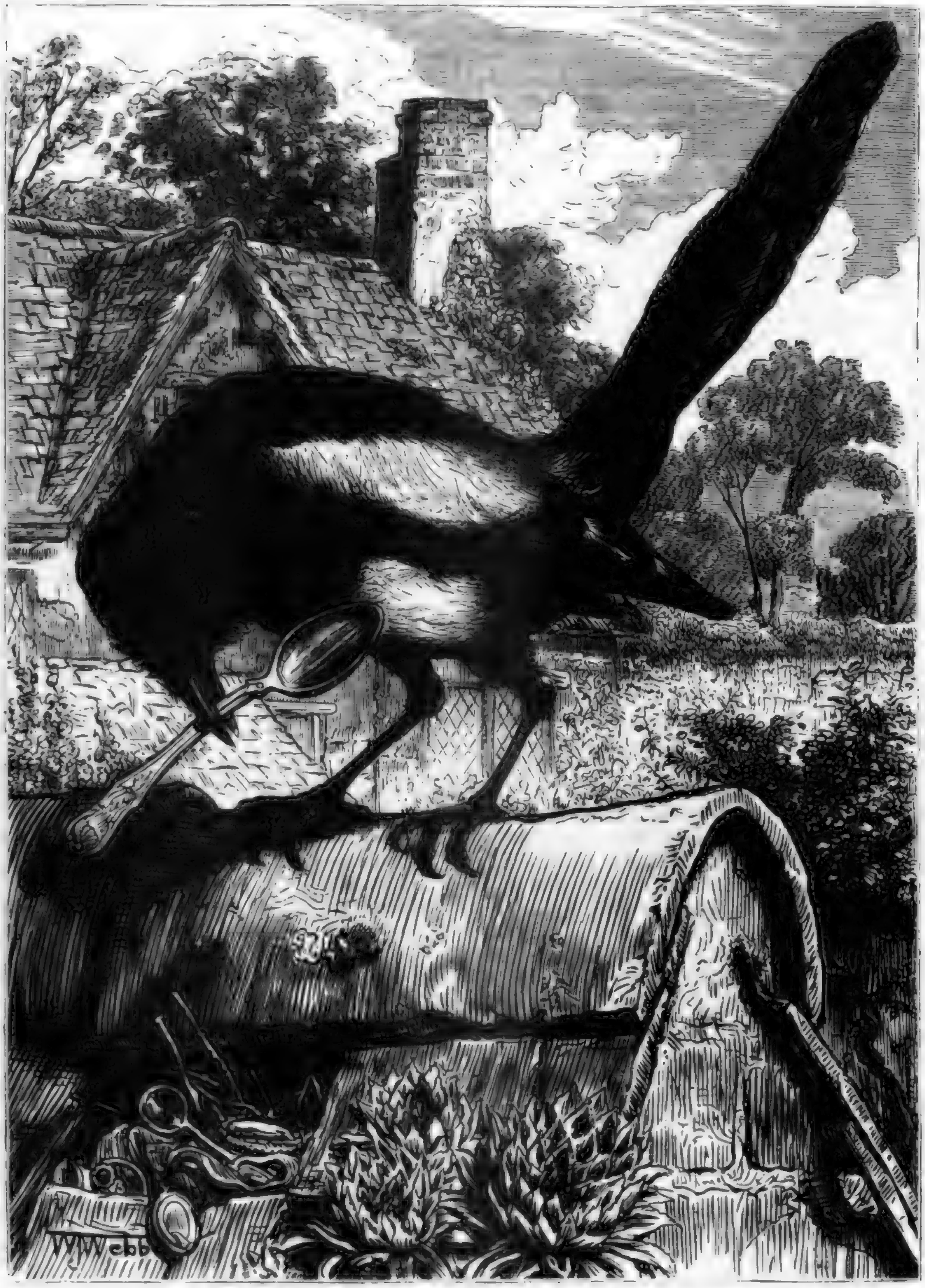
It was a strange walk, a singular sight—a woman in fancy dress of the most gorgeous description, led on at a rapid pace by a man wearing no covering on his head, and ever urging the woman faster and faster forward.

They reached the studio. The dead body of Angela lay there.

Its representation glared upon the canvas in the same ghastly and terribly truthful portrayal of the bondage of death.

"Sit down," said Rovere. She sank into a seat.

Then he began to paint. Over the dead form in the death-picture he placed a dreadful figure: that of Zenobia—not in her regal beauty, as she glittered before him, jeweled and superb, but as an evil spirit. Every line was faithful in the face portrayed—the hair, the evil eyes—but undisguised. The expression was that of the lost, of those who are in hell, triumphant—of those who among devils have found their place, and live by evil.



THE MAGPIE.—SEE PAGE 431.

Over the shoulders of this weird creature were dusky wings. In its pallid hand it held a dagger, and from the poniard dropped the blood of the innocent victim, dead beneath its stroke—the blood of Angela.

"I have brought you to justice," said the artist; "and now begone!"

And he thrust her from the door, as he finished, into the street.

On the morrow, the father of Angela awakened at last, when it was too late, to the recollection of his daughter, and endeavoring to find her, came upon the only friend who had discovered the hopeless condition of Ethemere.

Passing along Broadway, this man, Francis Elster, met with the death-picture, around which a crowd was gathered at the window of one of the largest and most frequented picture-dealers in the city.

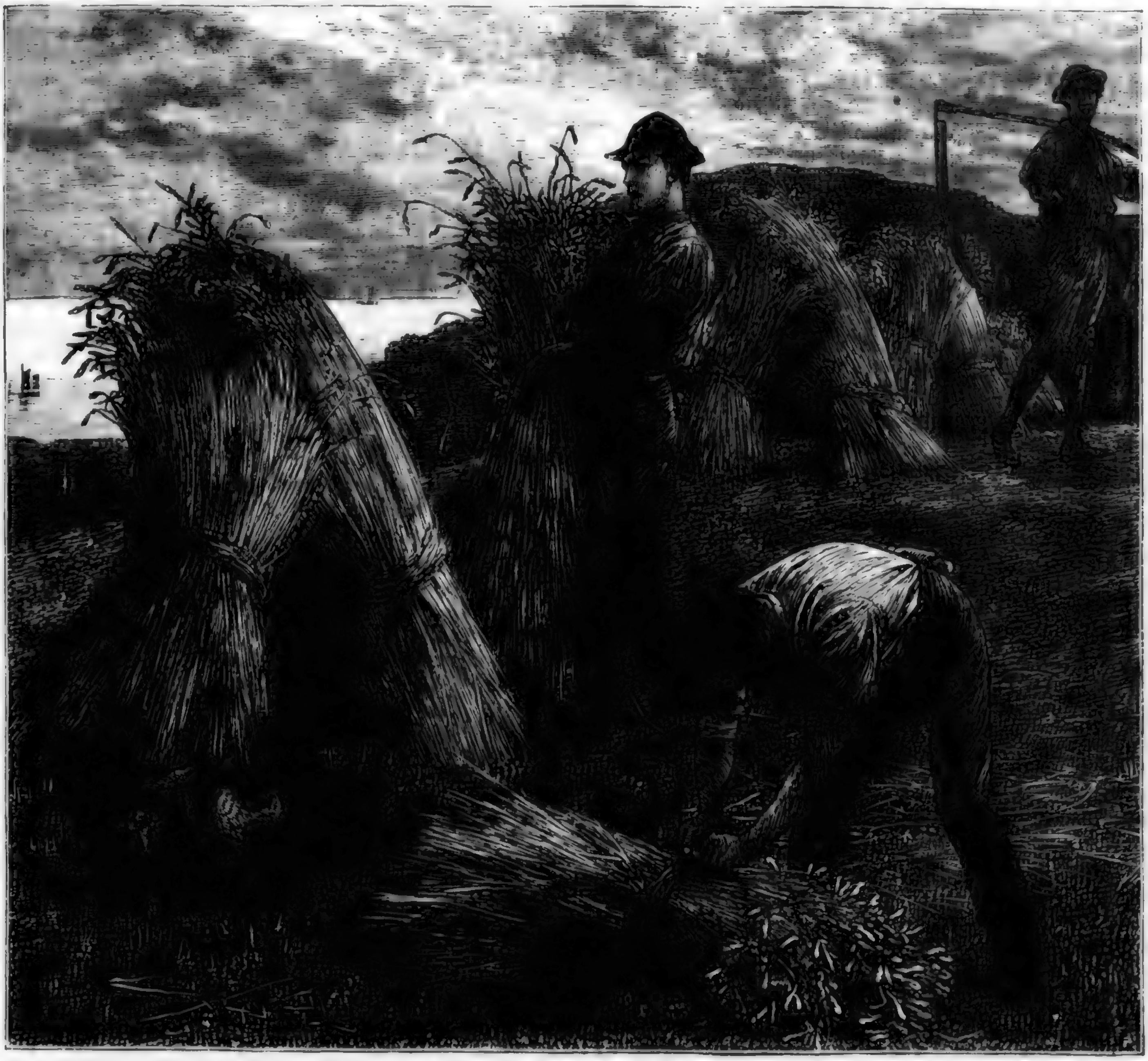
That night the city rang with the story; that night Angela's father buried his dead; that night Zenobia's friends knew her as she was; for when, with taunts and reproaches, the frenzied woman dismissed Shelsbury Lynch, he was the first to proclaim the fact that she, by her cruel persecution and remorseless jealousy, had ruined Ethemere.

It was a cold, cheerless night. Elster had followed Ethemere home. Lynch purchased the picture, paying Ethemere a price that would have saved his wife from starvation and given her a comfortable home had it been in her husband's possession a few months before. The artist clutched the thick roll of bank-notes.

The next hour found the grave of Angela buried in the most costly flowers.

When the morning broke, Elster, anxious at the condition of his friend, of whom he had for so many years lost sight, went to the little garret-studio.

Ethemere was dead. He lay, with his face to the light, at the foot of the "Christ."



HARVEST.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 423.

He had not eaten food since his wife had died.

Lynch has written many a retraction of his criticisms. Connoisseurs are ready now to cover "a real Ethemere" with gold on every inch of its canvas.

Zenobia, now the wife of Shelsbury Lynch, expiates in every hour of a life that is death.

The artist whom she had ruined sleeps the last sleep. Elster laid him on the couch where his wife had died. The "Christ" kept watch till friends were summoned to the dead, and extended its hands in voiceless benediction.

Rovere had labored and been heavy laden, and he was given rest.

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LITERATURE AND FREEDOM.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, and during nearly the whole of the eighteenth, the literature of Rome exercised an imperial sway over European taste. A rhetorical form, a satirical spirit, and an appeal to common sense as supreme judge, stamp most of the writers of Western Europe as so far pupils of Horace, Cicero and Tacitus. At present the tide has turned. We are living in a period of strong reaction. The nineteenth century not only differs from the eighteenth, but, in all fundamental questions, is opposed to it. Its products have been strikingly original. In art, poetry, science, the spread of culture, and the investigation of the basis of truth, it yields to no other epoch of equal length in the history of modern times. If we go to either of the nations of antiquity to seek for an animating impulse, it will not be Rome, but Greece, that will immediately suggest itself to us. Greek ideas of æsthetic beauty, and Greek freedom of abstract thought, are being disseminated in the world with unexampled rapidity. Rome, and her soberer, less original and less stimulating literature, find no place for influence.

The readiness with which the leading nations drink from the well of Greek genius points to a special adaptation between the two. Epochs of upheaval, when thought is rife, progress rapid, and tradition, political or religious, boldly examined, turn, as if by necessity, to ancient Greece for inspiration. The Church of the second and third centuries, when Christian thought claimed and won its place among the intellectual revolutions of the world, did not disdain the analogies of Greek philosophy. The Renaissance owed its rise, and the Reformation much of its fertility, to the study of Greek; and the sea of intellectual activity which now surges round us moves ceaselessly about questions which society has not asked itself since Greece started them more than twenty centuries ago On the other hand, periods of order, when government is strong and progress restrained, recognize their prototypes in the civilization of Rome, and their exponents in her literature. Such was the time of the Church's greatest power; such was also that of the fully developed monarchy in France, and of aristocratic ascendency in England. Thus the two literatures wield alternate influence: the one on the side of liberty, the other on the side of government; the one a surging restless movement toward the ideal, the other as counseling steady acceptance of the real.

THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

The flying squirrels are well known by their power of making enormous sweeps through the air. They are enabled to make these leaps by a fold of skin at each side, which, when spread by the extended paws, forms a kind of parachute that supports them in their passage through the air. When they wish to pass from one tree to another, they spring downward from a lofty branch, stretch out all their legs, and sweep to their mark with an upward curve. The species of flying squirrel here represented is a native of the Rocky Mountains in America, where it lives among the dense pine forests that abound there. Its color is yellowish brown, and its length about a foot. Webber gives a very happy account of the domestic life of these creatures.

"Then, when I went out by myself into the deep wood, I sat down on the moss at the root of an old tree to watch for the squirrel. When everything was still again, I would see him after a while poking his head out of the hole, snuff! snuff! Then out his head would pop to rest his chin upon his fore paws, and he would look all around, above and below, very cunningly, to see if all was right. Then out, like a thought, he would glide, and I could see his lovely brush quickly curled and spread so grandly above his head, as he sat upon a limb, still for the moment. Lo! there is another snuffing nose, and then great shining eyes filling the round, black knot-hole, and out another pops, and another, and another. Such whisking of tails, darting along limbs, and bounding from swinging twig to rustling tree-tops, until they all meet!

"Now the frolic begins in earnest, and they dart round and round the trunks, rattling the bark down as they chase each other. Their tails are spread now as wide as they can, as if they were scared; and that lady-squirrel he makes love to, you may be sure, for now he has chased her out to the very end of a great, high limb; and, hard pushed, here she comes, right off into the air! down, almost into my face—the white of her arms underneath spread wide, like her stiffened tail—into the leaves headforemost, and then up and away—patter, patter, patter! Here he comes too, sailing down after her, plump! and rattles off along the old logs and swinging vines in hot chase.

"So they all would frolic, chasing one another, and one of them would see me, and stop and stamp his tiny feet and bark at me, jerking his tail in comic wrath."

PREHISTORIC FISH-HOOKS.

At the last meeting of the American Fishculturists' Association, one of the members exhibited a fish-hook such as was used by the ancient inhabitants of this continent, at the same time remarking that it was peculiarly strange that so few fish-hooks, supposed to be used by that people, had been found.

A writer, who has opened numerous mounds and kitchen-refuse heaps of these prehistoric people, says he has found but a single fish-hook. This was unearthed from one of the many kitchen-heaps that are found in the caves which border the banks of the Black River, in Ohio. This hook is of bone, beautifully fashioned, without barb, and about the size (though more bulky) of the ordinary black bass hook.

As late as 1845 the fish-hook here described, and the way of baiting it, was used by the Indians of the Lake Superior region. It is simply a bit of hard wood, from two to four inches long, as may be required, sharpened at each end. The line is fastened in the middle, and on this stick the bait is spitted, according to the size of the fish the fisherman is working for

The hook is baited as follows One end of it is inserted into the back of the fish, and passed forward until the other end enters the opening, when it is forced backward toward the tail, and left with the line coming out of the original opening.

Now, you can imagine what a fast hook a twenty-pound trout swallows, when he has taken into his gullet an eight-ounce herring with this double-pointed stick in the inside. One pull on the line after he has gorged the bait, and he is fixed. No bone, iron or steel hook ever invented could hold him more securely.

Believing that this wooden hook (which would readily decay) was the popular one used by the Indians, and that the bone was an exception—a sort of luxury—it is easy to be explained why we do not find more fish-hooks in the mounds of the country.

HARVEST.

By Helen W. Pierson.

Amid the glory of the golden grain
The reapers sing a harvest song to-day;
Nature has kept her promise, made so plain,
When all the meadows in Spring sunshine lay.

They sing with gladness as the work goes on;
They bind the treasure into golden sheaves.
Alas! my Spring is past, my Summer done,
And I have nothing—nothing but dead leaves!

What has life brought, of all she promised fair,
When Spring's sweet hand strewed flowers in my path?
Where is the golden grain, to hold in store
When my life's Winter comes in storm and wrath?

My God! who gave these weak hands work to do,
Wilt Thou be angry that it is not done?
Ah, Thou dost know the burden of the day,
And why I am alone at set of sun!—

And why I see the harvest glories shine—
Dimmed by a mist of tears—and why the song
Takes vague, funereal echoes—why I pine,
And faintly cry, "How long, dear Lord, how long?"

SAVED BY A KISS.

Chapter I.

NOT far from the fortress and bridge of Tolstoi, behind the spires and cupolas of the little Church of the Trinity, in a remote corner of old Petersburgh, and facing the summer-garden which lies beyond the Neva, stands a small wooden house, or rather hut, rudely constructed, but carefully preserved. It is surrounded by a narrow strip of garden, full of foliage and flowers. A soldier, decorated with Russian crosses and medals, is the only inhabitant of this dwelling. It is he who shows to travelers the wooden chair where sat Peter the Great, the rude stool on which he used to kneel in his hours of devotion, the boat which he made with his own hands, or the sacred image which he carried to Pultowa.

This modest-looking abode, in truth, contrasts vividly with the great recollections associated with it. The stranger who surveys it cannot but feel some emotion at the thought that this obscure place was the asylum of Peter Alexowitz while he caused to rise from the marshes of Ingria a city—a civilization, an empire.

One day, in August of 1710, Peter was in this hut, with two of his officers—one of them a young man, the other much advanced in years. The right hand of the Czar rested familiarly on the shoulder of the young man, whom he called by the name of Wladimir. The elder officer, Stepaus—who had risen by slow and laborious steps to the rank of captain—greatly envied Wladimir, and could not forgive him for being, at twenty-five, major of the regiment of Preobajinski.

After some lively conversation, the Czar relapsed into reverie, and, approaching a narrow window that admitted only a dim and dubious light, drew from the breast-pocket of his uniform a locket containining the miniature of a lady. On this he gazed long, with an expression of rapture.

It would be impossible for the imagination to conceive a face more exquisitely beautiful than that represented in this picture. The long, light curls of blonde hair, shading the delicate cheek, and falling on a neck more white and graceful than a swan's; the large, blue eyes, soft and dreamy; the sweetly chiseled, rosy mouth, that seemed formed only to utter words of tenderness—these were the beauties in that lovely portrait, which few among the fifteen thousand inhabitants of the infant city of Petersburgh would have failed to recognize as that of Ludmilla—the orphan daughter of a rich merchant—whom no woman of that day could rival in grace, wit, and fascination.

Peter the Great had become enamored of the fair girl at first sight; but, anxious to obtain her favor by his personal merits, he had not obtruded his rank in his visits to her; had conversed with her as a soldier and a poet; had disguised his imperious temper, and had carefully avoided mentioning her name.

On this occasion he forgot his reserve. Suddenly going up to Wladimir, and reaching the miniature toward him, he asked:

"What think you of this face, my young friend?"

At the sight of it, the young man started back, involuntarily, and his face was overspread by a deadly paleness. Mastering his agitation, however, by a powerful effort, he replied, with trembling lips:

"It is charming!"

The Czar did not observe his evident emotion, but Stepaus fixed his eyes upon him, with an expression of malignant joy. He remained silent, however, till, in a few moments, the young officer quitted the hut. Then, approaching Peter, the captain made a low bow.

"Sire," said he, "I have a secret to reveal to you."

"Speak."

"Did you notice the major's countenance while he examined the miniature?"

"No," replied the Czar, raising his head, with a look of surprise and curiosity.

"Sire," resumed Stepaus, "the original of that picture is the beloved of Wladimir. Last evening, a few moments after you left the house of Ludmilla, the major entered it; and the moon had risen before he departed from the Fontanha."

"Are you sure this is true?" demanded Peter, speaking slowly, and in a calm voice.

"Quite sure."

"It is well."

The Czar said not a word more, but, lifting up the wooden chair before him, he dashed it on the floor with such violence, that its legs were broken in pieces. Then, fastening the buckle of his belt, he wrapped himself in his *caftan*, and went out.

The sight of Ludmilla's picture in the hands of the emperor was a terrible revelation to Wladimir. The young girl was his betrothed, whom he was soon to call his wedded wife. He now remembered several little incidents that tended to convince him of her unworthiness. The apparent causeless anxiety she had shown during some of his last visits, her embarrassed manner, her sudden paleness, her melancholy—which she never would explain—all were now but too clear before his eyes.

His heart was crushed by incurable misery. Was the idol he had worshiped, then, a creature undeserving his affection as an honorable man?

Filled with these agonizing thoughts, he crossed the bridge of Tolstoi, leaving to the right the solitary and muddy ground where, in later days, the Cathedral of Isaac rose as proudly as that of St. Paul's, in London; passed

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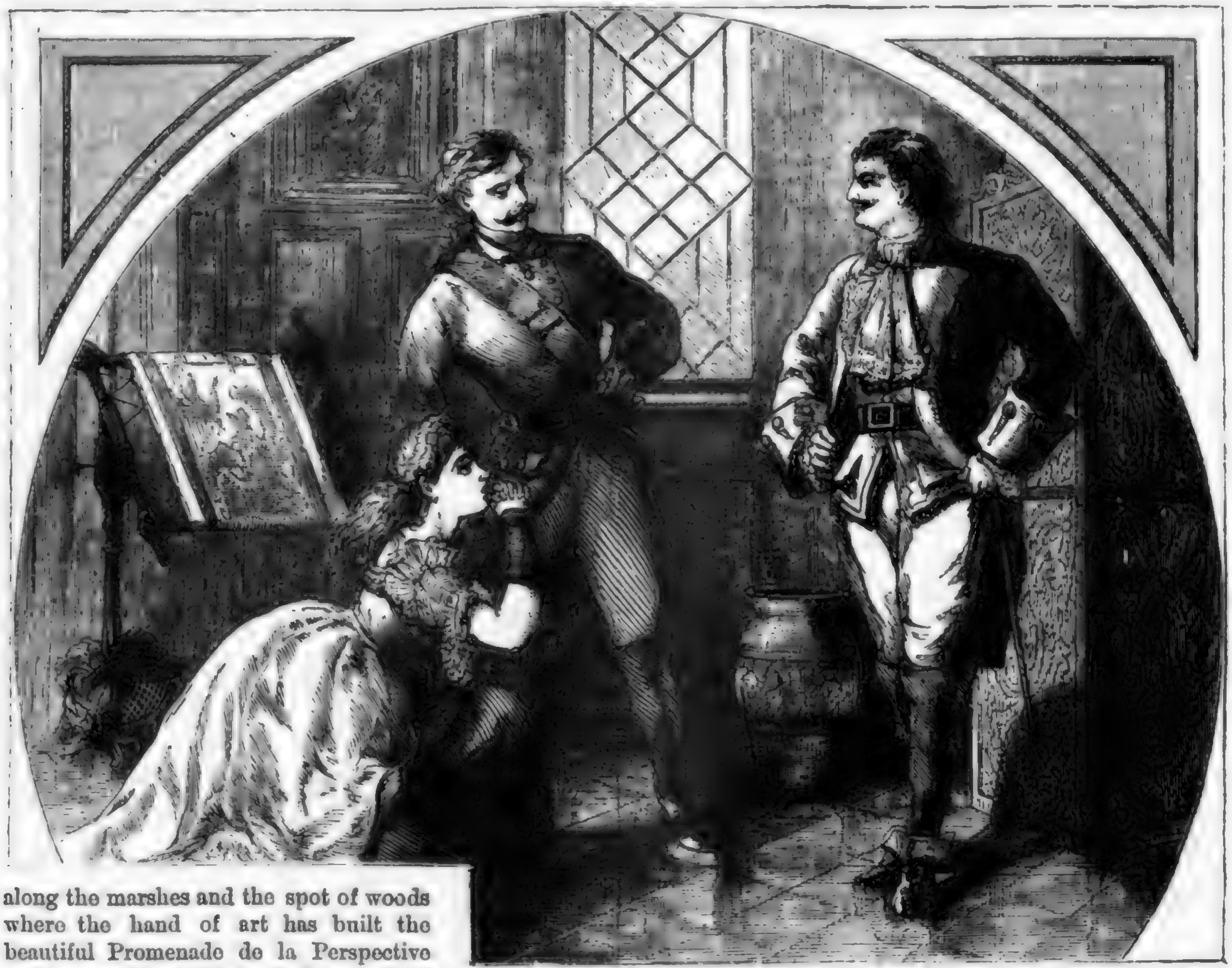


SAVED BY A KISS.—"SUDDENLY THROWING OPEN THE DOOR, THE CZAR STEPPED INTO THE ROOM. AT THE SIGHT OF HIM THE YOUNG GIRL SPRANG UP, UTTERED A CRY OF TERROR, AND SANK, MECHANICALLY, UPON HER KNEES."—SEE PAGE 423.

along the marshes and the spot of woods where the hand of art has built the beautiful Promenade de la Perspective and stopped not till he had arrived at the Fontanha.

Among the country-houses scattered over the desolate looking soil, stood a small one, built in Tartar style, and conspicuous by the elegance of its exterior. Before this, Wladimir gave a low whistle, and presently a female slave, in the red tunic and coif worn by the servants of the Russian merchants, opened the door.

The young officer was at once admitted into the presence of Ludmilla. His features were so altered by emotion, his looks expressed such despair, that the young girl, who had risen to receive her lover, stood speechless with surprise, her cheeks blanched to a deadly paleness, as she gazed upon him.

At length, recovering his composure, Wladimir took a seat. Ludmilla placed herself beside him, and laid her soft, white hands upon his own; but he pushed them back, and said, in a voice faltering, and full of bitterness:

"Tell me, Ludmilla, was there ever love more profound, more passionate, than that which binds me to you?"

"Never?" answered the young girl, raising her large eyes, filled with tears, to those of her lover; "but why ask me such a question, Wladimir?"

"My life—my fortune—my name—I have laid them all at your feet. And what have I received in return? Deceitful caresses—treachery—infidelity!"

Ludmilla started, and looked almost indignant for an instant; then her pallor was succeeded by a flood of crimson, suffusing brow and neck, and, burying her face in her hands, she sobbed convulsively. For some moments the paroxysm of emotion continued, while Wladimir regarded her in gloomy silence.

At last she raised her head, shook back the ringlets that had fallen over her flushed face, wiped the tears from her eyes, and fixed them on her lover, with an expression of noble sincerity.

"Listen, Wladimir," she said, "before you condemn me—before you crush me with your reproaches and contempt. You are right—I have deceived you!"

"And you gave the Czar your picture?" exclaimed the officer, with a burst of grief.

"Listen to me!" said the young girl, in a commanding tone. "The Czar heard of me, and wished to know me. He saw me one day on the road. Alas! I knew but too well, from his first look, that I had made an impression upon him. Ere long, I found it impossible to leave this house without meeting the emperor; still, he never addressed a word to me. It is some weeks since he came hither for the first time. He entered the room where I was sitting, without being announced, and, giving me no time to recover from my astonishment, came close to me, and abruptly declared his love. I felt the blood leave my cheeks. I fell at his feet; I implored him to transfer to some one else the regard of which I felt myself unworthy, having nothing but obedience to give in return. 'You love another, then!' the Czar exclaimed, in a terrible voice, and with flashing eyes, in which I read a sentence of death.

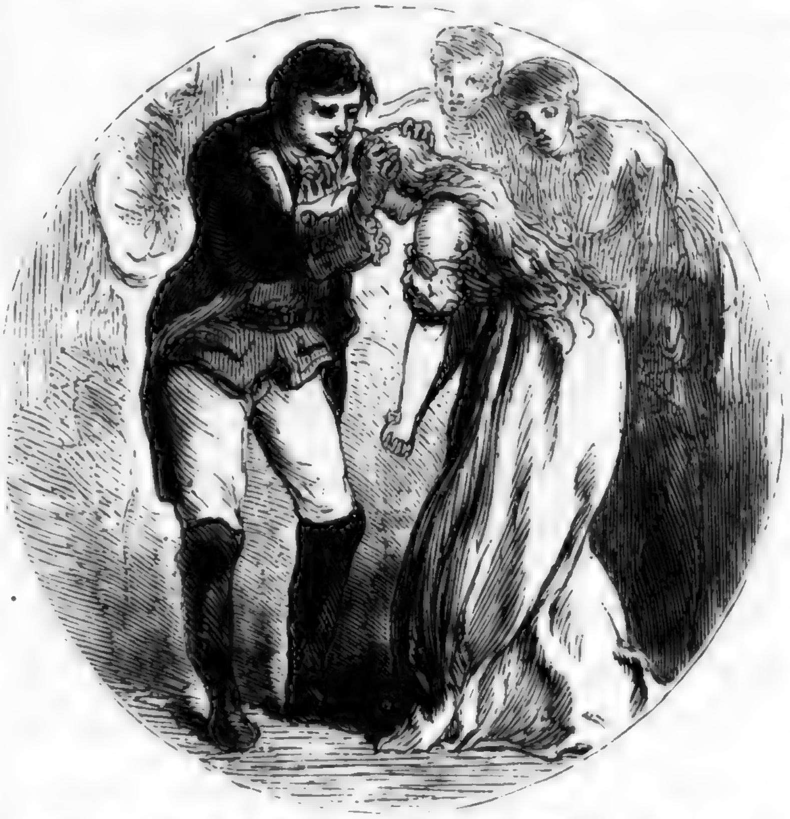
"How did you reply?" asked Wladimir, breathlessly.

"One thought filled my mind—it was that the emperor's anger would fall on the head of him I loved should I disclose his name. I trembled—I hesitated—I dissembled. Thinking but of you, I suffered the Czar to believe that, in time, I would receive his homage. Yes, I gave him that picture. I deceived you, Wladimir; but I have been faithful—I have been true to you! Will you condemn me now?"

The officer had listened, his eyes fixed on the ground. When Ludmilla had ended, and he felt her snowy arms clasped round his neck, her cheek, wet with tears, pressed against his own; when he heard from her lips the broken, passionate expressions love alone can prompt; when he thought how deep must have been the feeling for him that could lead her to practice such deception—he forgave her, and sealed the pardon on her lips.

The young girl smiled again, and blamed herself for cowardice, while she protested that she would never have stooped to dissimulation to save her own life.

During the conversation of the lovers, another man had silently entered the dwelling of the lovely orphan. The old servant advanced to stop the intruder. He threw off his hat and *caftan*, and she recognized Peter Alexowitz.



SAVED BY A KISS.—"ADVANCING ALONE TO THE YOUNG GIRL, THE CZAR PLACED HIS HANDS ON BOTH SIDES OF HER HEAD, DREW HER TOWARD HIM, AND IMPRESSED A KISS UPON HER FOREHEAD."

The Czar placed his finger on his lips, with a menacing look. He then passed quietly toward the apartment he had entered, an evening or two before, radiant with the hope and joy of a lover. Suddenly throwing open the door, he stepped into the room. There sat the officer and his betrothed, the head of Ludmilla resting on the shoulder of Wladimir. At sight of the emperor, the young girl sprang up, uttered a cry of terror, and sank, mechanically, upon her knees.

The first movement of the young man had been to grasp his sword and draw it partly from the sheath; but recollecting himself, he let go the weapon, and stood with his head bent before his superior officer and sovereign.

Peter had drawn his sword, and stood upright, his flashing and angry eyes glancing from one to the other. At length he muttered:

"Wladimir! Ludmilla! A double treachery!"

"Pardon!" implored the young girl, her eyes fixed eagerly on the monarch's face; and she dragged herself nearer to him, her hands clasped in the vehement energy of supplication.

"Pardon for such a crime? Never!" thundered the Czar.

There was a brief pause, during which he seemed to struggle with violent emotion, as might have been seen by the nervous distortion of the muscles of his countenance. Controlling himself by a strong effort, he became suddenly calm and cold, as if disdaining to show to mortal eyes how deep the wound that rankled in his bosom.

"Major!" said he, turning to Wladimir, "report yourself a prisoner at the fortress!"

Chapter II.

A fortnight later there was an immense crowd on the banks of the Moïka canal. The regiment of Preobajinski, drawn up in two lines, extended from the Place Isaac to the bridge near the present Opera House. It was the spot appointed for executions.

The executioner, with his aid, might be seen on the spot, each armed with the long, plaited leather strap, called the knout. This cruel instrument, wielded by a vigorous hand, had even been known to produce death after a few blows.

The officers were in full dress, and just without the line, at the head of his regiment, was Major Wladimir, his eyes hollow, his face pale and haggard. The anger of the Czar had spared him. Remembering that this young man was one of the bravest and best of his officers, the sovereign had restored him to liberty. But as a lover, Peter still showed himself inexorable. He had given orders that the major should preside at the public punishment of Ludmilla, condemned by the senate to receive twenty blows with the knout, at the Place de la Moïka, for having — so ran the sentence—betrayed to the agents of Sweden certain political secrets of which she had become possessed through her friendly acquaintance with the Czar.

This was certainly a false accusation, but one which Peter did not hesitate to prefer. The powerful monarch, whose nod could pronounce a death-warrant, who personified the law in his own person, preserved that external respect for justice sometimes maintained by those who most frequently violate its sacred obligations.

When the sentence of the senate, and the order that he should repair to Moïka, were communicated to Wladimir, he uttered not a word of surprise, of anger, or of determination to resist the cruel mandate. He knelt long in prayer in the chapel of the fortress, then went to the cemetery of Smolenk to kneel by the newly closed grave of his father. He had adopted a terrible resolution. He determined to meet his affianced bride at the place of punishment, and to plunge his dagger in her bosom to save her from the shame and torture prepared for her. Then his weapon was to be turned against his own breast. The two lovers, united in their death, would rejoin each other in the world where love is immortal.

The Emperor had passed the preceding night in successive paroxysms of almost delirious agony. Twenty times,

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a prey to fierce passion, he had sprung from his bed and traversed his chamber, foaming like a chafed lion, beating his breast, and dashing to pieces all the furniture in his way.

The return of day brought no relief to his torture. Calling his attendants, he assumed his uniform as colonel of Preobajinski, and threw over his shoulders the ribbon of the Order of St. Andrew. Then, crossing the Galerna, he entered a house belonging to Menzikoff, overlooking the Moïka canal.

Here was a window from which he could observe all that passed, without being himself seen. But here he was seized with the wildest excess of emotion; for the scene that was to be enacted came irresistibly to his mind. He seemed to see this young creature, so timid, so beautiful, dragged as a spectacle before the curious, eager, insulting crowd, her bare feet bleeding from the roughness of the way, her white shoulders torn by the hateful lash of the executioner!

Unable to remain quiet in one place, and in the hope of subduing, by incessant motion, the agitation he looked upon as a foolish weakness, he descended, wrapped in his mantle; and, throwing himself into a boat, reached the opposite shore of the canal, without crossing the bridge over which the unfortunate girl was to pass. There, mingled with the crowd, he stood, with head raised, eyes fixed, and ear attentive.

Meanwhile, the fatal procession advanced.

Ludmilla seemed to have borrowed a fictitious strength from the very shame of her situation and the excess of her terror. She walked with a step that might have been called firm, leaning on the arm of a sergeant of the regiment. Her large blue eyes, convulsively opened, wandered wildly over the crowd surrounding her; and now and then her white lips moved with inarticulate words—words without meaning, the mere vague echo of the anguish of her spirit.

The Czar looked upon her, and shuddered. He saw her absorbed in a terror too deep for expression by words or tears. Her long, light hair floated over her neck of alabaster whiteness, and the sight of such beauty and youth exposed to public insult and degradation—of a life thus blighted in its first bloom—was enough to move the hardest heart. Recollections of her grace and loveliness, and the happy hours passed in her society, crowded on the Czar's soul, and changed the desire of vengeance into a generous impulse.

Just at the moment when Ludmilla was about to step from the bridge—at the moment when her lover was about to put his dreadful purpose into execution—the Emperor burst through the crowd into the open space before her, threw off his mantle, and, advancing alone to the young girl, placed his hands on both sides of her head, drew her toward him, and impressed a kiss upon her forehead.

Ludmilla was saved!

It was then, and was long after that day, the privilege of the chevaliers of St. Andrew to save the condemned, by a kiss, from the hands of the executioner.

History does not say whether or not the Czar carried his generosity so far as to consent to the marriage of Ludmilla and Wladimir; but we may hope that a monarch as great in good deeds as he was sometimes in evil ones did not stop half-way in bestowing a benefit.

THE wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct, the right forms the rule of his behavior, deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

By L. Kellar Shaul.

SHE read the notice quietly. It was such a one as she read nearly every day; and she read—to the observer—as calmly as she ever did; yet, beneath the calm exterior, her heart was throbbing and beating, struck with a vital pain.

"Well," she said, aloud, "we have wooed Fame in totally dissimilar ways."

"What's that?" queried her cousin, Edith Wayne, as she raised her head from the sofa-pillow, where she had been lying for the past hour, dreaming the morning hours away.

"What did you say?" she asked again, as Nora Edwards hesitated.

"I do not know, really," Nora replied, at last. "I was just reading an account of Saratoga, of the beauty, wealth and fashion, and I noticed the name of an old flame of mine."

"Yes?" queried Edith, wide awake in a moment; for, if there was one thing more than another that Edith delighted in, it was a love-story. "Tell me about him, do, Nora—there's a dear. 'What's his name? What's his fame? What's his will and what's his nature?' as we used to say in 'auld lang syne.'"

Nora laughed a little.

"His name? Harry Reynolds. His fame? Money. His will? To succeed in whatever he undertakes, be it good or bad. His nature? That of a man who loves fast horses, wine and all the *et ceteras* that constitute the pleasures of a fast man's life. How do you like him?"

"Oh, I think he must be splendid! Is he rich?"

"Immensely."

"Handsome?"

"He would be to some; for me, his eyes are too roguish, his lips too full, and his whole face too deeply imprinted with marks of dissipation."

"Oh, you are prudish. I know *I* would like him. Does he ever come here?"

Nora shook her head, sadly.

"No," she answered, and immediately fell into a musing strain, in which she saw the face she had just now defamed beaming, handsome and bright, as her lover—for he *had* been that—walking up the garden-path to the house. How pretty and happy she was then! She glanced a little unquietly at the mirror opposite. The face there reflected was one to charm the most fastidious—as handsome as it was three years before—handsomer, one might say; for there was an added softness, a refinement, that only sorrow can give, that had gained for her truly the title of the maiden with the angel-face.

She had passed through a fiery furnace, indeed, and come out purified.

Three years before, when Harry Reynolds and Burt Taylor were boarding at the one little hotel in the village, and had, with their artist's sense of the beautiful, strayed over the hills into the valley where Squire Edwards's cottage lay, almost hidden by the grand old trees, before, behind and on both sides, they thought, as they intruded upon the hospitality of the owner, openly for a glass of milk, yet really for a closer view of the place, that they had never seen so fair a face as the one that they saw framed with the wild roses and honeysuckles that clambered about the porch.

"Beautiful as a poet's dream," Reynolds said to Taylor; "but unintelligent and coarse."

He hesitated to speak, fearing she would break the enchantment by opening her lips; and he found he had not judged incorrectly, for, as he made a bow, and apologized for their intrusion by saying he was thirsty and would like a glass of milk, she said:

"Neow, du tell! You look kinder worn cout! Come right in, won't yer? Dad and mam are gone to the village to buy some fixins for Thursday. We are goin' to have a party Thursday. Can't yer come over? We would be amazin' glad to see yer! Sally, bring the milk. Drat that gal! she's never 'round when yer want her. I'll get it myself."

And she hurried away into the kitchen, where she lay down on the floor and buried her face in her hands, to smother the laughter that she could not subdue.

Of course she knew who they were; there was not a farmhouse within a half-dozen miles of the village where the news that two strangers—young men—were boarding at the village hotel had not been fully canvassed, and the blooming country lasses had already "set their caps" for them.

Nora had seen them coming down the hill, and had heard Reynolds's remark, and taken advantage of it.

"If I can only get them to come to the party!" she said, as she poured the milk from the bright tin pan into a cut-glass pitcher, and then wended her way back to the parlor.

The gentlemen had taken advantage of her invitation and entered the parlor, which was filled, very much to their surprise, with choice books, paintings, statuary, and, in one corner, a fine piano.

"A Steinway, as I live!" muttered Taylor, just as Nora entered the door.

"Do you play?" he queried, more abruptly than politely.

"La, yes!" she answered, with a courtesy. "Shall I play for you?" And she advanced to the piano.

Taylor looked at Reynolds with a smile that he could scarcely conceal.

"No affectation there!" laughed Harry, in an undertone.

"What do yer like?" she queried, as she seated herself on the piano-stool.

"Oh, anything that you please," he answered.

"Wall, now, I don't know what to play. There's dad, he likes 'Home, Sweet Home'; but Bill Jones can't bear it. He likes 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Captain Jinks.' Oh, here's a new one! You'll like this, I guess;" and she commenced playing "Shoo Fly!"

The gentlemen did the best they could to keep from laughing, but at the close they thanked her and took their leave.

As they were half-way down the walk, she cried out:

"Now do come to the party Thursday, won't yer?" And Taylor nodded his head affirmatively, being too full of laughter to speak.

Thursday came, and, although Reynolds would not confess it, he had been longing for the day. When he promised Nora, he had no idea of fulfilling the promise; but from that time till he awoke Thursday morning, he scarcely thought of anything else; and he caught himself wondering how long it would take to educate her thoroughly at Madame la Feranie's, where his sister graduated—as if one could obtain a *thorough* education there!

"Are you going to the squeere's doings—as Mrs. Harper, our landlady, calls it—Harry?" queried Taylor.

"Well—yes," he answered, trying to speak nonchalantly. "May as well go—nothing else to do."

"And the squeere's darter urged you, eh?"

"Urged me? No more, my dear sir, than your own unworthy self."

"She had her eye on you all the time, Hal; and a deuced pretty eye it was, too. What a confounded shame to bring up a girl in that way, when the squire is so well fixed, too, with this world's goods! Why, Mrs. Harper told me that the 'Squeere is the richest man in these parts—worth more 'an fifty thousand dollars, owns two farms an' a heap of money,'" he said, in Mrs. Harper's tones. "'An' more 'an that, too; they allers have preserved seats at every doin's that comes along, an' the squeere sets a heap by his darter—never lets her do a day's work in her whole born an' bred life, an' the more's the shame, says I. But, Lor'! you couldn't make the squeere think so.'

"'And where did she get her education, Mrs. Harper?' I queried.

"'Eddication! Lor' bless you, of all the schools that girl's been to, I couldn't begin to tell; a dreffal sight—caddammys an' cemeterys, an' the Lor' knows what not. But she ain't stuck up a bit.' Now, I consider that good news for you."

"What good news?" queried Harry, after he had stopped laughing.

"Why, that she isn't stuck up. But to the point—we'll go, will we?"

"Oh, yes, we might as well."

"But, by Jove, we haven't much choice of clothes."

"Oh, anything will do, I suppose; for, despite Mrs. Harper's declaration that it was going to be a 'high old time,' we have seen the hostess."

They started for the party at an early hour, and as they stood inside the parlor-door, and saw Nora in a dress of pearly white—some soft, clinging material that fitted her superb form perfectly, her cheeks the color of June roses, her eyes bright with animation—Reynolds whispered Taylor what a pity it was to have to speak to her, and mar the beauty of form and feature by the defects of her education; but Nora saw them, and nodded her recognition, and they had no resource but to break in upon the dream.

"I have kept my promise," said Taylor, as he bowed low before her.

"Thank you," she answered, simply.

He raised his head at the words instantly, the tone was so much different from the one he expected.

"Shall I introduce you to some of the ladies, or are you acquainted?" she said.

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Edwards——"

"Really," laughed Nora, "there is no necessity for so doing." Then, suddenly, "Do you waltz? Yes? Will you waltz with Miss Andrews? Nellie, my dear, Mr. Taylor."

Taylor bowed mechanically, and glided away with pretty Miss Andrews, to whom he soon told how completely sold they had been by the "Squeere's darter."

"It is just like Nora," laughed Miss Andrews. "She is pretty enough to allow of her being a little eccentric."

"I find she is not the only young lady here who has a claim upon eccentricity, if beauty gives the right," said Burt; and as they glided past Reynolds and Nora he said, quickly, "I shall never forgive you!"

Nora smiled, and then turned to Reynolds, who had stepped one side as other guests approached Miss Edwards:

"Will you forgive me?"

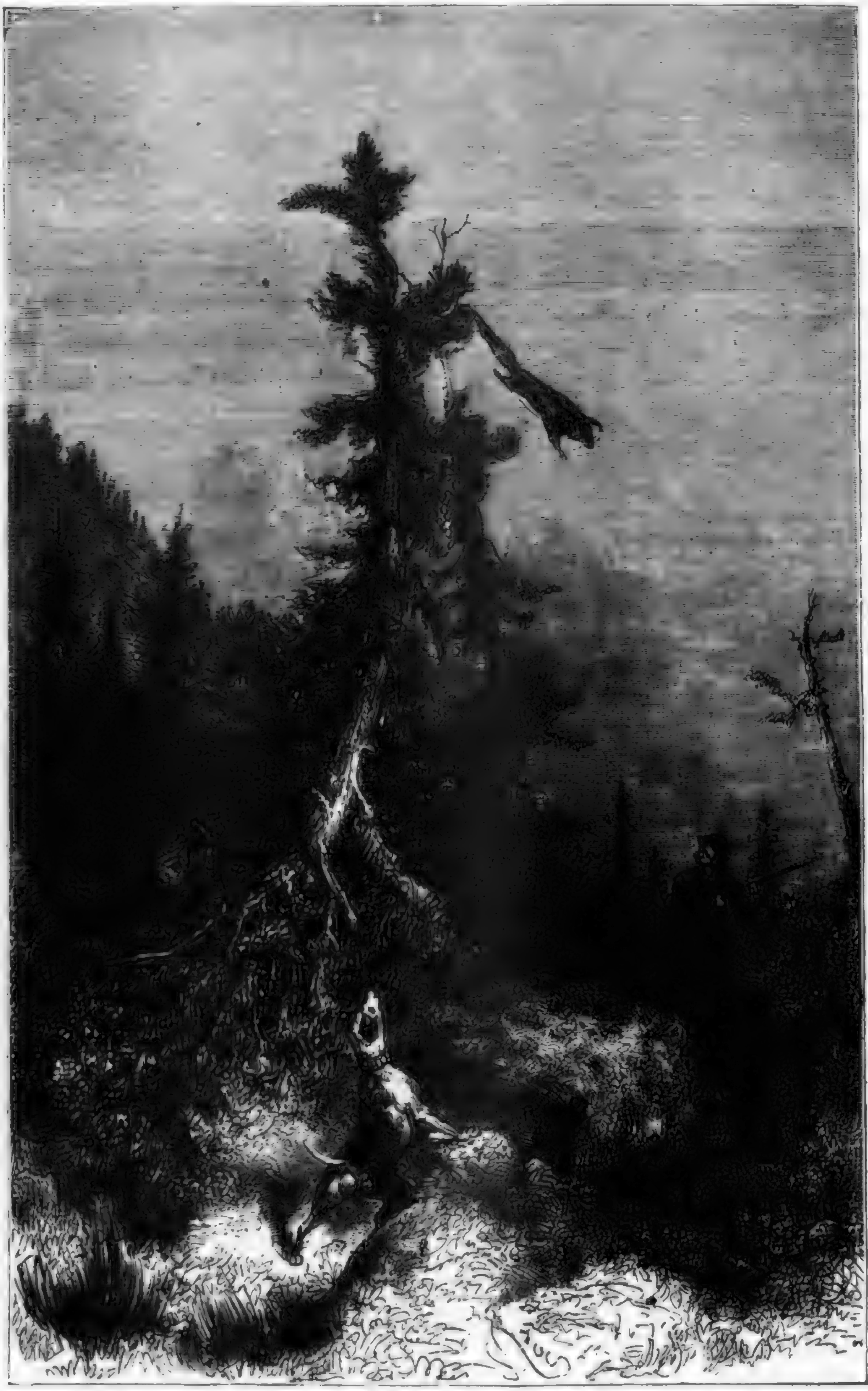
He was at her side in a moment.

"How could you be so cruel?"

She understood him, and a blush suffused her fair face.

"I must beg pardon now," she said: "but really, I

XUM

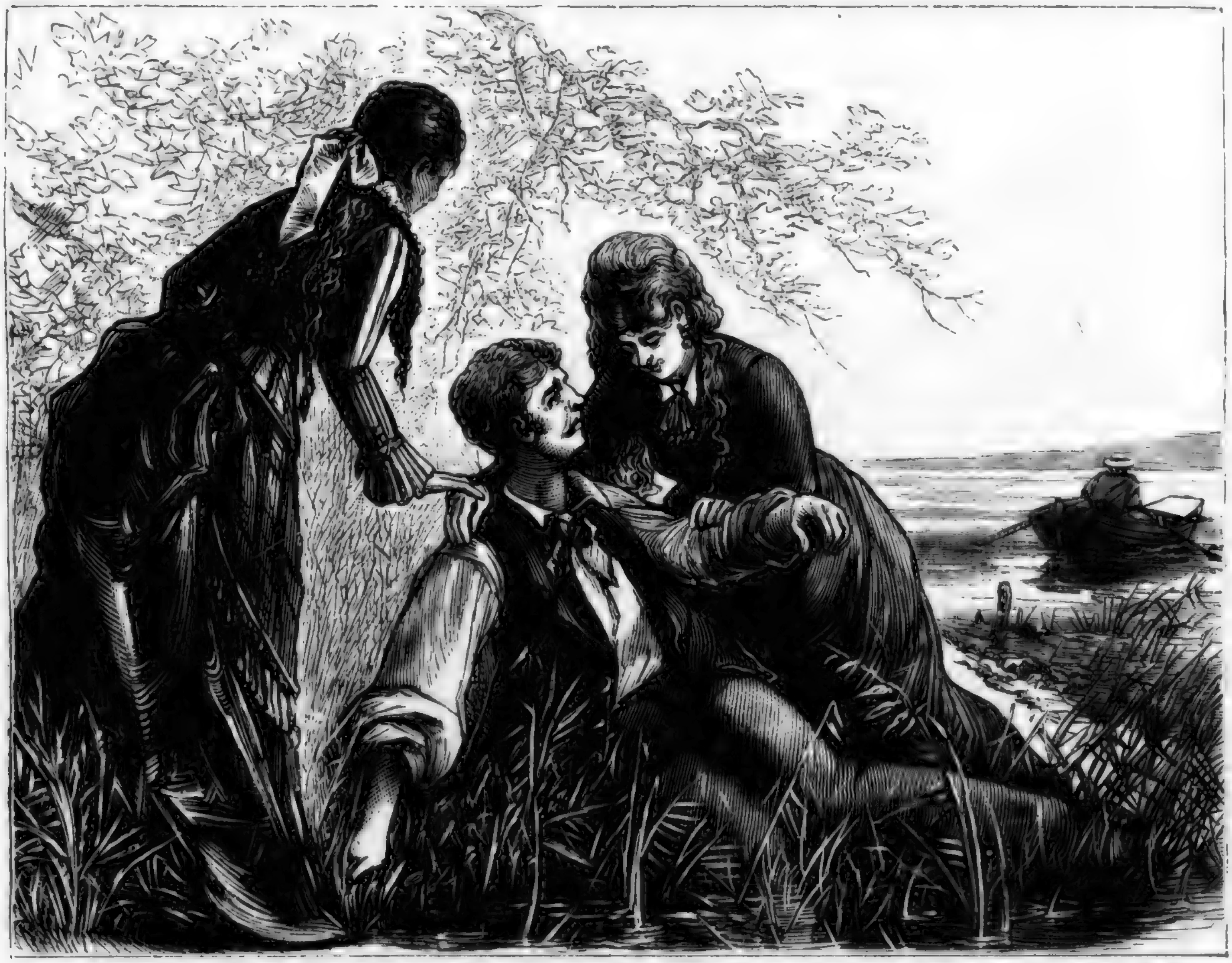


THE FLYING SQUIRREL.—SEE PAGE 422.

overheard your remark, and I could not resist personifying the veritable country girl. I know it was fearfully rude," she added. "Pray forgive me."

And Harry not only forgave her, but made love to her in such a downright fashion that the wise old Grundys at the party put their heads together, and nodded and blinked in the way Mrs. Grundy has done for years.

The Summer passed away only too soon for both, and when the Autumn leaves were turning brown, Harry said "Good-by," and that was all he said. All, did I say? Is it not enough? Nay, it is too little or too much. It was but a poor ending to the happy hours, to the whispered words, the hand-pressure, even to kisses; for Nora, pretty, winsome Nora, was unsophisticated in some things, and the whispered nothings were treasures to be stored away, and brought out only at twilight, when waiting for the sound of his footsteps. But when the parting came, and he said "Good-by," she awoke suddenly; yet, in the months that followed, she wooed the slumber to her heart again, the treacherous, deadly sleep of forgetfulness, and dwelt only in remembrance of what he had said, over and again:



THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.—"'NORA, SWEETHEART, HOW PRETTY YOU ARE!' AND THEN RECOVERING HIMSELF SAID: 'WHAT IS IT?. WHERE IS EDITH?' 'HERE!' CRIED EDITH, AS SHE STOOD BESIDE HIM."—SEE PAGE 426.

"I love you, darling dear, better than any one else in the world."

"Was it so?" she queried, again and again.

Ay, she knew he loved her; but if he did, why did he not ask her to marry him? And then the bitter truth forced itself upon her. Her social position was not among his friends—her father's wealth, not one-fourth part of that to which he was accustomed; and as she realized that if ever he did marry, he would marry for position and wealth, she grew bitter, and hated him, as only a proud, slighted woman can hate.

Then arose a desire to do, or be, something that would cause him to feel proud of her acquaintance; that would bring him to her feet, as she had been brought to his, so that she might spurn him from her.

This was three years before. What had the three years accomplished? To him, as she kept herself informed, it had brought wealth, and, with wealth, friends who were not desirable by his people; habits that wealth and fast friends soon inculcate, and perhaps, for aught she knew to the contrary, a forgetfulness of her and their happy past.

To Nora it brought fame of a different sort; she had worked hard and long for the coquette, nor did she awake one morning famous. No; slowly, though surely, she gained the laurel. Inch by inch, up the hard pathway, she struggled, until she stood upon the eminence; and as she looked back, the time seemed incredibly short for the work she had done. And so it was; for to-day her name was rung through every household near or far, her poetry breathed from lover's lips to lover's ears, and she was no nearer the goal than before.

Harry Reynolds had not written her one word of praise, had made no sign; and though she sang her songs to the whole world, it was as naught to her if *his* ear did not retain their melody.

Upon all this she had been musing, when Edith, impatient at her long silence, roused her from her dream with a cry of: "How can I manage to see him?"

"Whom?" said Nora, startled.

"Why, your hero, Harry Reynolds."

"I do not know," said Nora, quietly. "I have not met him in three years. I know nothing about him."

"But this paper says he is 'a gay young bachelor, not inclined to marry.' Oh, Nora, I would give the world to meet him!"

"The world is not yours to give, my dear. But if you go to Saratoga, as you proposed, I suppose your wish will be granted; for you are pretty enough to have him wish for an introduction."

"Thank you for the only compliment you ever gave me!"

And she jumped up and rushed toward the door.

"What is the matter?" queried Nora, in surprise.

"I am going to-day, instead of to-morrow; and when I come back to you, cousin mine, I shall cry, '*Veni, vidi, vici!*'"

After Edith left her, Nora sat alone, with a new grief. She did not know, she feared she had not read her heart aright; for why should it be filled with such a longing for the sight of his face—such a passionate dread of Edith's going to him—if she hated him as she thought she did?

She cast her work aside for the next three days, and tried to solve her heart—tried to convince herself that she did not love him—and failed signally.

"God help me!" at last she cried. "I love him still, I love him still!"

Thereafter, her work, which had been a pleasure, became a drag, and she cast it aside—the very worst thing for her to do—and dreamed of the happiness that might have been hers.

At last she received a line from Edith:

"*Veni, vidi, vici!* How have the mighty fallen! Thank you for nothing, my naughty dear, but your hero is delightful! I ingratiated myself at once in his good graces by speaking of you—told him you had one love to which you were sworn; that I heard you speak of no one save 'Paul' for months at a time; but I did *not* tell him that 'Paul' was the name of your book. All's fair in love and war, eh? But you know you said you did not like him, and I do hope you see the difference. My dear, I'm afraid I'm growing slangy—'evil communications,' etc. Saratoga is corrupt, and necessarily I may be becoming corrupted; consequently I unpinion my wings, and to-morrow week you will see me with you. Your own loving EDITH.

"P. S.—I may as well add that Harry leaves for New York to-morrow week, and will accompany me as far as the station. I may prevail upon him to take the stage-ride also. Would you have any objections? E."

Would she have any objections? If she had, she would not tell them to Edith; she would simply fold her hands and let Fate control his coming or staying.

Such an interminable week as it seemed to her! yet it passed by, as weeks always do, whether freighted with love, sorrow, longing or despair; and at the end Edith came, and with her, Harry Reynolds.

The meeting, that had been looked forward to so nervously by Nora—and, it must be confessed, a little tinged with the same feeling on Harry's side—was a very ordinary one. Of course, Edith knew not how intimate they had been in the far past, and that relieved them a little.

"Mr. Reynolds, there is no necessity of introducing you to my cousin Nora, as she told me she had met you when the 'bloom was on the rye.'"

"And on my cheek," laughed Nora, and wondered a little that her heart did not beat faster, as she placed her hand in Harry's—wondered, also, if she had changed as much as he.

"Where it lives," he said, softly, bending low over her hand. "You have not grown one day older than you were when I said 'Good-by,' three years ago."

Nora laughed.

"Wait till you know me better; you will see how changed I am."

And he found her changed. There were no sentimental talks; and any attempts at flattery or 'sweet-sounding strains' were nipped in the bud by Nora; while she left him to Edith whenever she could do so politely.

This piqued him. Not that he intended to marry her; as Eli Perkins says in his "Talk," "I told her I loved her—that is as far as I went; that is as far as any young man goes nowadays."

He would like to tell her he loved her, as he had told her in the quiet hours of the Summer, when it was so pleasant to lie beneath the shade of the maple-trees, and, watching the quick, transparent changes in her face and eyes, to say, idly, "How pretty you are, Nora!" and to watch the blood surge in waves over her face; to see her turn her great, brown eyes upon him with the look of a startled fawn, then to say, just as idly, "Tell me you love me, darling!" and then to have her, as she did once, stoop over him and press a kiss upon his forehead, and say, huskily, "Love you! do you want me to *say* I love you?"

Harry Reynolds thought that he understood women pretty well, but he found himself at a loss. According to his theory, a woman who loves once should love for ever, or hate a man desperately; and Nora did neither.

She was as indifferent to him as if he had been the most veritable stranger; and, almost without knowing it, he found himself where he had been that past Summer—for he had loved her then, idly as men love when the object is attained, but as well as he ever could love any one. He had never forgotten her; but—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,"

and he had put her one side. He did not intend to marry her now. His past three years had unfitted him for domestic bliss. And yet, he realized that there would come a day when it would be very pleasant to sit by his own hearthstone, to have his wife on one side of him and his children on the other—a daughter, perhaps; certainly a son.

And then Edith broke in upon him, and he soon forgot his speculations in a brisk canter over the gravelly road.

And was Nora indifferent to him? Yes. She had thought of him only as she had held him in the past; and when she had met him again she cried "How has my idol fallen!" and placed the old dream one side, and patted it and caressed it as she had of yore, but she loved it no longer.

And, as time flew on, Harry had intended to remain only a few days; but the days lengthened into weeks, and he did not leave.

Nora had become accustomed to the thought of his marrying Edith, and seemed reconciled to it; but, remember, he had been her hero; and still it was hard for her to listen quietly at times to the old love-ballads that he sung now, and that he used to sing for her; still harder when he would turn to her, and say:

"Do you remember when I sang that for you, Miss Edwards? You were pleased with it, then."

But Nora had been tried, and a burnt child dreads the fire, says the proverb. So she put away from her all thoughts that might lead to a resurrection of the dead past, and went about her way quietly.

Edith said, after he had been there four weeks:

"This thing is getting monotonous. I'm going to bring it to a close. To-morrow I shall dare my fate."

"What are you going to do, madcap?" queried Nora.

"To-morrow we are going boating, and at Green's Point—you know how shallow it is—I am going to fall out, risk a wet stocking, and receive a proposal that the right of my danger will call forth."

"Do no such foolish thing, Edith. Mr. Reynolds will propose, any way, and, besides, you know just on the other side of the Point the water is so very deep, and Mr. Reynolds cannot swim, as he has told us."

"Oh, highty-tighty! what's the need of swimming! He will rescue me on the shallow side. Don't fret, my dear!" and she ran out of the room.

Nora did not fret, but when Harry and Edith had started for the sail, she walked toward Green's Point in a mechanical sort of way. She did not know as she should reach the Point before the climax, but if Edith waited until the return she would be in time; and she was at the Point and seated in her favorite nook long before she heard Edith's voice ringing out over the water.

They came on slowly, Harry rowing, his back to Nora; but she could see Edith's face, and, knowing her well, saw the determination with which its lines were set.

They neared the Point; the current was rapid, and the rowing hard against the tide. They passed the dangerous side, and were in shallow water. Edith leaned partly out, and Nora saw her slyly put one foot into the water.

The boat swayed a little, and Edith was lying face downward, not having been as successful as she had premeditated; but in a moment she was up, drenched from head to foot—up to hear a shriek ringing out with startling distinctness; for, as she fell, Harry dropped his oars, and the boat, with wonderful rapidity, darted back around the Point, when Harry leaped out, only to be swallowed up by the black waters.

It was Nora's shriek that Edith heard, and it was Nora that sprang into the water and swam to Harry's side just as he arose for the third time. She seized him with one arm, and with the other drew herself around the jutting point to the side where the water was shallow, and there she held him to her breast, and called him by names her tongue had not known since their last parting.

He opened his eyes dreamily.

"Nora, sweetheart, how pretty you are!" he said; and then recovering himself fully, said: "What is it? Where is Edith?"

"Here!" cried Edith, as she stood beside him.

"What are we to do, and why are you here?" he queried of Nora.

"Never mind now!" said Nora, hysterically. "There is John—call him," and then she began to cry.

"Nora, darling," he said, as he drew her head toward him, 'did you save me? Do you care whether I live or die? Tell me, truly—do not deceive me now?"

And for answer she looked up into his eyes, and what he saw deponent sayeth not, but he pressed his lips to hers, and did not seem aware that John, the gardener, had rowed his boat up to them.

"If you are sufficiently out of your seventh heaven of happiness to be alive to your situation, you had better come into the boat," said Edith, bitterly.

"Oh, I had forgotten, dear. Here, let me help you;" and to the wondering comments of John, he said: "Row as fast as you can—the ladies need warm clothing."

On Nora's wedding-day, Edith said to her companion bridesmaid:

"Nora must thank me for Harry's proposal. He never breathed a word of love to her till I brought things to a climax."

"My dear," Nora said, sweetly, for she had won and could afford to be pleasant—"my dear, long before you knew him, he had told his love to the Squire's Daughter."

THE man who mounts his high horse is invariably the one who gets the least pity when he falls.

THE MAGPIE.

TO DESCRIBE the magpie is scarcely necessary. It belongs to the crow family, a dozen species inhabiting Europe and America. Magpies are seen generally in pairs—to meet a single one being considered by the superstitious as very unlucky. The old lines run:

> "One for anger, two for mirth;
> Three for a wedding, and four for a birth."

The tall tangled hedge-row, the fir grove, or the old, well-wooded inclosure, constitutes the delight of the magpie, as there alone its large and dark nest has any chance of escaping observation. As it generally lays eight or ten eggs, and is a very wary or cunning creature, it might be supposed that they would yearly become more numerous; but it does not seem to be a bird that increases much anywhere. The magpie will frequently feed on the eggs of other birds, but it is particularly careful to guard its own nest from similar injury, by covering it with an impenetrable canopy of thorns; and it is the only bird that uses such a precaution, securing it from all common depredation, though not from the hand of the bird-nesting boy.

From its docility the magpie is an agreeable pet, though it has the propensity common to the crow family of stealing whatever objects, and especially bright ones, may attract its attention. The medieval legend-books are full of stories of larcenies committed by magpies or crows, but attributed to poor people, who, however, generally escape punishment through the opportune discovery of the stolen articles.

In Lady Morgan's "Italy" we find the following: "A noble lady of Florence, who resided in a house which still stands opposite the lofty Doric column which was raised to commemorate the defeat of Pietro Strozzi, and the taking of Sienna, by the tyrannic conqueror of both, Cosmo I., lost a valuable pearl necklace, and one of her waiting-women (a very young girl) was accused of the theft. Having solemnly denied the fact, she was put to the torture, which was then *à plaisir* at Florence. Unable to support its terrible infliction, she acknowledged that she was guilty, and, without further trial, was hung. Shortly after, Florence was visited by a tremendous storm; a thunderbolt fell on the figure of Justice, and split the scales, one of which fell to the earth, and with it fell the ruins of a magpie's nest, containing the pearl necklace.

Plutarch tells of a magpie belonging to a barber in Rome which could imitate every word it heard uttered. It happened one day that some trumpets were sounded before the shop-door, and for some days afterward the magpie was quite mute, and appeared pensive and melancholy. This change in its manners surprised all who knew it, and it was supposed that the sound of the trumpets had so completely stunned the bird, that it was deprived of both voice and hearing. It soon appeared, however, that this was not the case, for Plutarch says the bird had been all the while occupied in profound meditation, studying how to imitate the sound of the trumpets, which had made a deep impression on him; and at last, to the astonishment of all, it broke its long silence by a very perfect imitation of the flourish of trumpets it had heard; observing with great accuracy all the repetitions, stops, and changes. But this turned out an unfavorable lesson, for the magpie forgot everything else, and never afterward attempted another imitation but that of the trumpets.

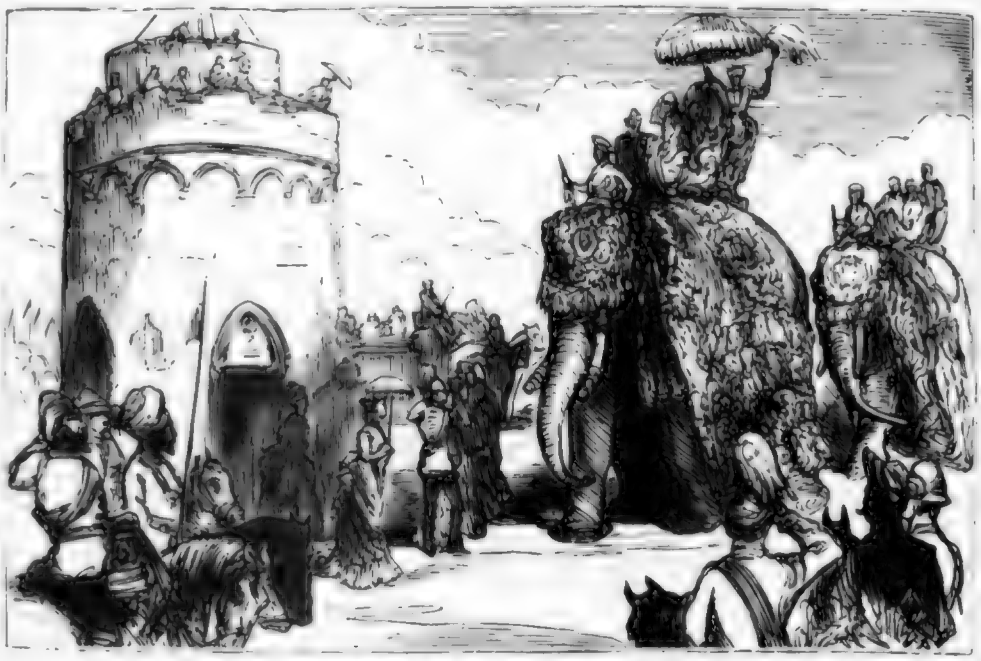
Most readers will remember the old English ballad, "The Maid and the Magpie," which has even, we believe, been converted into a melodrama; while the plot of the well-known opera, "La Gazza Ladra," turns upon the theft of a magpie.

XUM

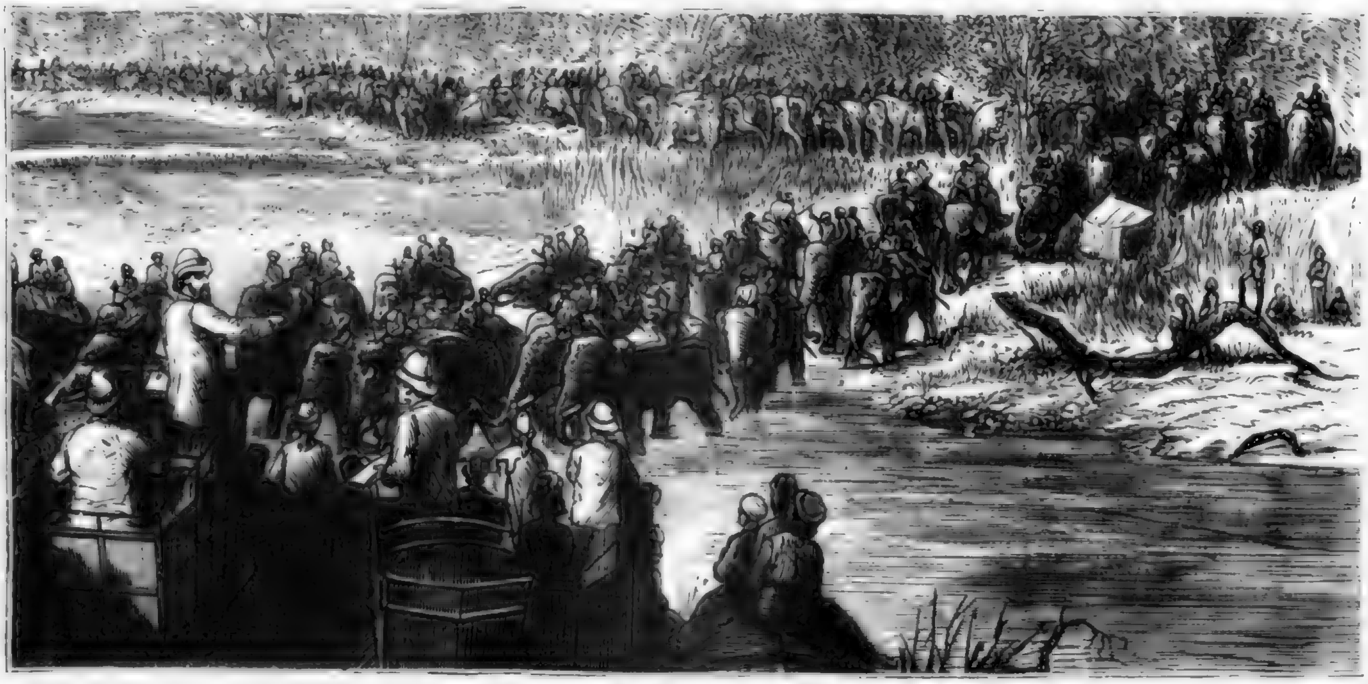
FESTIVALS IN INDIA.

By Thomas W. Knox.

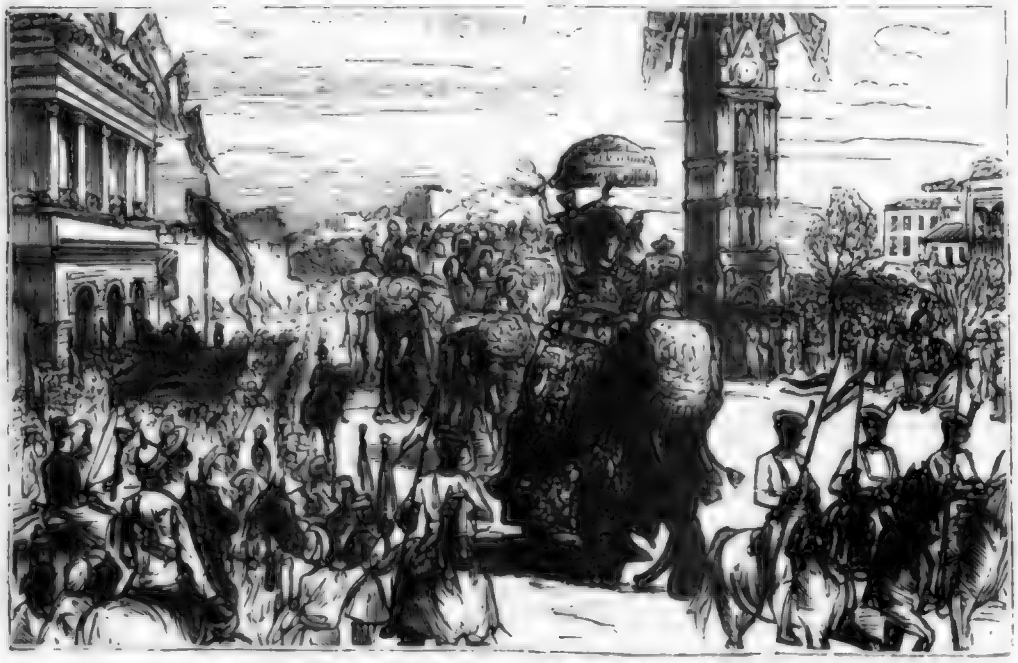
India is a land of festivals. They are mainly the observances ordered by the religion of the country, and as there are many forms of religion, there are naturally many kinds of festivals. In all parts of the world, and in all ages, the populace is scrupulously careful to follow the directions of its spiritual advisers, when those directions include abstinence from labor and indulgence in recreation. India offers no exception to the rule; and as she is densely populated, and abounds in religious variety, she can in some respects carry away the palm when ceremonies are in question. There is not a day nor an hour, from the beginning to the end of the year, when a festivity of some kind is not in progress, and sometimes a dozen jubilations will be in existence at once. They assemble many thousands of people, and there is no better way of arriving at an idea of the immense population of India than by attending one of her great festivals.



A STATE PROCESSION AT DELHI.



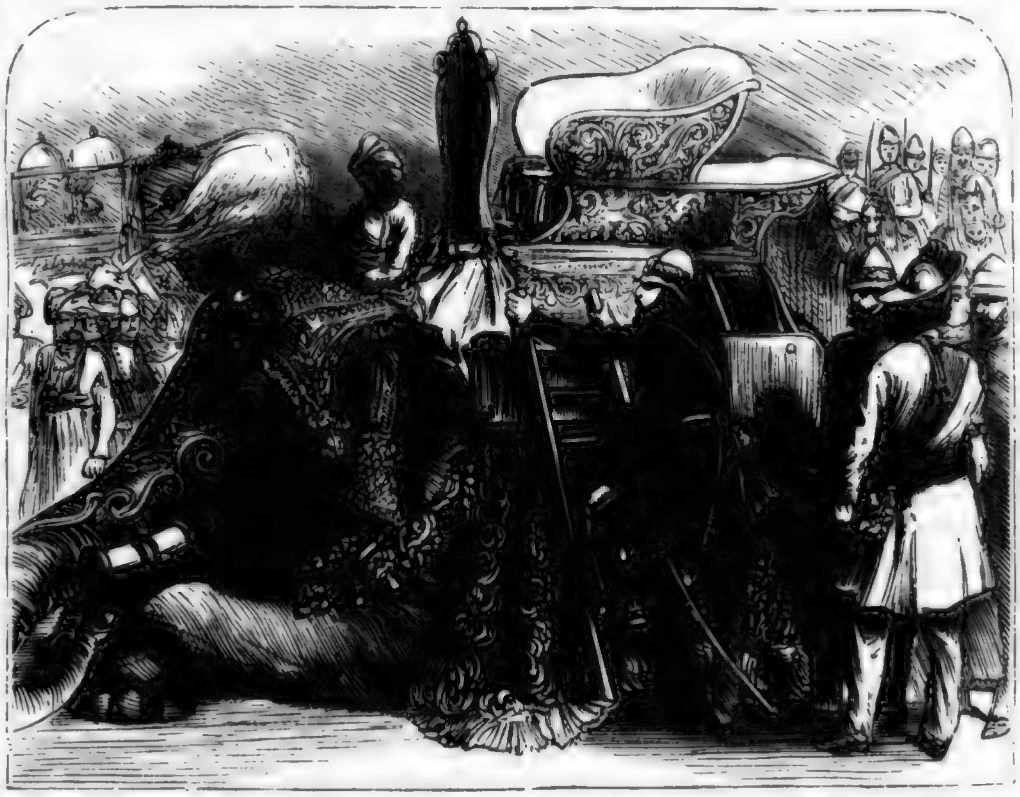
A GRAND PROCESSION OF SEVEN HUNDRED ELEPHANTS.



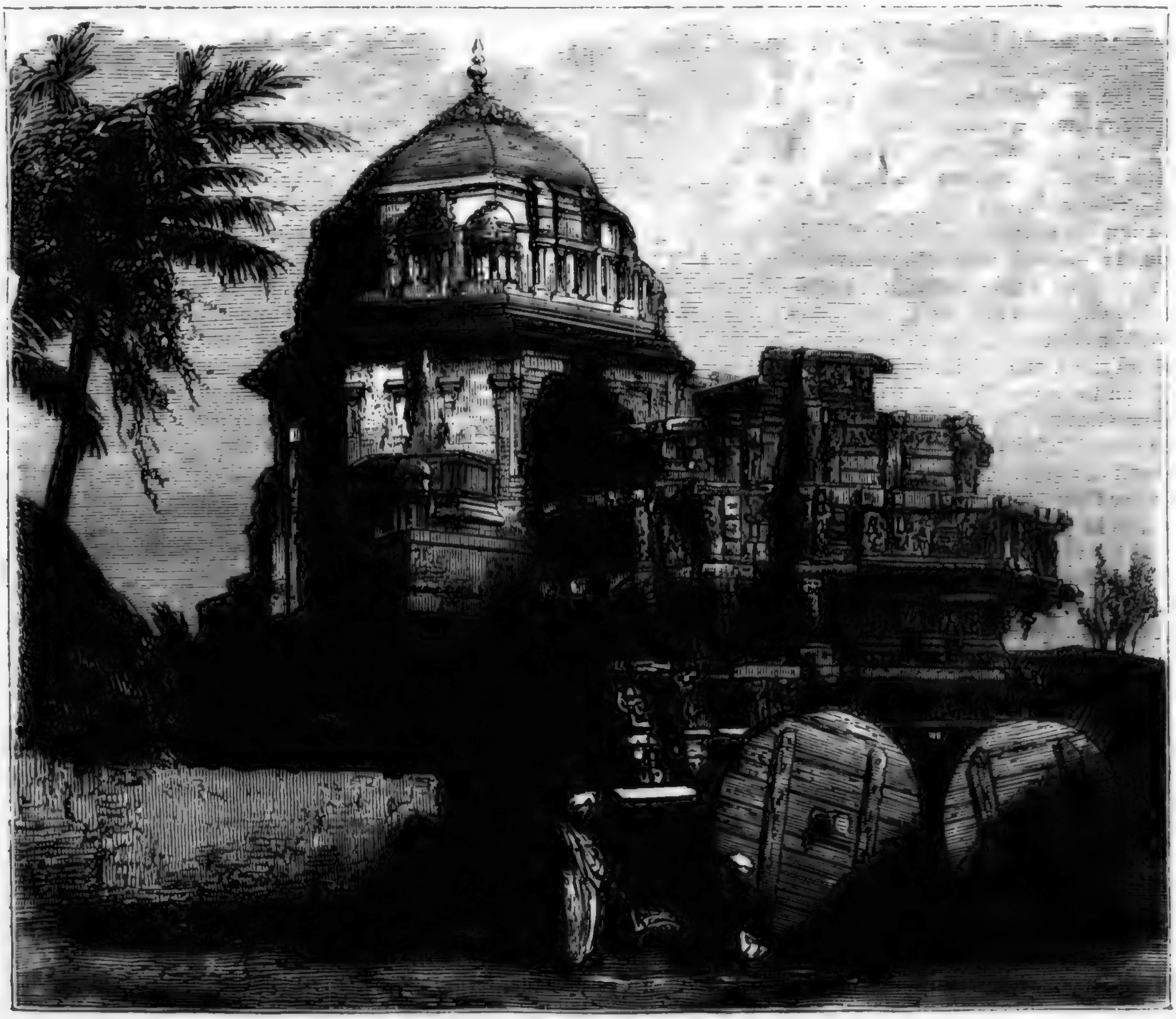
GRAND STATE PROCESSION ENTERING DELHI.

Formerly, the religious observances of the land of the Vedas and the Shastas were attended with a great deal of fatigue, and a devotee was obliged to make a long pilgrimage to reach the spot where he was to enjoy himself. This has been somewhat changed of late years, owing to the construction of railways and their employment by pilgrims when making the journeys that the priests have ordered them to undertake.

The founders of the Indian religions were not prophetic enough to include the railway in their calculations when they established the rules that should govern the faithful while journeying to a sacred place.


THE PRINCE OF WALES MOUNTING THE ELEPHANT AT THE OLD PALACE OF GWALIOR.

They enjoined that the pious pilgrim should travel as became his condition in life. If he were wealthy, he might go in the state that became his rank; if he were poor, he should set out on the road on foot, and trust to Providence for the means of subsistence. The railway has not materially changed the conditions of the pilgrimages of the wealthy; they proceed in


THE CAR OF KRISHNA AT JUGGERNAUT.

the old way, as time is of no consequence, and, besides, the railway would not afford the facilities for display that are to be found in the ancient custom.

When an Indian nabob sets out on his travels, he goes by what the English call "marching." It is done in this wise: The furniture of several rooms, with a whole retinue of servants and a vast amount of luggage, is packed up and started out in the early morning for a spot previously selected. This spot is a day's march along the road; when the train arrives the tents are pitched, the furniture set up, the servants prepare the evening meal, and everything is made ready for the coming of the master. Midway between the house and the camp, a similar camp has been formed. The master, with his personal retinue, starts from home in the early morning, halts at the midway station during the hot hours of the day, and when the heat has become less oppressive in the afternoon, he moves on to the larger encampment where he is to pass the night. He has all his household comforts around him, and can enjoy himself at his ease. When he is not in a hurry—and he generally is not—he only makes one move in a day, and dispenses with the midday halt. Thus, he travels from early in the morning till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and then halts till the next morning. The progress is slow, but what cares the man to whom time is no object in the world? The English sometimes travel in this way, but only when they are taking a journey for pleasure, or when circumstances compel them to do so.

From fifteen to twenty-five miles a day is the most that can be accomplished by "marching." Sometimes, when the traveler wishes to make an extra display, he has two complete outfits, and while one camp is occupied the other is moving forward and being put in readiness.

Six, ten, or even twenty elephants, and a proportionate number of horses and other animals, make the equipment of a native grandee who wants to travel in style. In fact, there is no known limit to the magnificence of a princely train on the move.

During the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, one of the high dignitaries among the natives, Sir Jung Bahadoor, entertained his royal guest with a grand display of no less than 700 elephants in a single procession. They were manœuvred so as to send them across the river Sarda in front of the Prince, and as the long line wound through the jungle on the opposite bank, and then turned to wade the shallow stream, the sight was a magnificent one. The Prince stood in a howdah on the back of an elephant, on the bank of the river, and as the huge beasts emerged from the water they moved directly in front of him. Each elephant, as he passed the post of honor, raised his trunk and saluted the royal stranger.

The natives in India were generally opposed to the innovation of the railway, and the most prominent and persistent of its opponents were the priests. Their control of the people was considerably weakened by it, since a man could make by its aid an enormous saving of time, and could greatly diminsh the trouble and expense of his pilgrimages. In the olden time, a journey to Benares or Allahabad from a distant part of Hindostan required a year and perhaps more for its execution, and the same for the return. At present, the year may be shortened to a week, and the mind of the pilgrim is relieved from an entire absorption in spiritual things for a protracted period.

This does not suit the religious teachers, and their hostility to the "Lightning Dawk," as they called the railway, is furious in the extreme. At the time of the mutiny their rage was manifested by the complete destruction of all parts of the railway that fell into their possession, and so well did they perform the work, that in some places the surveyors were compelled to lay out the line a second time. When the railway was first opened, the priests issued a declaration that a pilgrimage would not be of any account if performed by rail; but, somehow, the people did not seem to yield so readily to the priestly will as their teachers had expected. The priests had predicted the immediate death of any one who ventured to try the new mode of travel. A few were courageous enough to make the trial; and, when it was found that they lived through it, and came safely back to their homes, nobody hesitated to attempt to ride on the new vehicle.

The elephant has a prominent place in most of the festivals of India. He is admirably adapted to a grand display, both on account of his size and his docility—and he seems to enjoy the prominence that is given him. On festive occasions his trappings are of the most gorgeous character, and he is so covered from head to foot with cloth of gold and other expensive materials, that only a very small portion of his body can be seen. The English make use of the elephant in their ceremonies almost as much as do the natives, as they well understand that a large part of the effect and impressiveness would be wanting if his huge bulk were not introduced.

At the ceremony of the proclamation of the Queen of England as Empress of India, several hundred elephants were assembled, and no opportunity was lost to make an imposing display. The grand festival was held at Delhi, and the Viceroy was present in person. On the day of the proclamation, the elephants were arrayed in their richest trappings, and even their tusks were adorned with golden rings. The foremost elephant was ridden by the Viceroy, who sat in a gilded *howdah*, or saddle, in the shape of a throne. Behind him stood an attendant, who held a huge umbrella of the Oriental pattern, which he steadied with one hand; while with the other, he waved a tuft of ostrich feathers, not altogether unlike an enormous feather duster. As the procession filed past the flagstaff tower, the colors were dipped, and all the officers and soldiers who were standing on duty gave the royal salute.

The festivities at Delhi at the time of the proclamation of the assumption lasted twenty-one days altogether, and their cost was something enormous. There were military parades, and, in order that they should be sufficiently imposing, nearly half the troops in the Bengal Presidency were gathered there. They were about equally divided between the native and European forces, and it is proper to observe that, whenever there is a large native contingent assembled at any one point in India for any purpose, there is always an equally strong contingent of English at hand. The lesson of the mutiny of twenty years ago is yet remembered through the length and breadth of India, and the powers that be are determined that nothing of the kind shall occur again.

When the Prince of Wales visited India, and made his triumphal tour through the country, the finest elephants were everywhere brought forward for his use. The native princes vied with each other to make the affair a magnificent one that he would long remember; and on some occasions the elephants were trained for months beforehand, so that when the Prince approached them they received a secret signal, and knelt before him. In Baroda he was thus welcomed by a double line of elephants, each one of them in a kneeling posture, and holding his trunk high in the air as a token of submission. At Gwalior, the elephant which was brought out for him was one of the oldest and largest in the country, and was equipped with a harness and trappings entirely new. The Prince mounted to his place by means of a short ladder, while the rajah stood by to see that his august visitor was properly cared for.

The huge beast remained perfectly quiet while the Prince ascended the ladder, but he kept his feet in position, ready to rise the moment the signal to do so was given. His gilded trappings shone in the sunlight, and the ornamentation on the lofty saddle made a gorgeous scene.

The festivals of India are more or less of a religious character, as already stated, but to the eye of the outside observer they appear more secular than solemn. One of the most interesting of this mode of worship to come under my observation, was the great annual assemblage at Allahabad. Every year, during the months of January and February, the natives gather there in great numbers, their object being to bathe in the Ganges, at the point where it unites with the Jumna. The sacred writers say there are three rivers here, the third being an invisible one, flowing directly from heaven, and only to be perceived by the faithful. Of course every devotee claims to have seen this river, and to have felt the cooling of its waters; if he should aver otherwise, he would lose his title to the Hindoo heaven, and be condemned to eternal misery. Consequently, he deems it proper to indulge in any amount of falsehood in order that he may win the favor of the gods.

I visited Allahabad in the month of February, when the festival was at its height. The great gathering takes place on a low, sandy plain at the junction of the two rivers; the plain is nearly two miles in length, and comes to an acute point at the meeting of the waters. A German friend and myself went there about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the heat was quite severe, although it was in the month of greatest coolness. We declined to walk over the expanse of sand, and looked around for some sort of conveyance that would not require the exercise of our feet. Carriages were not allowed to circulate in the crowd, for fear of accidents; neither could we go on horseback. But we found an elephant ready for hire, and the promise of a rupee—fifty cents of our money—secured him for our exclusive use. The animal knelt, and the ladder was placed for us to mount to our seats. These consisted of two benches, like settees, placed back to back, and long enough to hold three men to each settee. As we had the two settees to ourselves we had plenty of room, which is not always the case in a country where it is the custom to pack men as closely as sardines in a can.

We found that we had the very best kind of conveyance for our excursion, as the great height of the elephant brought him far above the heads of the crowd, and we could look down upon them as from a second-story window. No small part of the consideration was our relief from the annoyance of the beggars; there were not less than 50,000 people on the plain, and the crowd was very dense, and, as nearly every other man was a mendicant, there were a good many beggars to the square acre. They were of all kinds and descriptions, except that none of them could be described as clean and attractive. Some of them had performed their pilgrimages by rolling on the ground, and as they had come several hundred miles in this way, and had never washed themselves, they were carrying around a good deal of the sacred soil of India. Soil was not all that they carried; we will scratch our heads at this point, and not go too far into particulars.

It is wisely ordained by some of the religious sects that the pilgrims shall have their hair cut at this sacred spot; when the tonsorial operation is finished, there is a good deal left behind besides the natural covering of the head.

As we rode along, we passed many *fakeers*, or religious devotees. These fellows devote themselves to a pious existence, and make solemn vows which have a great deal of absurdity in our eyes. One man vows that he will make the pilgrimage on hands and feet, and will prostrate himself at full length at every third step; and another vows that he will hold his right hand high in the air for the rest of his life, no matter how long that life may be. We passed several of this kind of devotees; they had held their arms aloft so long that the muscles were perfectly rigid, and the limb had lost the power of performing its natural functions. The nails had grown to a length of several inches, and were curved inward so that they resembled the claws of birds. In some instances they had bent around so much, and grown so long, that they had pierced the palm of the hand, and actually protruded at the back! Think what a fervor of religious faith must be required to induce a man to endure so much in consequence of a vow! The more absurd and painful the vow, the greater is the merit of performing it. On several occasions the devotees have vowed to live without eating or drinking, but it has been so often demonstrated that this kind of pious pilgrim does not last long, that the practice has been discouraged.

As we approached the bathing-place of the pilgrims the crowd increased in density, and we found quite a village of tents and booths. Many of these tents were occupied by *fakeers*, who were ready, for a consideration, to say prayers for the ordinary pilgrim who was not of sufficient sanctity to have much value to his supplications. I was told that it is the custom of these priests to demand payment in advance for this kind of service, as there is sometimes a difficulty in making collections after the petition is sent up and the applicant has obtained the benefits he desired. I believe the same thing has occurred among people who claim to be far more civilized than the Hindoos; and if this is the case, it shows that human nature is pretty much the same all over the globe. Many of the booths were occupied by the barbers, to whose services I have previously alluded, and the most of the professors in the booths were hard at work. It was interesting to see a fellow enter one of these places, and to note the difference between his entrance and his exit. He went in with hair and beard that had not been touched for years by comb or scissors; he came out with head and chin as bare as a door-knob. He was not lacking in beauty of a manly sort before his visit to the barber; but when his clipping was over he was as meek and mean in appearance as his most determined enemy could have wished. I never realized before how much the hair has to do with making the man.

Just at the point where the two rivers—the Ganges and Jumna—come together, there is a string of rafts that are securely anchored, and form convenient bathing-floats for the pilgrims. They sat in rows along the edges of the rafts, where they said their prayers, each man entirely oblivious of the presence of any one else. When his prayers reached the proper point he plunged into the water, and after a few minutes came out again to dry himself in the sun. Some of them did not return to the rafts, but came directly to the shore, and the result was that the immediate banks of the stream were a mass of slippery mud that did not afford a very secure footing. We narrowly escaped an unpleasant tumble and an involuntary bath in the sacred waters with all our clothes on, and concluded it a prudent move to go further up, where the bank was dry. Our elephants were waiting for us, and as the beggars began to be inconveniently thick, we lost no time in remounting. There were not less than a thousand bathers in the water at any one time, and I was told that more than fifty thousand pilgrims took their religious plunge between the rising and setting of the sun. They only bathe when the sun is above the horizon; to do so at any other time does not have any sanctifying effect.

A place of sanctity in India, even more holy than Allahabad, is Benares. It is, in fact, *the* holy city of India, and

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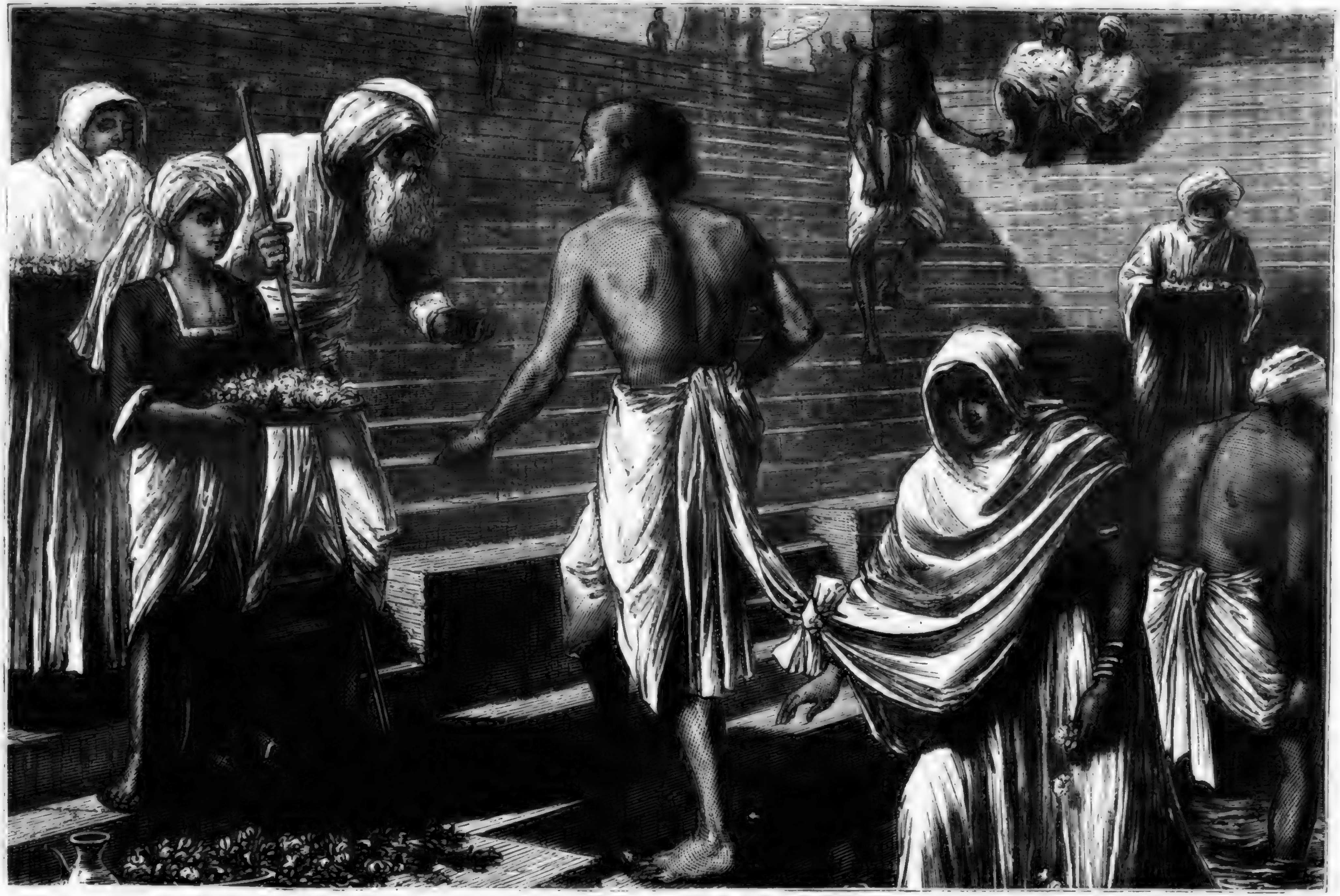
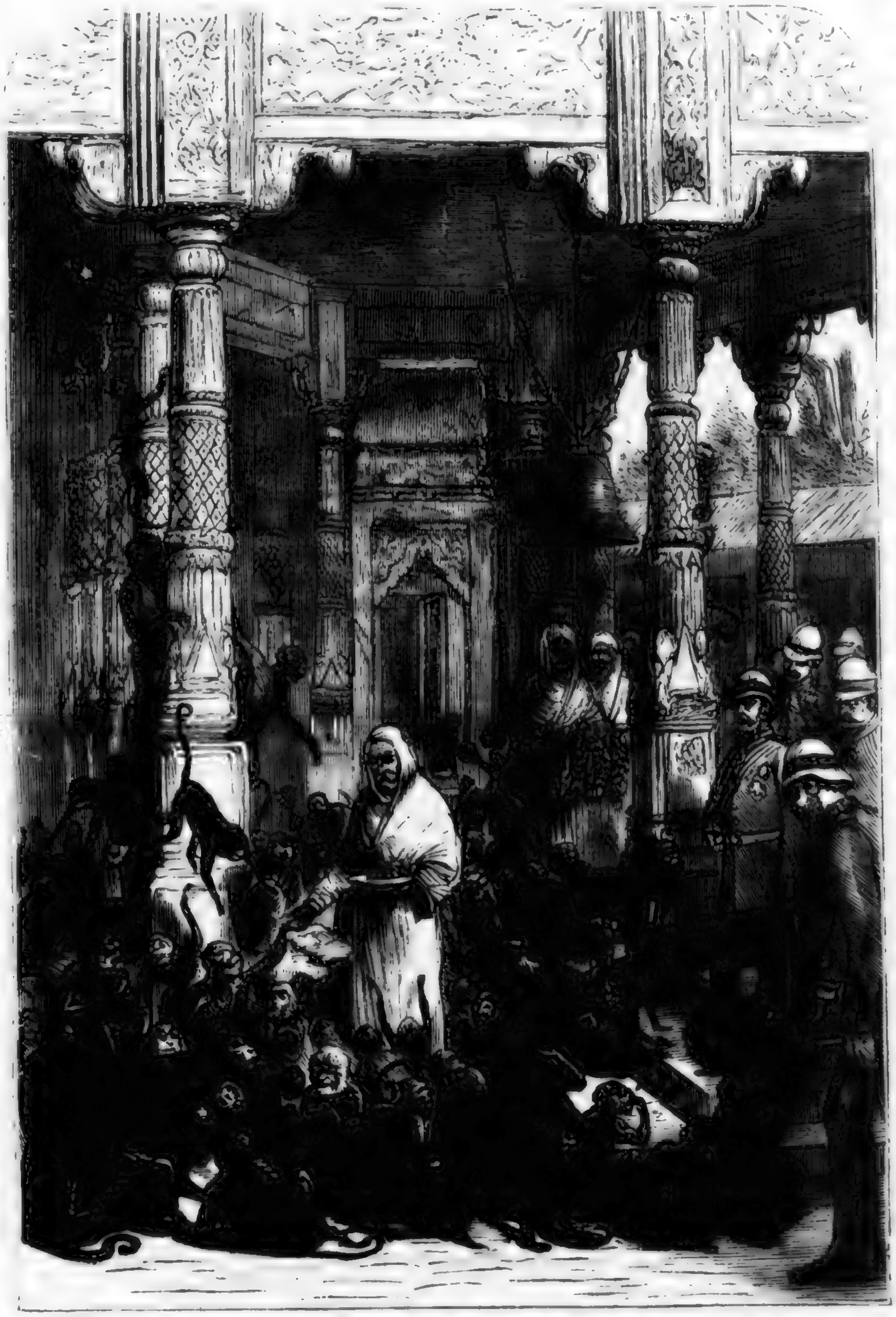


BATHING SCENE AT BENARES.

a man who has made a pilgrimage to Benares is regarded with reverential awe by his less fortunate neighbors. Those who live there are so favored by the gods that anything they may do is not regarded as a crime by the Hindoos, though the English authorities have different notions on the subject, and treat shortcomings at Benares very much as they would treat them anywhere else.

The banks of the Ganges at this place, or rather the single bank on which the city stands, may be described as a row of temples that come down to the water's edge, so that one may step directly into the river from their stairways, whether the stream is high or low.



VISITING THE MONKEY TEMPLE, BENARES.

On my first morning in Benares the air was cold and raw, and I did not relish getting up an hour before daybreak, in order to be at the bathing-place ere the sun should rise; but in travel one must put up with many disagreeable things, and this business of early rising is one of them. We were on the spot just as the sun came into view; but, early as we were, we found thousands of pilgrims who had come there before us. They sat on the steps of the temples, and as the sun peered above the horizon they began bowing to him and saying their prayers.

The pious Hindoo does not remove all his clothing when he bathes in the Ganges, but only a portion of it. He retains the loin-cloth about his waist, lest he might shock the modesty of the goddess Gunga, who is supposed to inhabit the stream. The Hindoos are very indignant with the English soldiers, who strip themselves entirely in bathing, and thus offend the native notion of religious propriety. I was told that their conduct in this particular was one of the causes that led to the mutiny of 1857, and I have no doubt that it had its effect. People in all lands are very sensitive in the matter of religious observances, and it is no wonder that the pious natives of India were shocked at what they considered a flagrant violation of their ancient customs.

The temples line the bank for a mile or more, and as we slowly floated down the stream the scene was a curious one. We halted in front of one of the bathing-places long enough to make a sketch of a group and study the peculiarities of the bathers. Men and women were there, the former scantily but decorously dressed, according to Hindoo notions, while the latter had removed very few of their ordinary garments. One couple arrested our attention by having their garments knotted together. Our guide explained that they were husband and wife, and their bathing thus was an indication that they had quarreled, and were making up their differences by a plunge in the sacred waters of the holy river. As we saw a good many couples thus taking their ablutions, we concluded that conjugal disputes were no less common in the East than in the West. In the instance I refer to, the man was standing on the steps of the temple, while his wife stood in the river and sprinkled flowers over the water. Women and young girls were peddling flowers from baskets which they carried in their hands, and were evidently driving a profitable trade. Flowers have an important place in Hindoo ceremonials, and in all of the temples we find the altars liberally covered with them.

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Beggars do a good business around these temples, as the principle holds good that a man is never more liberal at any moment of his life than when he is at his devotions. They stand ready to accost each devotee as he emerges from the water, and generally succeed in getting something out of him. The beggars are mostly old and decrepit fellows, and each carries a long staff, which greatly adds to his venerable appearance, and assists in the collection of alms. It is said that these fellows pay a subsidy to the priests in charge of the temples, and that a considerable revenue is thus obtained.

From the bathing-places of the pilgrims we floated down below the city, and then went to the famous Temple of the Monkeys. As its name implies, the temple is devoted to the use and occupation of monkeys—sleek, fat-looking fellows, that seem to take life very easily. The arrival of strangers is a signal for them to assemble, as they well know that every stranger will be sure to order something for them to eat.

We paid for a large measure of grain, which was taken by one of the priests and dealt out to the beasts, of whom there were several hundreds, at the least calculation. They climbed around the pillars of the temple, and crowded against each other, so much so that the priest had no small trouble to preserve order among them. When they had been fed, they seated themselves on the floor in a dignified way, and made it very manifest that they were entirely at home. One solemn old fellow came up and shook hands with us, and if he could have spoken, I have no doubt he would have invited us to stay. On the whole, they were better behaved than monkeys in general, but they do not bear a good reputation among their neighbors. They rob gardens and orange-groves in the vicinity of their temple, and sometimes they go out in regular foraging parties, for distances of a mile or more. They enjoy an immunity from poison and shooting, as the Hindoos consider them sacred, in spite of their thieving character, and could not be provoked to put one of the robbers to death, no matter what his crimes might be.

An Indian festival that was formerly of great importance is the famous one of Juggernaut. In the olden time, the pious Hindoos used to throw themselves under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, in order to be crushed to death; they considered it a pious act, and their conduct was loudly applauded by the others, who took good care to keep their own necks out of danger. The English authorities interfered, and put a stop to the sacrifices of this sort, and since then the Festival of Juggernaut has lost one of its chief attractions.

I met an American at Calcutta who was quite angry when he learned what had been done in the way of humanity in the suppression of the barbarities that were formerly practiced under the name of religion. "Just think of it," said he, "they don't allow the natives to be crushed to death at Juggernaut, and they long ago put a stop to the practice of burning widows with the corpses of their husbands! There was a time when you could see people torturing themselves by being suspended from hooks that were stuck into the flesh of their backs, putting red-hot irons into their mouths, hacking their arms and legs with knives, and doing other pleasant things. The age of poetry is gone, and India is of no account. They don't allow any more of these tortures, although the people like them, and it is none of the business of the English; they can't expect the natives to keep up their religion if their observances are to be interfered with."

As my indignant friend remarked, the authorities have forbidden all the practices that he mentioned, and many others. Only those things that are cruel, or cause death or personal suffering, are thus disturbed; all the harmless observances may be followed the same as ever, and the most complete freedom of conscience is permitted to everybody. I was repeatedly told that the Government was opposed to the labors of the missionaries among the natives, and would prefer that they should leave the people just as they are. Whether this is really so or not, I am unable to say positively, but incline to the belief that it is not without foundation.

The Temple of Juggernaut is in the town of the same name, about 250 miles southwest of Calcutta, and the entire place is considered so holy that it is not required to pay any rent for the ground on which it stands. There is a long street, consisting principally of religious establishments known as *maths*, and at the end of this street is the famous temple. The structure is in the centre of an inclosure about ten acres in extent, and is in the shape of a pagoda, tapering from bottom to top, and rounded like a dome at the summit. The space immediately in front of the temple contains several grotesque figures and a tall obelisk in honor of one of the Hindoo deities, and is constantly occupied by a crowd of natives who have various things for sale. Sacred bulls wander around, and eat whatever they can lay mouth to; the natives regard the bull as a holy beast, and all their temples are the homes of these animals. Benares is full of them, and they show a great deal of intelligence in wandering about the city and helping themselves to whatever comes in their way. They carefully avoid the quarter where the English butchers live, on account of the mysterious disappearance of some of their number who incautiously ventured there, and their conversion into beef for the nourishment of the foreign barbarians.

Each of the idols in the Temple of Juggernaut has a car of his own, and once a year he is taken out to ride. A procession is formed, and some thousands of people pull at the ropes, and drag the car from the great temple to the country-seat of the god, about a mile and a half from town. The car of Krishna is the largest; the wheels are made of pieces of planks bound together, while the body of the car is in four irregular stages of carved wood. During the procession, the priests stand on the different platforms of the car and sing songs appropriate to the occasion, while the people keep up a great noise in honor of the god.

It was in this annual procession that the victims used to throw themselves under the wheels of the chariot, and when there were none that offered, the priests made the matter interesting by tossing some of their own number from the car and letting the vehicle pass over them. The *Rath Jatra*, or Great Festival, occurs in the month of March, and near the full of the moon, and has been celebrated for many hundred years. The present temple was erected in the twelfth century, and is said to have cost more than two millions of dollars.

The British Government formerly gave an annual subsidy to the Temple of Juggernaut, but owing to the scandal arising from the contribution of a Christian nation to the support of heathenism, the subsidy was taken away, and the temple is now entirely dependent upon the donations of pilgrims for its existence.

Among the festivals of India, that of the "Moharram" should not be forgotten. It is a Moslem festivity and not a Hindoo one, and is held at the commencement of the Mohammedan new year. Bombay is the place where it is in greatest reverence, and the large proportion of Moslems in the population of that city enables the ceremonies to be conducted on a grand scale.

I was so fortunate as to be in Bombay on one occasion when the "Moharram" was celebrated, and was able to see it in all its glory. Several thousands of people marched through the streets, with a dozen or more dervishes, or holy vagabonds at their head. These dervishes were almost naked, their only clothing being a narrow strip of cloth around the waist, and some stripes and streaks of paint on their skins. They marched through the native city of Bombay, and followed a route that took them to the seashore near the point of Malabar Hill. Crowds lined the streets along the whole route, but there was the greatest assemblage at the point where the ceremony would terminate. The dervishes in front kept up a terrible noise, and seemed to be more than half insane. They danced wildly about, and sometimes rolled in the dust and ran great risk of being trampled to death by the multitude. Their performances were almost identical with those of the dervishes of Constantinople, and doubtless have a kindred origin.

In the procession several shrines were carried, some of them very richly ornamented with gilding and with imitations of precious stones. I was told that on very grand occasions, or when somebody felt particularly liberal, these shrines were decorated with real gems, and cost a great amount of money. They are generally made of gilded paper on light frames of wood, in order that they may be easily carried, and also that they may be conveniently handled at the termination of the ceremony.

When the sea was reached the main body of the procession halted. The bearers of the gilded shrines came forward, and one after another tossed the burdens into the water. The action was accompanied by much singing and shouting on the part of the dervishes, and a corresponding amount of noise by the multitude. Tom-toms were loudly beaten, priests gave their benedictions, and the whole scene was one of great excitement.

I was told that the ceremony was an offering to the god of the sea, to pray him to refrain from inundating the land, and to hold in peaceful sleep all who were at rest in his waters. The shrines were all made to resemble the tombs of Moslem priests; they were square in shape, and had a ball or knob at each upper corner, while a larger ball rose in the centre like a dome.

Soon after my arrival in Bombay I was invited to attend a native wedding at the house of one of the wealthiest residents, and lost no time in accepting the proffered courtesy. The wedding ceremonies of India vary greatly, as each caste, sect, and class has its own forms; but they are all accompanied by a liberal supply of music, and an earnest endeavor to have a good time. Great preparations are made, and sometimes the outlay for an affair of matrimony makes a serious inroad into the fortunes of the parties most deeply interested in the union. Rich people are compelled by inexorable custom to spend a small fortune on the wedding ceremonies of their children, and the poor must go and do likewise, according to their means.

Among the Hindoos of the middle classes a general invitation is sent out to the family and friends of both bride and bridegroom—very much as is done in Christian lands.

The couple to be united are required to kneel on the ground in the open court, where the ceremony generally takes place, and their parents and nearest relatives are grouped around them. Two torches are held aloft, one by a relative of each of the youthful pair, and a couple of lamps are lighted at the moment the ceremony is to begin. The bride is dressed in her best garments, and her arms are decorated with silver and gold; on her head she has a crown shaped like an extinguisher, and built in three stages like the dome of a temple.

When all is ready they extend their hands, which are tied together with a thread of sacred grass, directly over a censer which contains certain aromatic essences. When this formula is completed the pair rise and take seven steps together and repeat simultaneously, a promise to be faithful to each other, under penalty of incurring the wrath of the gods. They are then pronounced man and wife, and the ceremonious part of the wedding is over. Then begins a round of feasting, whose duration and magnificence depend largely on the depth of the purse of the entertainers.

The wedding I attended in Bombay was said to have cost not less than $10,000 from beginning to end, and consequently was an affair of no ordinary importance. The young couple were adorned with precious stones enough to set up a fair-sized jewelry store in good business, and all their garments were of the richest materials that money could procure.

In the evening there was a *nautch*, or dancing performance, which lasted from sunset until after midnight; it was held in a large hall of the house of the bridegroom's father, and all his personal friends were expected to put in an appearance. The dancing is done by girls hired for the purpose, and never by any of the persons connected in the most remote way with the wedding. None of the Eastern people can understand the European idea of a dance, as they look upon it as an entertainment which should be paid for like any other menial service. When permitted to look in on a foreign ball they not infrequently express surprise, and ask why the English do not employ *nautch* girls to dance for them, and so save themselves the fatigue.

The *nautch* girls are generally, but by no means always, pretty, and some that I saw were so fat as to interfere seriously with our ideas of comeliness. Their costume differs according to the dance to be given, and the province of the country in which the affair takes place. In the present instance they wore skirts that reached a little below the knee, and were heavily embroidered at the edge; their ankles and arms were loaded with rings, and on the anklets there were little bells, that tinkled as the wearers moved about. The dancing is very tame, by comparison with that of Europe and America, as the motions are quite slow, and consist of a sort of gliding and swinging from side to side, that soon becomes wearisome to look upon. The music is a low, plaintive melody, of only a few notes from a species of flute, and from drums shaped like little kegs, and struck with the fingers.

We were shown to seats specially arranged for us, and supplied with pipes and cigars, according to our tastes. The dancers swung and whirled, and in a little time our brains were swinging and whirling with them. The room was brilliantly lighted, and the heat of the place, combined with that of the weather, nearly stifled us. We were much relieved when the gentleman who accompanied us gave the welcome information that we were not expected to stay long, and could leave at any moment without giving the least offense. We bowed our thanks to our host, and speedily sought the street.

On another occasion I attended a *nautch* given by a rich native in commemoration of the safe return of his son from a long journey.

The dancers were quite differently arrayed from those in the performance I have just described, and on the whole much more picturesquely. Each wore a corselet or bodice of embroidered cloth; it was cut very short, and did not reach to the waist. There were trowsers of white muslin gathered in at the ankles, and over the trowsers there was a skirt of white muslin, with spangles of gold. The head and neck of each girl were wrapped in a long strip of muslin, that just left the face free but concealed the hair. The arms and ankles were adorned with rings, such as I have already described, but none of them had any bells

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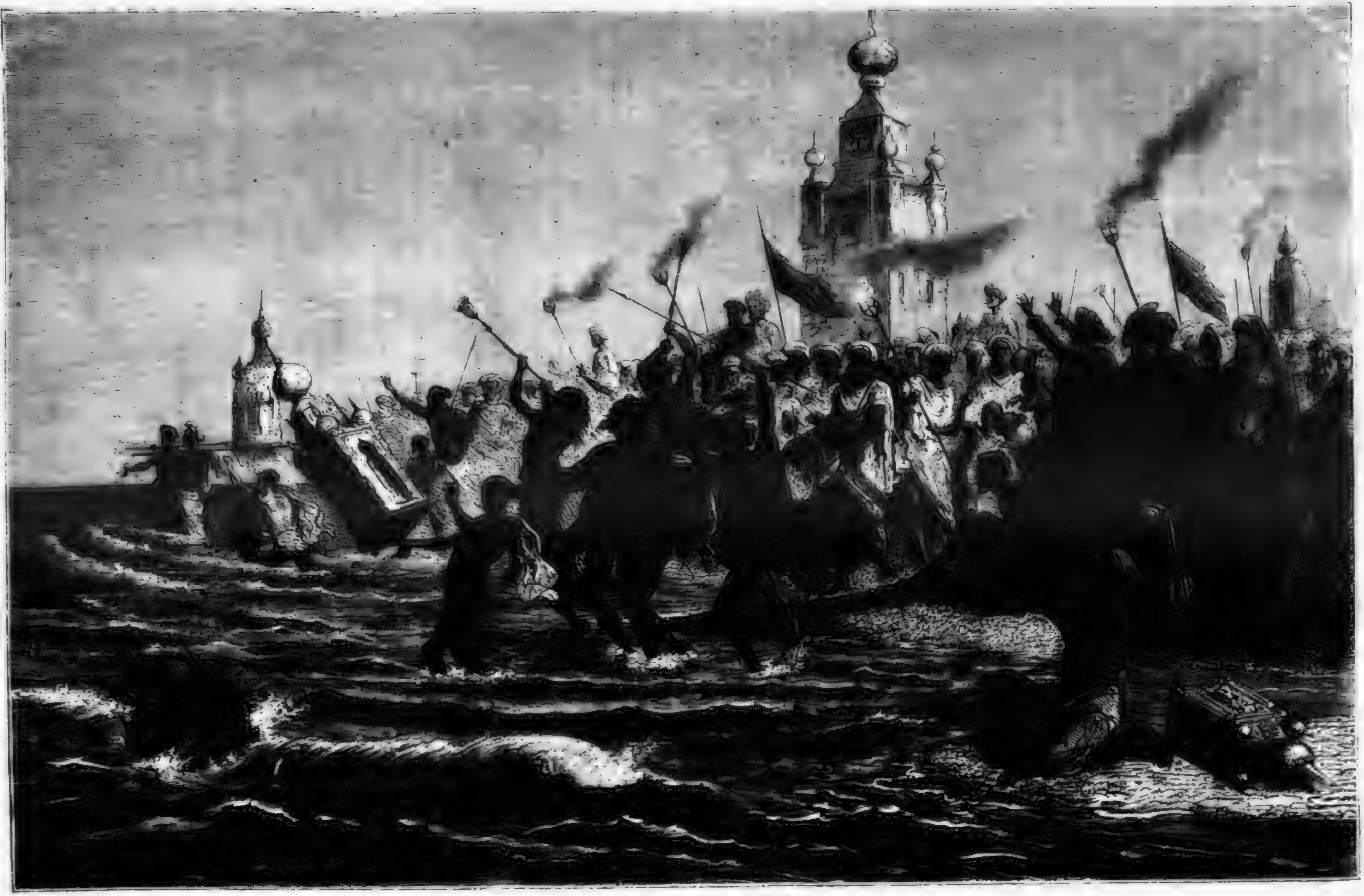
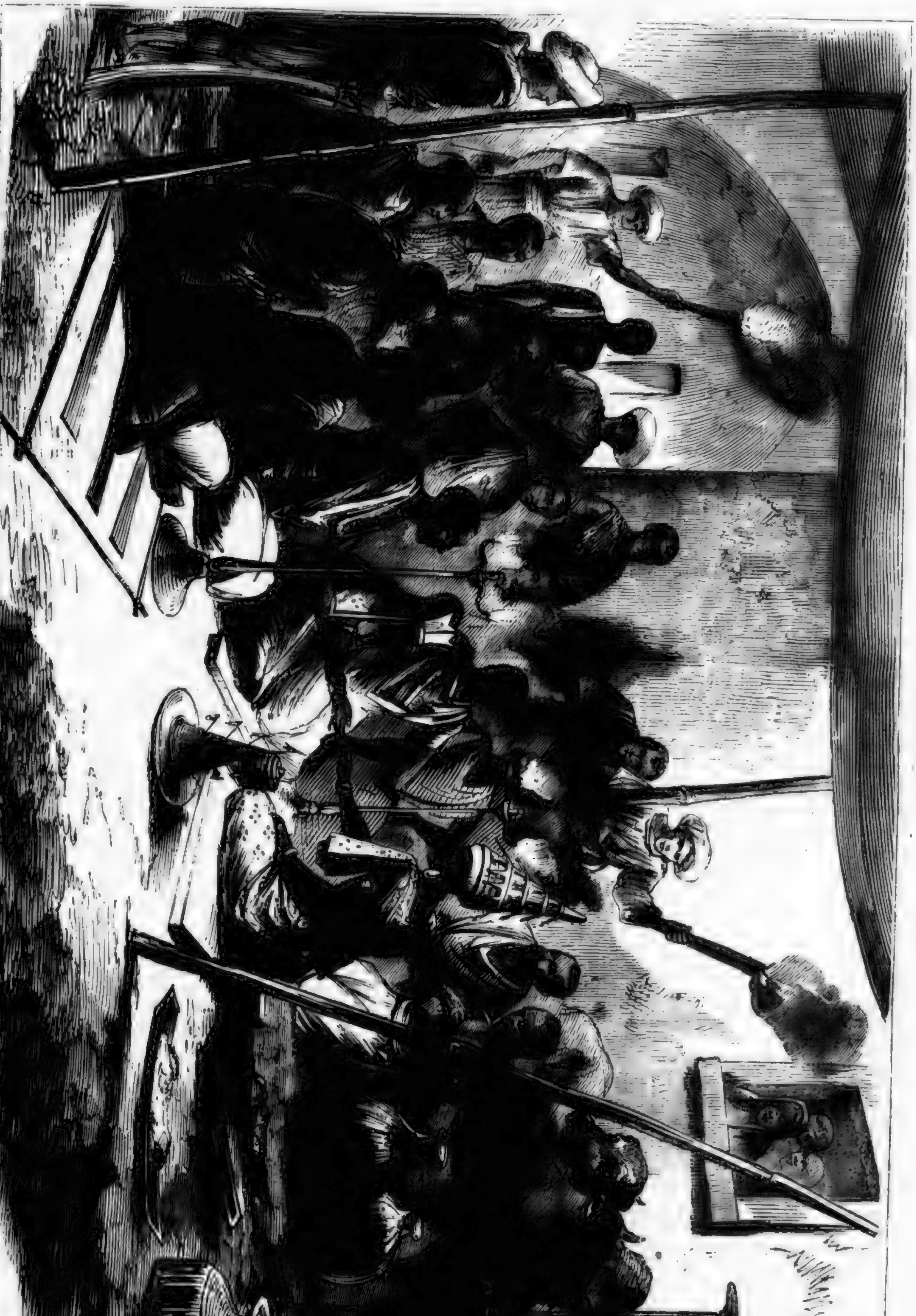


THE FEAST OF MOHARRUM AT BOMBAY.



FESTIVALS IN INDIA.—A WEDDING CEREMONY AMONG THE HINDOOS OF INDIA.

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attached; consequently there was no tinkling sound to keep time with the movements of the feet. Each dancer had wooden reeds in her hands, with which she pretended to fence as with a sword; but there was no enthusiasm in their movements, and the performance was rather tame.

Music was supplied by a sort of violin and a drum, consisting of a wooden bowl with a skin stretched over it. The musicians sang while they played, but their voices were so low as to be scarcely audible at the end of the small room where the entertainment was given. A curious feature of the costume was that the skirts of the young women did not meet the short bodice I have described, but left about three inches of waist fully exposed to the gaze of the spectators.

Most of us who have given any attention to India have read of the serpents that infest that country, and of the venomous character of their bites. The worst of the Indian serpents is the *cobra di capella,* or snake with a hood. He is thus named from his power of puffing out the skin of his neck and head, so that it has the appearance of a hood or cape. No antidote has ever been found for his bite—when once his poison has been injected into your blood, there is no remedy known to science.

The cobra is fearlessly handled by a class of men known as "snake-charmers"; they belong to a peculiar guild of their own, and no outsider can obtain the secret of their power. Generally they remove the fangs of the cobra before performing with him, and he is then practically harmless. But there are snake-charmers who will take a freshly caught cobra in their hands, wind him around their necks and bodies, and allow him perfect freedom to move his head where he pleases. After doing this, they will prove to you that the snake is in full possession of his powers, by allowing him to strike a rat or other small animal. The unfortunate victim immediately swells to an enormous size, and in a few minutes he is dead. Sometimes it happens that a performer has not complete control of the snake he is handling, and receives a bite in consequence. In a few minutes there is a vacancy in the ranks of the wonderful snake-charmers of India.

The Feast of Serpents, like the other festivals of India, is an annual affair, and never fails to attract a large concourse of spectators. As at the other festivals, there is a great deal of blowing of horns and beating of tom-toms; and there is the usual abundance of banners and torches. The snakes are released from the bags and baskets, where their owners carry them, and are allowed to gather around shallow pans of milk that have been set out for their benefit. They are very fond of milk, and are frequently enticed by it from their places of concealment, so that they may be killed or captured.

A story is told of an officer in India, who was one evening at a game of whist, when he suddenly turned deadly pale, and dropped his cards on the table.

"What is the matter with you?" one of his friends asked.

"There's a cobra di capella coiling around my leg," was the faint reply.

"Bring some milk and spill it on the floor near the snake," said an old major who had grown gray in the Indian service, and was thoroughly versed in the habits of the cobra.

The frightened servants obeyed the command, and brought the milk. The snake loosened one of his coils, then another, and finally glided to the floor and moved in the direction af the milk. Barely had he reached it before he was killed by a blow from the major's heavy cane, which was in readiness for use, and wielded with a powerful hand.

The officer who had so narrowly escaped a horrible death fell in a fainting fit, and did not recover for several hours. The next day his hair began to turn white, and in less than a fortnight it rivaled the snow in its absence of color.

The cobra is very fond of music, and all the performances of the snake-charmers have musical accompaniments. The first exhibition of this kind that I witnessed in India was at Madras, in the open court in front of the hotel. A friend and myself were smoking our cigars after dinner, when three natives appeared, and after bowing low and asking permission to display their skill, they proceeded to place some baskets on the ground. Two of the men then squatted near the baskets and began to play a low, monotonous air, the one upon the flute and the other on a small drum. The third waved a stick like a magician's wand, and very soon I observed something moving beneath the cloth that had been thrown over one of the baskets. Presently a snake glided out from under the blanket, and assumed a position as nearly erect as it is possible for a snake to get. Then came another and another, until there were five of them altogether; they stood in a row, and moved their heads up and down in time with the music, being assisted in the effort by their conductor, who waved his wand like the leader of an orchestra.

When the so-called dance was ended, the manager of the performance wound his pets around him until he resembled a modern Laocoön, and presented an appearance not altogether agreeable to a sensitive spectator. Soon as the music ceased, the snakes did not appear under as good control as they did while it was going on, and manifested a desire to break away. One of them tried to approach the veranda where we were sitting, evidently with a desire to be introduced to the distinguished strangers; a familiarity we had no taste for, and emphatically declined. Several times he was seized by the tail and drawn back to his place, and as many times did he persist in renewing the effort to cultivate our acquaintance. We told the snake-charmer to put an end to that part of the performance or we would vacate at once. He took the hint, and administered a blow to the snake, accompanied by an order to go to his basket. The reptile seemed to understand what was wanted, as he straightway glided under the blanket and was seen no more. It is certain that they have considerable intelligence, but they are not likely to be the objects of special culture in the schools of India or any other country.

The snake-charmer is a vagabond who travels from place to place, and makes his livelihood by his exhibitions. He is also in demand for the capture of snakes when they come around houses and the inhabitants wish, as they are sure to do, to get rid of the dangerous intruders.

Your servant reports that a cobra has been seen in your compound—the yard in which your house stands—and suggests that the snake-charmer shall be called. Of course you are pretty sure to send for the fellow; he comes, spreads his basket on the ground in your courtyard, produces his flute, and begins to play his peculiar music. He plays on and on, with no apparent result, till you begin to think it was a false alarm, and there is no snake on your premises. But by-and-by you see the head of a huge cobra peering from beneath your veranda and turned in the direction of the music. The head is followed by the body, and slowly the snake creeps toward the player. The latter continues until the snake is near enough to be seized. Then, with a movement like a flash of lightning, he drops his flute, extends his arm and grasps the snake by the neck. It is all the work of an instant, and the theory is that if he fails to seize the serpent at the proper instant, the latter will inflict a fatal bite. This sometimes happens; a friend of mine told me that he once saw a snake-charmer killed in this way. He had enticed a cobra from beneath a house, and in attempting to seize him he missed his aim. Instantly the cobra raised his head and struck at the charmer, inflicting a slight wound on the man's hand. In ten minutes the performer was a corpse.

There was formerly in India a race of assassins known as "thugs," but fortunately they are now nearly exterminated. They followed their horrible practices more from religious motives than from a desire to plunder. They worshiped the goddess Kali, who presided over sensual indulgence and destruction, and they had in their ranks members of every caste. Each individual had his particular duties to perform, and was not allowed to interfere with the work of others. They operated in gangs, and each gang contained at least a dozen persons, with a *sirdar*, or leader, and a *garu*, or teacher. The members were in four classes. First were the spies, who were new to the business and engaged in learning it; then came the *bhuttotes*, or stranglers; then the *sothas*, or entrappers, who were frequently women; and lastly, there were the *lughaees*, or grave-diggers. The gang frequented some high-road, and put to death every unfortunate native that the spies could entrap; but they did not interfere with foreigners, through fear of the punishment that would be sure to fall upon them. They generally strangled their victim with a cord, and after stripping his body of everything valuable they handed it over to the grave-diggers, who concealed it so carefully that detection was almost impossible.

At the close of their expedition, the plunder was divided, one third being given to the goddess Kali, another third to the widows and orphans of the tribe, and the remainder to the parties who had taken part in the murders. They always consulted their deity before starting on an expedition, and after each assassination the "thugs" who had committed it united in a sacrament by way of purification. Once a year they held a grand festival, in which they carried a statue of their goddess on a pedestal, supported on men's shoulders, and accompanied by a discordant lot of instruments that evoked as much noise as possible. On the pedestal, the six-armed goddess was represented in the act of brandishing knives and clubs, trampling on human bodies, and holding human heads as the symbol of the rites in her honor.

The ceremony was usually held in a grove, and as far as possible from the observation of the public and the authorities, who found it very difficult to obtain any information about the organization of the murderers.

As early as 1810, the East India Company took the most earnest measures for the extinction of the bloody Order, but it was some time before they made much headway in the humane work, owing to the difficulty of obtaining the necessary proof. But when once they had succeeded in obtaining information sufficient for the conviction of a gang, and learned their mode of operating, they made good progress, and long ago the cold-blooded business was brought to an end.

The "thug" tribes were broken up; all who were convicted of a part in the murders were executed or transported, and their children were put under Government surveillance, and instructed in trades whereby they could earn an honest living. Their theory is set forth by a writer on India, to whom a "thug" made the following explanation:

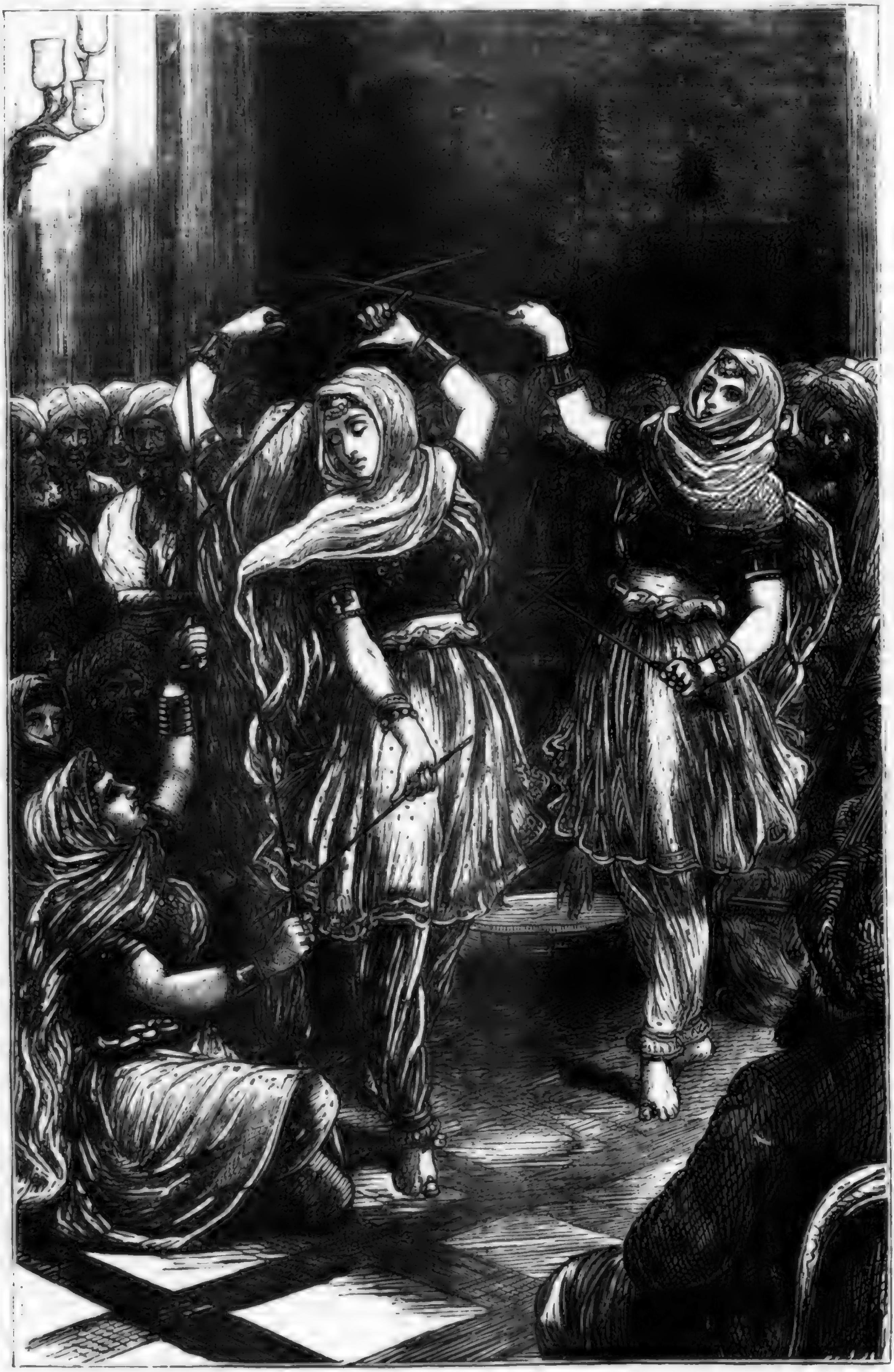
"You Europeans find pleasure in attacking a wild beast in his den, or in hunting a tiger to death, both of which may be done without braving any dangers or displaying any courage; but consider how the attraction is redoubled when the object of your pursuit is man—when it is a human being whom you must destroy! Then it is necessary to display not courage only, but also prudence, cunning and diplomacy. Is it not sublime to play upon the victim's passions, to make the chords of love and of friendship vibrate, in order to allure the prey into one's net? It is more than this—it is intoxicating, maddening!"

Among the native princes of India, public festivities are generally accompanied by rough sports which are more or less exciting. In Baroda, for example, every grand entertainment is considered tame unless it includes wrestling, or fighting with elephants or tigers. In a tiger-fight the beasts are turned into an arena or yard made of logs set upright in the ground, and having a pavilion at one side where the entertainer and his guests can witness the sport. The tigers rush upon each other with terrific roars, and the contest generally lasts until one of the brutes is dead. Each endeavors to seize his antagonist by the throat, and when he has once taken firm hold in this locality it is generally all up with the other, who speedily becomes a fit subject for skinning.

An elephant-fight is not as savage an affair as would appear at first glance, since the animals are too scarce and valuable to be slaughtered for mere sport. They are trained to fight by pushing, and not by piercing each other with their tusks. They advance with elevated tails and trunks, and each is under the guidance of the driver, who sits on his neck. As they approach they balance their huge bodies in the air, and at the proper moment endeavor to fall with the greatest force against each other's sides. The momentum frequently causes one to tumble to the ground, and whenever he is prostrate and his driver is dislodged from his place, the other elephant is declared the victor. Sometimes there is a vast amount of pushing before one of the combatants is thrown, and a fight between two elephants well matched has been known to last an hour or more. The Indian princes have borrowed the practices of Western countries, and not infrequently they make heavy bets over the results of these fights between elephants and tigers.

A wrestling-match at Baroda is no small affair, and sometimes the results are rather serious for the persons engaged. The wrestlers are trained to their occupation, as in other lands, and the most athletic men are selected for the purpose. They come mainly from the Punjaub and Travancore, and are famous all through India for their skill and endurance. The same attention is paid to them and their training as to the athletes of other lands, with the exceptions, if any, in favor of the Indian wrestler. The king personally supervises them, and suggests changes in their food and drink in case they become weak from any cause; and it was formerly the custom for the monarch himself to take a hand in a wrestling-match at frequent intervals. Under such royal patronage, there was no danger that the sport would languish.

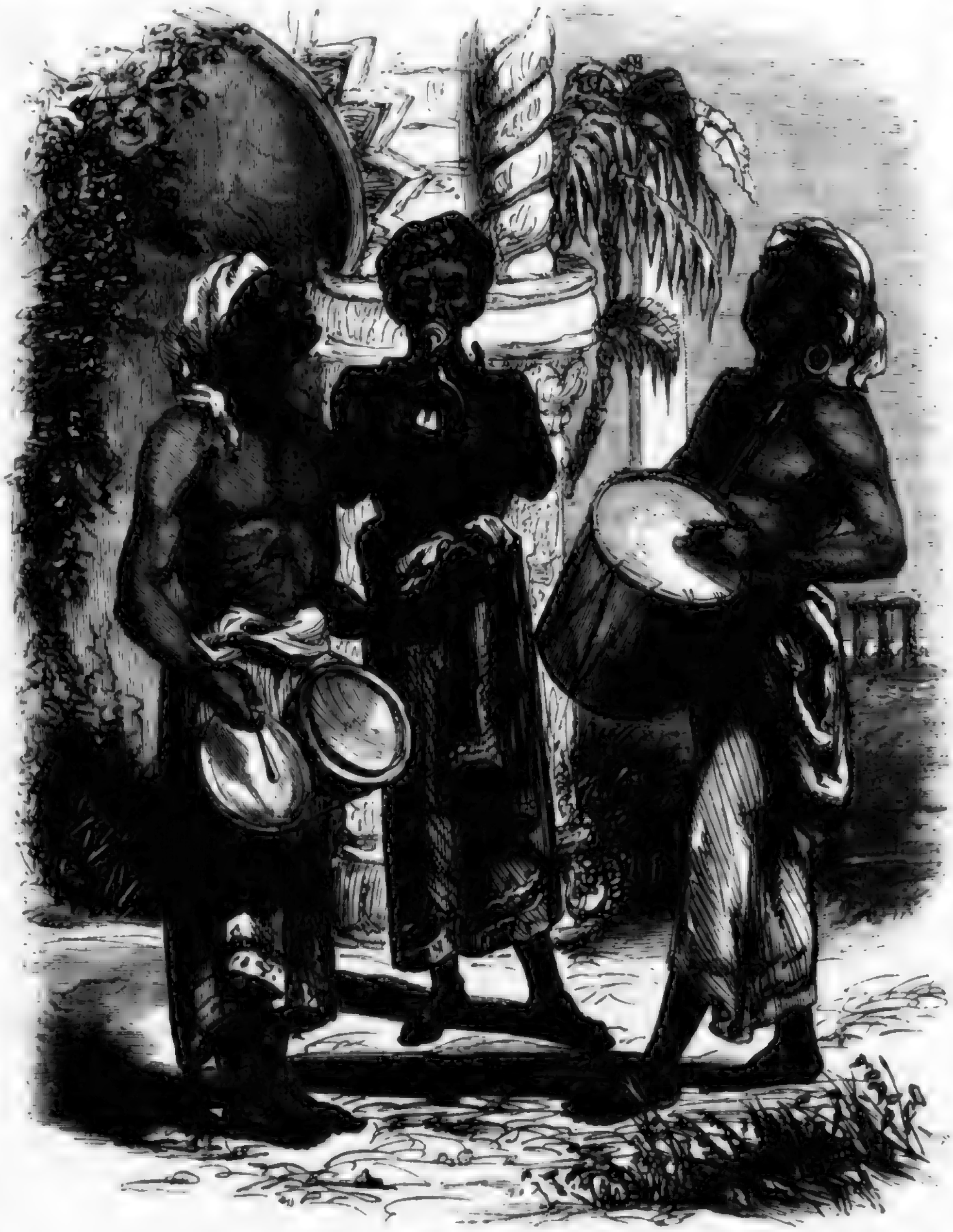
The only time I ever witnessed this amusement was on the occasion of the visit of a party of English officials from Bombay. The wrestlers were models of manly beauty, splendidly formed, and without a particle of superfluous flesh about them. They were dressed only with a cloth around the loins, and their heads were as smooth as billiard-balls, and almost as shiny. They clinched very much after the manner of wrestlers in civilized lands, and the rule of the game was for the winner to throw the loser flat on his back, or at all events to have the latter admit that he was vanquished. It frequently happens that a winner holds the other doubled under him, but cannot force him into a horizontal position; in such case he is at liberty to break the wrist of the fallen man, or at all events he may twist it until the latter cries out for mercy. But



DANCING-GIRLS AT A PRIVATE FESTIVAL.

there is so much "game" about these fellows that they will not condescend to make the necessary appeal, and it becomes the duty of the king to order them to separate. In the performance that I witnessed, there were two pairs of wrestlers in the arena at once, and while one was struggling, the other pair was down on the ground. The fallen man could not be turned on his back, but pulled vigorously at the neck of his antagonist, who was holding him firmly by the wrist. It seemed that I could hear the bones cracking, and that the poor fellow would be disabled for life, when just at the critical moment the king gave a signal, and the combat came to an end. A more agreeable sight than this was the road on the occasion of the semi-annual races at Bombay.

There was a general turnout of all classes, and the varieties of costume and conveyance made a very interesting spectacle. There were road-wagons and light vehicles such as one sees at an English or an American race-meeting, some of them occupied by Englishmen and some by wealthy natives. A substantial and well-to-do Parsee merchant was mounted on an imported horse with an English saddle, and but for his conical hat and tight-buttoned coat he might have been taken for a London broker or a New York merchant. One of the curiosities of the scene was a bullock-cart, in which a solemn-faced Englishman was riding with his wife, the former on the rear seat.



HINDOO MUSICIANS.

WHAT WERE HIS INTENTIONS?

Miss Clementina and Miss Araminta were two young ladies of the sentimental order. The dearest, most loving friends in the world, and, of course, capital foils to each other's style of beauty.

How tantalizingly sweet (in their imaginations) to the young gentlemen within eye-range to see the two affectionate creatures, with arms around each other's waists so caressingly, and with what longing eyes were they probably looked upon as, hand in hand, heart to heart, and (must we say it?) nose to nose, they kissed each other!

"Cruel creatures" they somewhat vaguely considered themselves in their inmost hearts, and we will avow that they did not sigh a little for the opportunity to be less cruel!

Let me endeavor to describe these two inseparable friends.

Miss Clementina Blodgett, the elder of the two (first come, first served), was a blonde of the blondest style, the bluest possible eyes, the rosiest cheeks, lightest hair and eyebrows, and *not* lightest footsteps in the world—was, we will confess it, rather fat. This fact, however, she was very comfortably incredulous about, and was wont somewhat to brag of once overhearing a lady friend remark that, when asleep, she looked as calm and lovely as a wax doll. Her roguish companions, taking advantage of her self-complacency, frequently induced her to pretend sleep, during which time they manifested their appreciation of her charms by quietly leaving the room, or playing her some madcap trick. Fortunately, Miss Clementina was easy and good-natured (was there ever a fat person otherwise? bless their dear hearts!), and readily forgave the offense, and honestly believed the excuse given, however ridiculous; for the thought that anybody could really intend to "make fun of her," as the school-girls call it, never once entered her mind.

Miss Araminta Jenkins, of course, as foil to all this, was a brunette. Dark eyes and hair, dark complexion, small and very slender, a gushing, I might say, gusty, manner, reminding one of a March day in June, and always doing, or trying to do, immense havoc with her bright eyes. No one dared attempt a personal joke with Miss Araminta, nor, indeed, with Miss Clementina either, if the former was

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around. Her sharp black eyes would quickly ferret out any mischief, and her ready tongue would quickly rout the enemy.

Fire and tow, the girls used to denominate the two friends; for, when Miss Araminta once communicated the knowledge of a personal injury to Miss Clementina, she quickly ignited, and, but for the fortunate circumstance that she generally soon quenched herself in tears, the consequences could not be imagined.

So much for our heroines.

As teacher of music to the young ladies was a young gentleman named Arthur McKay, aged about thirty years. Not an Adonis in appearance, and yet sufficiently good-looking to be interesting to our heroines.

Mr. McKay was one of those "Jack-of-all-trades" who pursue one kind of avocation to support the expense of trying to make money at one leap at some other. Agricultural, mechanical and household utensils without number had he invented, to save time and labor, and to make a fortune; and, although hitherto unsuccessful, nothing dampened his ardor. His every spare moment was now given to studying best how he could supply faulty nature in the matter of hands, feet, arms, fingers, or, in fact, any portion of the human frame.

Whether his own, or his evident admiration of their good looks was the cause, is not known; but Miss Clementina and Miss Araminta each soon discovered themselves smitten by the musical, inventive genius, McKay, and, for the first time, held a secret from her dear friend. Each pined, or tried romantically to do so, when alone, and endeavored when in his society to give him the encouragement he seemed to need. Yet, though he ogled Miss Clementina with timid glances when her companion, and looked longingly at Miss Araminta when by her side, still he forbore to speak, and each wondered, but imagined they read the struggle it cost him to be silent.

How the friends longed for sympathy! and yet how could they unburden their hearts of their dearest secret? 'Twere almost sacrilege.

At last, one day, Miss Araminta, in a fit of gushing confidence, concluded to tell her friend her trials and troubles, and get her ready sympathy.

"Dear Clem, I have such a secret to tell you! But you'll never lisp a word of it to anybody, will you?"

"No, indeed, Araminta. What is it? Do tell me quick. Is anybody I know going to get married?"

"N-o—not exactly—just yet. But, lean over here, and I'll whisper it. *I've got a lover!*"

"You don't say so! Who is he? Is he good-looking?"

"Very; and so respectful. He is afraid to offer himself, for fear I shall say no. He evidently thinks himself not worthy; but he is. He's splendid!"

"Isn't that nice? But it's so funny——"

"So funny! I don't see anything very funny about it. It's perfectly right for him to look up to me so."

"Yes, certainly. Of course, I didn't mean *that* was funny, but this. Lean over, and I'll whisper this time. *I've got a lover too*, and he treats me in just the same manner. He doesn't dare even to squeeze my hand! Thinks I'd turn to a pillar of salt, like Lot's wife, I suppose, if he did."

"I declare! What a coincidence! I wonder if all the men are so bashful. What's his name? Tell me?—that's a love!"

"No, indeed. I wouldn't tell for the world!"

"Ah, come now, darling! You would keep a secret from your own Minty. You tell me yours and I'll tell you mine."

"Well, then, his name is—is—is—is Arthur McKay."

"What!" screamed Araminta. "You deceitful, treacherous creature! Can I believe my ears? My own Arthur, that adores me so! Take back the words! They're false!"

"You had better make sure that he is your own, Miss Conceit, before you claim him. As to his adoring you, he almost offered himself to me last lesson-day, and he scarcely took his eyes off my face all the time he staid."

"Take his eyes off your fat, pudgy face, you egotistical wax-doll! Why, it would take him all lesson-time to see the whole of it!" quoth the enraged brunette.

"And he could see the whole of *you* at one glance, cotton, whalebone and all!" returned her irate companion. "If I am a little stout, Araminta, that's better than being obliged to wear pounds of cotton to prevent one looking scraggy. People who live in *particularly* glass houses had better not throw stones, miss."

"Ridiculous! Clementina, you must be out of your senses to imagine that my artistic Arthur would fall in love with such a no-shape, rolly-polly—a pudding with a string tied round the middle. But I can't stand this any longer, so I'll bid you good-afternoon, Miss Blodgett."

"And I'll bid you good-afternoon, Miss Jenkins. Don't make a mistake and issue your cards before he offers himself; it *might* turn out awkward." With which parting shot Miss Clementina turned and retreated from the enemy, not venturing to await the reply.

Meanwhile, what did our friend Mr. McKay? Continued his music-lessons, studied the faces of these two particular scholars, and cogitated within himself:

"If I only dared, and it should succeed. It would immortalize my name Either one would do. I believe I'll venture by-and-by; but I must be surer of their friendship before I ask. They are either of them just the thing—each perfect in their way. I'll try to win their kind feelings this quarter, and when the next is started and paid for, I'll broach the subject, so that in case they refuse, I shall not lose my money as well as chance."

So the time passed, and the two whilom dear friends continued bitter enemies. Each tried their sweetest blandishments to bring the object of their regard to a decisive point, and thus checkmate her opponent. A double motive thus urged them on, and each received her reward in perceiving that he was gradually yielding.

The second term of music was entered upon, and at last, one day, when the sun was shining bright, and Miss Araminta's black hair was shining bright, also, Mr. McKay was announced. A little extra pulling out of the puffs of hair; a few dap-daps with a fine handkerchief to the face, to take off the unbecoming shine of hot weather; a jerk or two at the bottom of the waist, to make it sit smooth, and a spreading out of the ample skirt, to make it sweep gracefully, and she descended, determined on victory.

"Good-afternoon, Arth—I mean Mr. McKay."

"Call me Arthur, Miss Araminta, do. How the friendly sound thrills through my senses! I hope I see you quite well?"

"Oh, yes, Ar—Arthur; quite well at present." Here Miss Araminta dropped her eyes in modest confusion at uttering the requested name; "but please be seated, and I'll call mamma," taking, however, at the same time, a seat herself.

"No, please, Miss Araminta, do not just yet; I wish to speak to you upon a matter of deep importance—upon a subject which has lain very close to my heart, and engrossed all my thoughts for some time. And yet I have scarcely the courage to ask it of you."

Miss Araminta turned away her face to hide her blushes, and gave a little sigh to express her sympathy. He waited a few moments to gather composure, and then grasping in both his the hand which she suffered to fall close to him, he said:

"Dear friend, I know your great kindness of heart, and that you would not willingly disappoint the dearest wishes of a——"

"No, oh no, dear Arthur, I could not be so cruel, for I —I—— But go and ask papa."

"Oh, Araminta, since you encourage me to call you so by your generosity, send me not to your papa, but with your own sweet lips grant my request, and I shall be the happiest of men. My invention is almost finished, and I only need——"

"What did you say, Arthur? Your invention? (He means to tell me, I suppose, that he will soon be in circumstances to marry, though I haven't much faith in inventions myself)."

"Yes, my friend. My invention is all worked out, and now I only need to make a practical model to get a patent, and not only be famous, but make my fortune. The beauty of my model, dear Araminta, depends upon you, and it is that which brings me here to-day. If you will only allow me to—that is, if you would only grant me the favor of taking——"

"Allow you to what, dear Arthur? What can I have to do with your model at present? I have promised to be yours, if papa consents—and I'll make him. And now spare my blushes, and leave me. When we are one, Mr. McKay," she said, painfully, "I shall do all in my power for your invention, whatever it is, and I have no doubt but papa will also."

"Good heavens, Miss Jenkins! Is it possible that I have explained myself so poorly that you also have misunderstood my intention? I—I—am not—exactly—that is—in fact, Miss Jenkins, matrimony has not been the subject of my thoughts lately, though I could not have found a lovelier person with whom to have the honor of being united,"—with a bow—"but to get a plaster cast of a fine-shaped female nose, for my patent self-clasping, sneezable, blowable nose. Yours is so perfect, that, could I only hope to have my model like it, my success would be sure. But oh, Araminta, dear friend, do not blight my prospects with a refusal, as those flashing eyes seem to proclaim you will. Be merciful! How I have adored that nose, and to lose the——"

Here the door burst open, and Miss Clementina rushed in, and flung her arms around Miss Araminta's neck with effusion.

"The wretch! the vile, good-for-nothing wretch!" she exclaimed. "Dear, dear Minty, let us be friends once more, and never let a man part us again! Last evening this creature came to see me, and after exciting my tender feelings, as he has yours, made the same hideous proposal he has made to you. The base villain! to win our best affections, to only ask for a plaster cast of our noses! I cried all night with wounded feelings, and this morning made up my mind to come and warn you against his arts, and got here just in time to hear him insult you in the same fashion."

Araminta, all this time speechless with rage, but now aroused to fury upon learning that he had given Clementina's nose precedence, pulled the bell-cord violently, and upon the maid's appearing, requested her to hold wide open the door. Then, turning slowly to the dumbfounded McKay, she majestically said:

"Walk out of the house, sir. Words are inadequate to express my contempt for you. Never dare address a word of conversation to me again, unless you particularly desire a horsewhipping. *Go!*"

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE ABORIGINES OF VICTORIA.

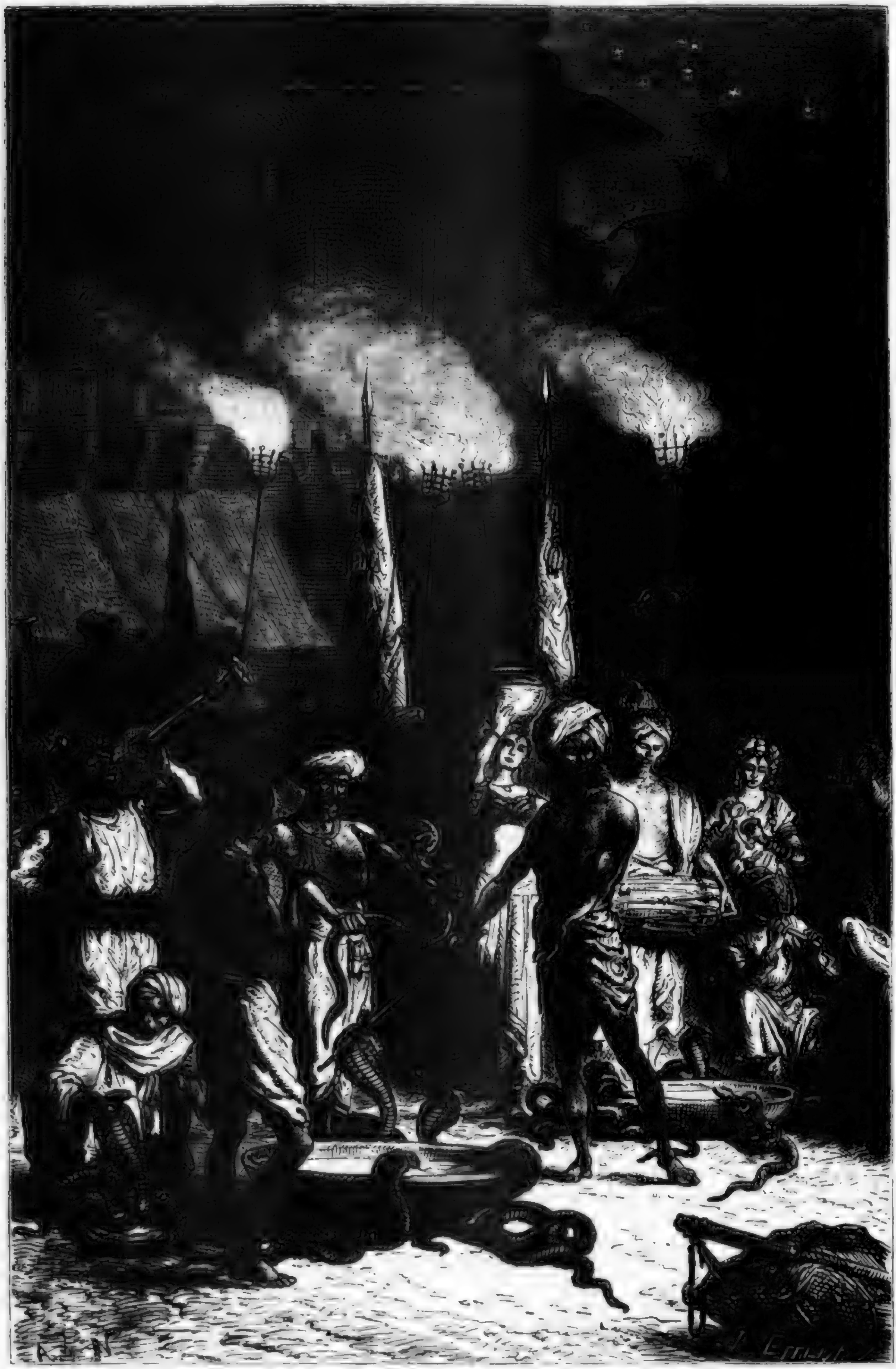
A SOCIETY may perhaps be most easily studied if we begin with its marriage laws. "Hymen peoples every town" and every tribe. In Australia, as elsewhere, a tie of more or less permanence and acknowledged validity binds men to their partners. Marriage, again, is surrounded, as among civilized people, by laws of "forbidden degrees," which are very curious, very little understood, and which in many ways resemble, while in others they seem to differ from, the laws of other undeveloped peoples.

Wives are chiefly obtained by exchange. The dominant male of a group—father, eldest brother, or uncle—has the customary right of swapping away the young women of the group in exchange for other young women whom it is lawful for him to marry. It is clear that old men with families have the best chance of getting more wives, while young men with no sisters are likely to remain bachelors. If this system worked itself out, each tribe would consist of a few overgrown harems and a set of wild bachelors. As it happens, young men and women revolt against the old, and voluntary elopements or marriages by capture are common. The course of true love runs anything but smooth. The lover is exposed to the "ordeal of spears," which are hurled at him by the relations of the lady. The runaway bride is beaten, perhaps her feet are speared, to prevent her from running away again. If a young couple are courageous and true to each other, however, the sympathy of the group usually comes round to them, and they enter upon peaceful married life. It has been said that the old men sometimes give wives to the young, who thus "take stock," as the ancient Irish said, and become, in a way, the vassals of the old fellows.

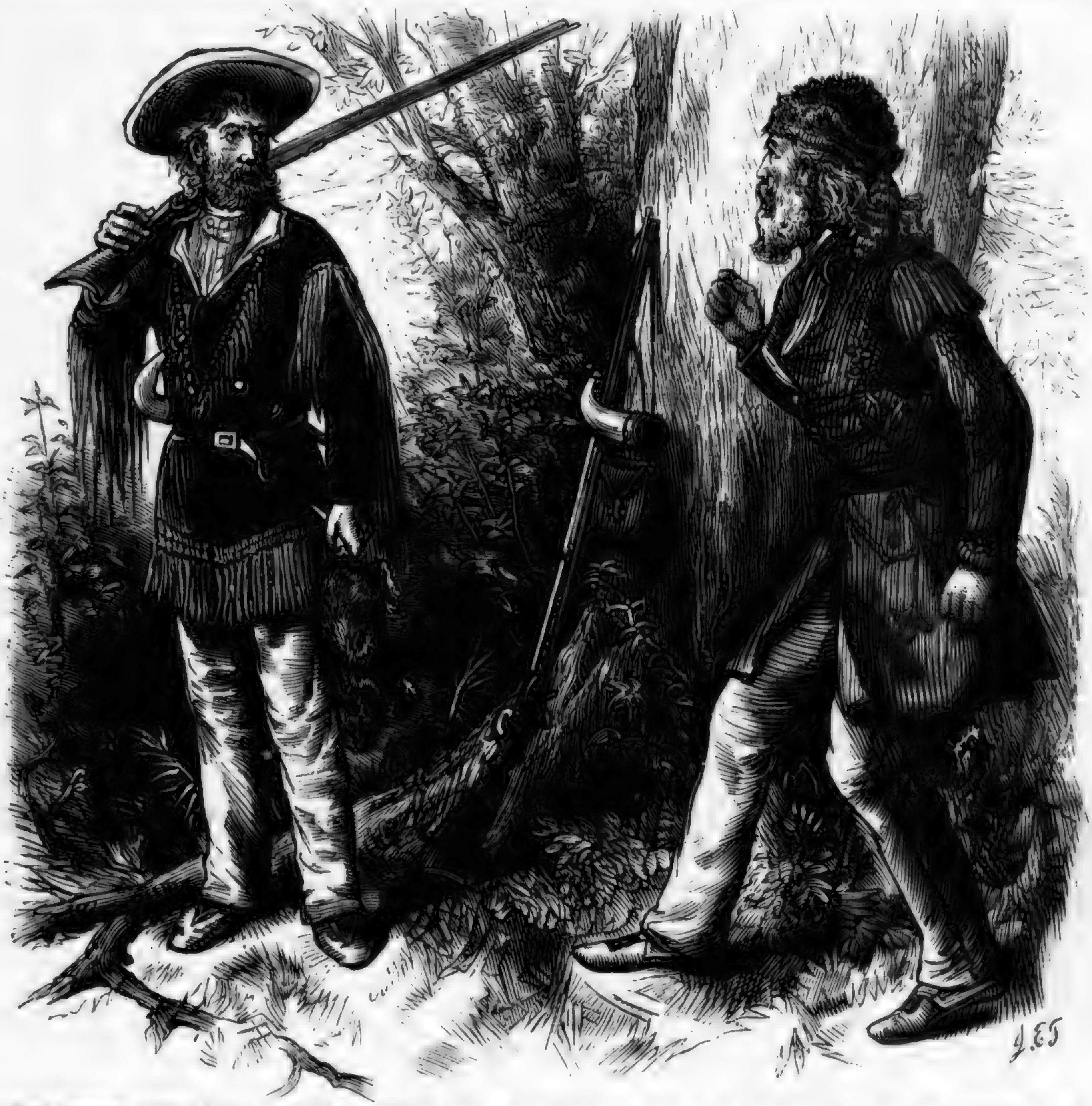
With what girls may an ardent young black fellow run away? His choice is limited by rules which, to a certain extent, resemble those of the North American Indians, Chinese, Hindoos, Arabs, and (probably) ancient Romans. He may not marry a girl of his own surname, one who owes respect to the *kobong*—plant, beast, or what not—which is the badge and protector of his own blood. Beyond this all is confusion. The natives are divided like the red Indians, Ashantees, and savages generally, into *totem* families—that is, into sets which bear the name of, and pay regard to, a certain animal, plant, or other object. These *totem* families are in some districts Iguana, Emu, Kangaroo, Bandicoot, Opossum, Black Snake. As far as we can make out, no Emu man can marry an Emu girl, no Bandicoot a Bandicoot girl—just as Uncas, a Delaware of the Tortoise *totem*, could not have married a Tortoise girl; just as Arabs, Chinese, Hindoos, may not marry within the family name.

Across this ordinary exogamous arrangement, however, goes a peculiar system of classes. Every man, whatever his *totem* or badge and surname, is either a Hippai, Murri, Kubbi, or Kumbo; while every woman, whatever her badge and surname, is a Hippata, Mata, Kapota, or Buta. The children take the badge and surname from their mother, as among the red Indians; but their class name, or Christian name, so to speak, is determined by regular rules.

Here, among great diversity of evidence, two facts alone are clear. The Australians are exogamous, and, though their marriage system is polygamous, and the father is recognized, descent goes by the mother's side, as among the Pictish Kings of Scotland. What the origin may have been of rules so elaborate and so difficult that white observers are inconsistent in their description of them, it is too early to conjecture.



FESTIVALS IN INDIA.—THE FEAST OF SERPENTS, BOMBAY.—SEE PAGE 432.



"HIS NEIGHBOR STARTS BACK AS THOUGH HORRIFIED; HE TAKES UP HIS GUN, PICKS UP HIS SQUIRREL, ALL THE TIME SHUFFLING BACK AS IF HE WOULD LIKE TO ESCAPE FROM THIS NEWS, HOMEWARD. THE OTHER EYES HIM ALL THE TIME."

TWO BABES IN THE WOOD.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

Chapter I.—In the Maple.

Half a century ago what a wilderness it was! Only here and there, at long intervals, a little cabin down in the deep, dense woods of the Massassinena;—these cabins scattered, as if the hand of some mighty sower had reached out over the wilderness and had sown and strewn them, there to take root and grow to some great harvest of civilization.

A narrow Indian trail wound along the bank of the river, almost entirely hidden by overhanging woods—a trail that turned and twisted at every little obstacle—here it was the prostrate form of some patriarch tree; here it was the towering trunk of a mossy monarch that still reared its crest erect; or here it curved and cork-screwed in and out through mighty forest-kings that stood like comrades reaching their arms mailed in storms—or wept in silent pity, at night, their dewy tear-drops over their prostrate and fallen fellows.

Where did this little Indian trail lead to? Where did it begin? How many a love-tale had been told in the shadow of those mighty trees that reached their long, strong arms out over the heads of all passers-by in a sort of priestly benediction?

Ah! the leaves had fallen on it now. It pointed to the west, this trail. The Indian had passed away with his sphinx-like face fixed toward the sunset, and had not come back; and so the leaves lay thick in the trail, and it was only dimly visible.

Stealthily down the trail comes a brown and tawny man. A flint-lock gun is on his shoulder; a leather coat reaches almost to his knees; a coon-skin cap, with the tail tangled

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in his long hair that hangs around his shoulders, covers him. He wears beaded moccasins on his feet. He is the outpost and advancing picket of civilization; and his appearance is the reverse of complimentary to his following.

A hairy and half-wild man, yet a man every inch of him—a man of solid, hard sense; not a fool by any manner of means, whatever romance, or, what is still less reliable, history, or his biographers, may have painted him.

It is Autumn time—Indian Summer on the Massassinena! the only season in the world, it seems to me. Leaves all over the ground; on the logs; leaves overhead and leaves underfoot—leaves everywhere and in every color of the rainbow. And such a stillness! Only the woodpecker now and then, pecking a hole for his little hoard of acorns; only a far-off pheasant thrumming with his wings on a hollow log some monotonous melody for his mate.

Gar Dosson, as is the habit of all backwoodsmen, creeps stealthily along the trail. He has a gun on his shoulder, a gray squirrel in his hand, and, as if by force of habit, his eyes are now on the ground in the trail before him, as if fearful of an enemy—and now in the branches above, as if seeking there for another squirrel. But his mind is evidently elsewhere—perhaps with his wife and babes.

Don't imagine that these men of the wild West are always boisterous. Civilization likes a good howl sometimes; but it is too respectable to do it on its own account, or have any of its own set perform after that fashion, and so it gets the West to do it—on the stage, as if employing howling dervishes for a dance. No; when the birds, when the beasts, when the elements are still, this man of the West, who lives with the birds and beasts and elements, is also still. There is no man so subject to the influences of nature and the elements as this man who lives face to face with nature, and comes to be himself a part of the elements about him.

Gar Dosson's name, I believe, was Garrison Dawson; but people called him Gar Dosson, and when the traveling schoolmaster, who taught a man to write his name for fifty cents or a coon-skin, then came by, this man learned to write and spell his name Gar Dosson; and since he had not learned to write or spell it in any other way, he founded a family under that name. And to-day, any man who can claim any connection with him is counted most respectable, and as belonging to one of the very best families. And any young man who can marry a granddaughter of Gar Dosson, considers his future as good as made.

Is Gar Dosson lazy, or is he only weary? Is he listening to the far-off pheasant, or is he trying to solve some serious problem of life, that he creeps along so slowly and looks so lazily about him, and to the trees above him?

Another man, still more rudely clad, comes meeting him down the trail. This man is looking downward and along the ground, as if for tracks or holes, or the hiding-places of creatures that burrow. He holds in his hand a woodchuck, or ground-hog, as it is called in the Massassinena. Does the difference in the game they have taken this morning mark the difference in the character of the men?

"Hello, Gar!" The man had seen his feet first, and so looks at him by inches as he raises his eyes slowly from his moccasins. He does this stealthily and cautiously, as if he did not know him till he saw his coonskin cap.

"Hello, Phin!" The other man sees his neighbor first on the head, but drops his eyes slowly down before he speaks, as if he does not know him till he sees his enormous feet.

"Any news, Gar?" As he says this he holds up his woodchuck, looks at it contemptuously, with his head sidewise, and then throws it down by the side of a mossy log, and draws a long breath, as if he, too, were either lazy or tired.

"No, Phin, no news; got only that, by gum!" and he, too, held up his game for a moment, and then threw it carelessly down by the mossy log.

Phin Emens slowly stands his gun by a tree, takes off his pouch and powder-flask and hangs it on the muzzle, then slowly turning to Gar Dosson says, as he spits out a quid of tobacco:

"Well, I have; yes, I have—I've got news, Gar Dosson, for both of us."

Gar now stands his gun also by the tree, and places the pouch and powder-flask on its muzzle as the other had done. He silently takes the plug in both hands, and putting an end of it in his teeth, wrestles with it till he has bitten off a piece. Then, as his neighbor slowly turns to him, he hands him the plug, after brushing it off on his coat-sleeve, and says:

"News for both of us?"

Phin Emens now wrestles with the plug as his neighbor had done; he bites off an enormous piece, and after winding it and working it about in his mouth, slowly passes back the plug, after brushing off the bitten part on his sleeve.

"Yes, I have, bet your sweet life."

"Injuns?" asks Gar, reaching for his gun.

Phin Emens feels the importance of his information too much to be in haste about imparting it; and so he deliberately twists his quid about in his mouth, and spirts a stream of amber far out over the yellow leaves toward the river, before he deigns to answer. Then he says, shortly:

"No, no; it's about old Dr. Pierre Calvin, the land man—the man they said was dead."

"He is dead—dead as a door-nail. Been dead twenty years."

"Dead be derned! Long Jake seed him t'other day. He is prowling about, looking after his land. Head's as gray as a badger; got a beaver hat. Came back to take possession of his land after being dead twenty years. Richest man in the Massassinena—store-clothes on! Don't let me get a bead on him, that's all. No, Gar, I am afraid he ain't dead."

"By Nicodemus! Old Dr. Calvin alive and come back! By the bald-headed Cæsar!" Gar Dosson had said this slowly and deliberately, and not without first lifting his coon-skin cap and scratching with his long fingers a considerable time in his lengthy, stringy hair. "Bad news, bad news, bad news, Phin."

Here Phin Emens slowly takes out his jackknife, slowly opens it, and begins slowly to whittle on a stick which he has split from the trunk on which he sits. Then he stops whittling a second, and, looking straight ahead, says, as if to himself:

"And if he is alive, and if he is come back, and if I can get a bead on him!"

Gar Dosson again scratches his head, and then, looking slowly at his neighbor and seeing what he is about, also draws out his jackknife, opens it, and also begins to whittle—to whittle and to chew, and to chew and to whittle. Then he stops suddenly, looks aside, and says, as if to himself:

"The old French traveler and trader that I found when I came here a boy. There was talk of his having married an Indian woman back on the Miama, and the story went that, having grown rich, he left her and left the country for ever. I thought he had abandoned or forgotten this land, that was nothing then, but has now grown so valuable. He bought it for a song, the old speculator! Bah! I might have known that he or his heirs would turn up when it became of account. What a fool I have been! And is the Indian woman dead, and her child? They, too, left the Miama. Perhaps they followed the tribe to the Indian Territory. I have been a fool, a fool! waiting here for a rise in land, and now it is not mine."

Here he stops again—stops his jaws, stops his jackknife—and, turning suddenly, says to his neighbor, over his shoulder:

"What in the name of Nicodemus has he come back for, anyway? To get his land, the old pirate! It wasn't worth five cents an acre when he left it; now it's worth ten dollars, and we've got to git." They both whittle.

"He ought ter have died. I tell you, Phin Emens"—with knife lifted—"I tell you, Phin, it's not right in him to live, and come back. He ought ter have died. I've got a wife and babies—a wife and four little uns—down there in that bottom, a-shakin' with the ager, on that ere land, and me and my wife have been a-shakin' with the ager on that ere land for nigh about ten years, hoping to make a home there. Why, I've let daylight down on to the earth for fifty full acres in this ere land. I've got a little farm there, Phin, and now I've got to git up and git."

The other shuts up his jackknife, rams it down in his pocket, throws his pouch and powder-flask over his shoulder, jerks up his gun, and striding before his neighbor, says, in a sharp, fierce whisper, after glancing about the woods:

"Look here, Gar Dosson, he has neither kith nor kin—nothing, nobody! You're right; he ought ter have died. He ought ter never come back, by gosh he oughtn't! But maybe Long Jake's mistaken; let us hope he is mistaken. But Jake says he is sneaking around awful sly, and don't want anybody to know it's him for fear of—of himself; but he can be made to go again, and this time he can be made to stay! No, don't start, Gar Dosson. I hain't cleared as many acres as you have; Phin Emens don't take to work like you do, Gar Dosson. I hain't got no young 'uns, neither; I hain't got no wife, but I will have—I will have, if I keep my land, and Carrie Brown don't run away with that Injun. And I'm not going to lose my cabin and my punkin-patch, I ain't! Now do you kumtux? Do you *sabé?* Do you know turkey, Gar Dosson?"

His neighbor starts back as though horrified; he slowly shuts up his knife, and slowly puts it in his pocket; takes up his gun, picks up his squirrel, all the time shuffling back, as if he would like to escape from this news.

The other eyes him all the time.

"You do understand? Now, don't you blow! Don't you dare to blow!"

"No blood, Phin—no blood; shed no blood, I beg, for my wife's sake, for your sake, for the old man's sake. Remember, he's an old man, Phin."

"Fool! Old men must die as well as young men, mustn't they? If he dies, ain't the land all yours and mine and old drunken Brown's, and that other feller's, the Injun's?"

"Phin, Phin! Shed no blood—shed no man's blood!"

"Shed blood! Who said I meant to shed blood? Ah, I'm too smart for that; I don't intend to shed blood. Listen! I've got my mind made up; I had it made up when I met you coming down this ere trail. Now, you see, Gar, we are old neighbors, always been friends, Gar—always been friends. I always come to your sugar-bilin', you always come to my sugar-bilin'; I come to your hog-killin', you come to my hog-killin'."

"Well, Phin?"

"Well, Gar, since we've always been neighbors, let's not fall out now. Why, man, we won't do nothing; we'll only coax him to go, and I'll get that other fellow to see that he don't come back—that pert Injun fellow that reads books. I hate him, anyhow."

"Why, what feller are you speaking of, Phin?"

"Why, that 'ere feller down there back of your field; he lives there with his old mother, hidden away in the woods, like a monk; he's too respectable, anyhow; he reads books—I hate him. And do you know he's part Injun? He is; his mother is quarter Injun, and he—he never had a father, and he calls his name John Logan."

"John Logan! But he—he is the steadiest, the best-behaved man in the settlement. Why, he is religious!"

"Well, what of that? Don't care if he is—he's got Injun blood in him, and he will kill!" muttered Phin aside, between his teeth. "I don't know whether he is the best-behaved man among us or not, and I don't care; but I do know this, Gar Dosson—he's part Injun, and hates white men; and the man had no father as he knows of, and so don't care for the world that don't care for him. And I'm a-going to go down and set that Injun up—I'm a-going to put a flea in John Logan's ear."

"Phin Emens—my neighbor, you will do nothing of the kind with John Logan," and he comes up and lays his hand on the broad shoulder. "He is a good man—a good man! A better man than I, this Injun."

Here Phin Emens turns, stoops, and takes up his woodchuck. Gar Dosson slowly swings his squirrel.

"This fellow that don't know his father? Bah!"

"You will not put him up to mischief?"

"I will tell him the truth; I will tell him that this old French speculator that made his fortune off the Injuns has at last come back; that he is not dead, as we thought; that we settled on his land, and so we must all leave our homes if he lives—but that if he should die or should go away and not come back, why, we could keep this land. That's all. If he's not a fool as well as an Injun and a ——" and here he tosses his nose and his fingers in the air—"why he will know what to do."

"You will not do this—you dare not?"

"I do dare, and I will, for I must marry Carrie Brown, and I must have my land to marry on. Yes, Gar Dosson, I tell you that Injun has got to do the job."

"What! murder a gray-haired old man, to marry a wild, tom-boy girl like that?"

"Ay—a wild, tom-boy gal she is; but I want her. She suits me, and I intend to have her. And then that Injun is in my way. I set him after the old man, that's all—that gets him out of the way and makes me safe. Old Brown safe, you're safe, all safe, and—— Shoo! what's that? Mum's the word, whatever happens!" and here the man, with his finger to his lips, and looking back over his shoulder at Gar Dosson, steals tip-toe to one side, and leaning forward, looks sharply down under the woods in the direction from whence comes the faint, far cry of a childish voice that had startled him. Then he bounds back.

"It's Carrots! Yes, it is. It's Carrie Brown and Stumps."

"What, Carrots! with her hair all tumbled and tossed about, and her clothes torn from climbing trees and scrambling through the briers," laughs Gar Dosson.

"Yes, it is—Carrots and Stumps, too. Hide back; they are running this way. Light out—light out, Gar Dosson. Don't let 'em see us together, and don't forget about old Calvin—he's got to go, and that Injun's got to do the job. Here; this way! That girl must not see us talking together. She's got to be my wife, and I don't want to let her know I could think of such a thing as stopping old Calvin's wind. She's too good—too simple-hearted. Come," and Phin Emens, holding his gun and

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ground-hog in the one hand, clutches his neighbor tight around the arm with the other, and, looking back over his shoulder as Carrots and Stumps run breathlessly up the trail, disappears in the deep woods that environ him.

CHAPTER II.

THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

THEY come like the whirlwind rustling the leaves. The girl may be sixteen—she may be twenty. Age at such an age is a matter of either blood or climate. She has a shock of unkempt, carroty hair; she wears a torn and tumbled dress of many patterns, and of as many colors as Jacob's coat. She has one of her father's toeless boots on one foot, on the other she wears a shoe so big that it might have held both her feet. Down over this shoe rolls a large, red woolen stocking—her own handiwork—leaving her shapely little ankle, bleeding from brier-scratches, to shift for itself. In her hand she swings a large, coarse straw hat by its broad, red ribbons. Her every limb is full of force and fire, her voice is firm, loud, and resolute, but not rapid. Hers is a noble nature, a splendid energy, needing but proper direction to fashion it.

Her brother, of a dozen years, more or less, who puffs and pants at her side, is named Johnny; but the wild West, which has a habit of naming things because of resemblances, has dubbed him "Stumps," since he is short and fat. He is half-clad in a pair of tattered butternut pants, a great straw hat, and a full, stuffy, check shirt—his father's no doubt—which is held in subjection by a pair of hand-made woolen suspenders—the work of his sister Carrie. Their poor old drunken father sometimes in his sober moments pats the children on the head, and calls them his "Babes in the Woods."

Both are out of breath—both are looking back wildly; but Stumps huddles up close under his sister's arm, as if he fears he might be followed, and looks to her for protection. Her clothes are scant and torn, and her great shock of unkempt hair, both in color and keeping, fully justifies the nickname of "Carrots," which the boys have given her.

She draws him close to her, and then looking back, and then down into his upturned face, says, breathlessly:

"Stumps! Oh, Stumps—did you get 'em, Stumps?"

The boy shrinks closer to his sister, and again looking back, and then seeing for a certainty that he is not followed, he grows bolder, and says:

"Git 'em, Carrots? I got 'em, by the holy poker! Look there! And that 'un is your'n, Carrots—an' you can have both of 'em if you want 'em, for I don't feel hungry now, Carrots," and here he hitches up his pants, and wipes his nose on his sleeve.

"Why, Stumps, don't you feel hungry now?" then suddenly beholding two upheld ruddy peaches, she catches her breath, and says: "Oh, oh!" and she starts back and throws up her hands. "Oh! the pretty, pretty peaches! Why, they are as pretty as baby Mabel's face the day before she died!"

Then Stumps hitches up his pants, scratches his right shin with his left foot, limps about on one leg, again wipes his nose on his sleeve, and, offering the peaches to his sister, says:

"Here, take t'other one, Carrie—I ain't hungry now."

"No; I don't want but one, Stumps—one's enough"—now walking around and looking down. "Why, how you tore your pants—and your shin's a-bleeding, too. Why, poor Stumps!"

Stumps, looking back, cries:

"Shoo! Thar war a dog—yes, thar war a dog! And what do you think? Shoo! I thought I heard somethin' a-coming. Carrots, old Mrs. Logan, the Injun woman, seed me."

"Why, Stumps! No?"

"Yes, she did. When I clim' the fence, and slid down that sapling in the yard, there she laid on the porch on her shuc'-bed a-shaking with the ager. And, Carrots, she was a-looking right straight at me—yes, she was; so help me, she was."

"Why, Stumps; and what did she do? Didn't she holler, and say, 'Sick 'em, Bose?'"

"Carrots, she didn't; and that's what's the matter—and that's why I don't want to eat any peaches, Carrots. Carrots, I wish she had a-sicked Bose—I do, I do, so help me!"—blubbering all this time, and as he lingers about he wipes not only his nose but his eyes on his sleeve.

"Let's not eat 'em—let's take 'em back, Carrie. Sister Carrie, let's take 'em back."

Carrie, thoughtfully and tenderly, gazes in his face:

"Let's take 'em to our poor, sick mother, Johnny. There ain't nothin' she can eat, you know; an' there she's been a-lyin' and a-shakin' since melon-time. An' Johnny, I don't think we are very good to mother, anyhow. Father, he goes down to the grocery all the time—to get his ager medicine. An' we go a-climbin' of the trees, an' a-eating chestnuts. But now, Johnny, we'll take her these peaches. Come."

Stumps, scratching his bleeding shin with his foot, exclaims:

"I've barked my shin, an' I've tored my pants, an' I don't care! But I won't take mother a peach that I've stoled. Why, what would she think, Carrots? She'd cry her eyes out, she would. She'd die dead, she would, if she thought I'd stoled them peaches from the poor old, sick Injun woman; yes, she would, Carrots. No, I won't eat 'em myself, an' I won't take 'em to mother, so help me, I won't!"

"Johnny, I'll tell her we found 'em"—as Stumps looks doubtingly at her, she says—"tell her we found 'em in a chestnut-tree, Stumps. Yes, tell her we found 'em away up in the top of a chestnut-tree."

"That won't wash. Do you think our mother's a possum? She's no fool; my mother's no fool, she ain't, you bet your life; and I don't want to tell no lie, nor do nothin' bad no more, and I want to go home, I do!"

"Well, Stumps, Johnny—brother Johnny, what will we do with them? We can't stand here all day. I want to go home too; I want to see mother. Oh, this hateful, hateful peach! I want to go to mother right off!" and the girl, hiding her face in her hands, began to weep.

"Oh, sister—Carrie, sister, don't, don't; sister, don't, don't. Damn it, sister, be a man!"

"Then let's eat 'em."

"I don't like peaches."

"I don't like peaches either!" cries Carrie, throwing back her hair, wiping her eyes, and trying to be bright and cheerful. "I never could eat peaches. I like chestnuts and cowcumbers and tomatuses and—chestnuts. Oh, I'm very fond of chestnuts. I like chestnuts roasted, and tomatuses, an' I like chestnuts raw, an'—tomatuses. Don't you like chestnuts and tomatuses, Johnny, and cowcumbers?"

"I don't like nothin' any more."

"Then, Johnny, take 'em back."

"I—I—I take 'em back by myself? I take 'em back, an' hear old Bose growl, and look into her holler eyes?" Here the boy shudders, and looking around timidly, he creeps closer to his sister and says, as he again gazes back in the direction of the Indian woman's cabin, "I'd be afraid she might be dead, Carrots, an' there'd be nobody to hold the dog. Oh, I see her holler eyes looking at me all the time. If she'd only let the dog come. Confound her! if she'd only let the dog come!"

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny—brother Johnny, come, let's go home! I'm afraid; it's getting dark! Shoo! there's somebody coming. It's John Logan coming home from his work."

As the girl speaks, John Logan, the sick woman's son, a strong, handsome man, only a little brown, as if browned by the sun, with an ax on his shoulder, and in his shirt-sleeves, comes whistling along the trail. Seeing the children, he stops and says:

"Why, good-evening, children, good-evening; what are you running away for? Come, come now, don't be so shy, my little neighbors, and don't give the trail all to me because I happen to be a man, and the strongest. Come, Johnny—and, by-the-way, I've a story to tell you when I get time, you are so fond of stories. Come, give me your hand. There, an honest, chubby little fist it is. Why, what have you got in your other hand? Been gathering chestnuts, hey? You little squirrel! Give me a chestnut, won't you?"

Carrie approaches, dives her hand into her ragged pocket and reaches the handsome, brown man, chestnuts.

"There, if you'll have chestnuts, sir, I'll bring you chestnuts—I'll bring you lots of chestnuts, I will; I'll bring you a bushel of chestnuts an'—some tomatuses."

"Oh, thank you; you are too kind, Miss Carrie. But now, youngsters, I must hasten home to mother. Come, shake hands again, and say good-by." The girl gives her left hand. "No, your right hand; don't forget your manners."

Carrie is bothered, and slips the peach in her left hand behind, and, with a lifted face, full of glow and enthusiasm, says:

"I'll bring you a whole bagful of chestnuts, sir, I will;" and she reaches him her hand eagerly.

"Why, what have you had in your hand?" asked John Logan. "Have you found a ripe pawpaw, or has some one been giving you and Johnny maple-sugar? And, by-the-way"—turning to Stumps—"that reminds me, Johnny, mother has some candied maple-sugar of last year's stirring off, and only last night she told me if I saw Johnny Brown to tell him to come in and see her, and she would give him a lump of maple-sugar as big as his little, brown fist; and so you will go and see mother, won't you? She is very lonesome."

Stumps, shrinking back, gasps:

"I—I don't want to see your mother. I—I'm afraid of the dog."

"Oh, but the sugar—you will come and get the big lump of sugar; and then, you know, she has no children, nobody but me, her big baby, as she calls me, and I have to be up and off at daylight, with my ax, to work, and never back till night; and so the real nice thing for you to do, Johnny, is to go and see her, and cheer her up a bit."

Carrie stands with her hat and hands behind her, and rocking herself in a nervous fashion says, patronizingly:

"An' to get the sugar, Johnny."

"I—I don't want the sugar," mutters Stumps; "but, Carrie, I'll go. I'll go an' see her, I will; I'll go an' see her if it kills me, so help me!"

"That's right, that's right—she'll be real glad to see you, and will be as kind to you as your own poor mother; and Carrie—why, Carrie, how you are growing! You will be a lady before you know it. You are a young lady now, if you only knew it, my pretty little maiden. Let me look in your lifted face." She comes up timidly, and lifts her face to his. "You are the picture of health and hope and happiness. For all your rags and carelessness, Carrie, there is a deep, clear current of life in you that must not be misled. And I want you, my little maiden, to come also, and sit with my poor mother while I am away at work."

"I don't want to come; I'm afraid of the dog, too," says Carrie.

"Oh, Carrie, Carrie! such a little coward! Why, Bose lies there with his nose on his two big paws, flat on his breast all day, and he wouldn't hurt a mouse. He's the only company my mother has, and he never leaves her. And if he ever lifts his head and growls at anybody, why up goes my mother's finger, so, and down goes Bose's nose, so. Oh, no, he wouldn't hurt you, Carrie."

Carrie, rocking her feet, holding her head down, as in deep thought, and lifting up the corner of her apron, exclaims:

"But father don't want me to come; he says I mustn't, Mr. John Logan."

"And why does he say that?" asks John Logan.

"I don't know—only my father says I mustn't, because you haven't got any father."

John Logan almost falls as he totters back, and lifts his face and says to himself, "Heaven forgive him! Even the children have learned to shun and despise me. I—I—no, no, I must not!" and, with almost superhuman effort, he is calm again.

Carrie, looking back at him, half frightened, is about to pass.

"I want to go home, Mr. John Logan," she says.

John Logan, choking down a great sigh, gasps:

"All right. And now be sure you at least let Johnny come to-morrow, if your mother hasn't her shake. I declare, nearly everybody's down with the shakes this Fall. But, never mind, it'll be cold soon, and then they will all be up again," and he shoulders his ax.

Carrie, thoughtfully leaning against the tree, and swinging her booted foot, half-whispers:

"My poor mother, I am so afraid will not be up again soon, Mr. John Logan!"

John Logan, talks back over his shoulder:

"Oh, yes, she will, I'm sure, Carrie. And, Carrie, I have a nice little surprise for your mother, and if you won't tell her, I'll let you into the secret. You won't tell?"

He turns as he says this, and comes back to her, and, resting his ax on the ground, with his two hands remaining on the top of the handle, leans toward her and looks into her innocent, uplifted face, with a longing, and a love, and a lonely yearning, that is tender and pitiful.

The girl's eyes brighten, and she seems to grow tall and beautiful under his earnest gaze in the gloaming.

"I won't tell, sir. Oh, please to trust me, sir—I won't tell, Mr. John Logan!"

The boy eagerly comes forward also.

"I won't tell, neither—I won't tell, neither; so help me!"

"Well, then, come close to me. Johnny, come close up here, and look in my face—there! Why, I declare the pleasure I now have, telling you this, and thinking of telling your mother, and thinking how happy I shall be to-morrow in making her happy by this little act—why, I tell you, it is more than gold! And, God knows, I need money sadly enough."

"You're awful poor, ain't you?" asked Stumps, hitching up his pants.

"Been a-workin' out in the field all day, ain't you?" asks Carrie.

"Ah, yes, Carrie. Look at my hands—hard and rough as the bark of a tree; but I don't mind that, Carrie. I was born here, like yourself; I was born poor—I shall live poor, and die poor. I have never seen a city"—he turns aside, and, lifting his hand to his face, he says to himself: "They would mock at me there, and ask me who was my father!" Then, after an effort, he remembers and recovers himself, and turns once more to the children, as if no terrible thought had torn his rugged breast, and says: "I shall never see the ocean. The purple rim of the sky that seems to shut in around me, typifies my narrow life, and marks the limit of my journeys to and from my toil. But I don't mind it, Carrie. I have my mother to love and look after, and while she lives, I am content."

The girl looks at the woods, looks at the man, and then once more at the woods; and at last, in her helplessness to solve the problem, falls to eating chestnuts, as usual, while the man continues, as if talking to himself:

"Carrie, did you ever notice how careful Nature is in her coloring of the forest? No two trees change color at the same time. Here is one that is red; there is one that is yellow, and here is one that is still quite green. And men will tell me that this is all accident—the wise, learned men that come from the East, that are giving up the Christian religion, and having no religion at all in its stead."

The girl, still more and more and more bewildered, fairly fills her mouth with chestnuts as she now stops to look at him. She only looks a little, and takes another chestnut. Then the man says, solemnly, and quite to himself:

"This is the peace of Paradise, and see, Carrie, the burning bush! Now I can well understand that Moses saw the face of God in the bush of fire."

"Oh," she says to herself, "if he only would be cross! If he only would say something rough to us! If he would only cuss!"

She is all on tiptoe, and resolves to say or do something to break the spell that settles over them all. She dashes forward and says:

"Are you going to give mother something to-morrow, if we will come, Stumps and me? I mean Johnny and me?"

"Yes, yes; to-morrow evening, after my work is done. And now I am going to tell you and Johnny what it is. It ain't much, it's the least little thing in the world; but I don't deserve any credit for even that—it's my poor, dear old mother's idea. She has laid there, day after day, on the porch, and she has been thinking, not all the time of her own sickness and sorrow, dear old soul! but of others as well; and she has thought much of your poor mother, Carrie."

The boy stands far aside, and at mention of his mother he jerks himself into a knot, his head drops down between his shoulders, his mouth puckers up, and he only says, as to himself, as his eyes turn sidewise toward John Logan:

"Oh, hoka!"

"Thought of my mother?" says Carrie.

"Of your mother, Carrie; and listen, I must tell you a little story. When I was a very young man, at camp meeting, where I got religion, I bought a little peach-tree and planted it in the corner of the yard, as people do sometimes plant trees to remember things. Well, my mother she had the ague that day powerful, for it was after melon-time, and she sat on the porch and shook and shook and shook, and watched me plant it; and when I got done, my mother she cried. I don't know why she cried, Carrie, but she did. She cried and she cried, and when I went up to her, and put my arms around her neck and kissed her, she only cried the more, for she was sort of hysteric-like, you know, and she said she knew she'd never live to eat any fruit off of that tree."

Carrie stops eating chestnuts a moment.

"But she will—she will get well, Mr. John Logan, she will get well, won't she?"

"Ah, indeed, I believe she will get well; but whether she ever gets right well or not, she certainly will live to eat peaches from that tree. Carrie, my mother has laid there and thought of your mother, back in the woods there, you know, where she never sees anybody but you and your father, and has not even a dog for company. Well, we've talked it all over, and what do you think, Johnny? Why, now listen; I will tell you the prettiest little surprise for your poor, sick mother to-morrow. This tree that I planted, and that my poor, sick mother was afraid she would not live to eat the fruit from—this tree was a peach-tree."

"And its peaches?" and Carrie again takes out a handful of chestnuts from her pocket, as if she would eat them. She looks at them a second, throws them away, and hastens to one side.

"I want to go home!" cries Stumps. "I don't like peaches, Mr. John Logan. I don't—I don't, so help me!" and the boy jerks at his pants wildly.

John Logan turns to him, kindly. "Why, you never had a peach in your little hand in your life," then turning Carrie: "Yes, Carrie, there has grown this year, high up in the sun on that tree, side by side, two—and only two—red, ripe peaches. Why, children, don't run away! Wait one moment, and I will go a little way with you, for it is getting dark." He shoulders his ax, and starts to walk away with them. "As I was about to say, these two peaches are at last ripe. I own I was the least bit afraid, even after I saw them there on that bough, one Summer morning, that even then my mother might die before they became fully ripe. But now they are ripe, and this evening I shall pull them. And to-morrow, after my day's work is done, my sick mother shall eat one, and your sick mother shall eat the other, Carrie!"

Carrie puts up her hand, and backs away.

"Don't—don't—don't call me Carrie; call me Carrots—Carrots—Carrots—like the others do!"

John Logan follows her.

"Why, Carrie! what in the world is the matter with you?"

Carrie turns to him and lifts her face.

"If a body steals, Mr. John Logan—if a body steals, what had a body better do?'

"Why, the Bible says, a body should confess—confess it, feel sorry, and be forgiven."

"I can't—I can't confess, and I can't be forgiven!"

John Logan starts and shrinks back.

"You—you, Carrie; is it you?" He lets his ax fall, and for a moment starts from her; then he turns to her, with all the Faith, Hope, and Charity of his great nature, and is at her side. "Then you have already confessed, and He will forgive you!" and he clasps his hands, and looks toward heaven.

"But such stealing! Such stealing as this nobody—nothing can forgive"—falling on her knees. "I—I made my little brother steal your peaches!"

"You—you made him steal my two peaches, that I wanted for *your* sick mother and *my* sick mother? You—*you*, Carrie?"

Stumps rushes forward.

"No—no! I done it myself! I done it all myself—I did; so help me!"

"But I made him do it!" cries Carrie. "I am the biggest, and I knew better—I knew better. But we couldn't eat them. Here they are—oh, I am so glad we couldn't eat them!" and they fall on their knees at his feet together; four little hands reach out the peaches to him eagerly, earnestly, as if in prayer to Heaven.

The strong man leans over them, takes their little hands, and, choking with tears, says, in a voice full of pathos and pity, and uncovering his head, with lifted face:

"And there was more joy in heaven over the one that was found, than over the ninety and nine that went not astray."

CHAPTER III.

CARROTS IS JEALOUS.

MOTHER NATURE has her golden wedding once a year, and all the world is invited. She has many, many gala days, too, besides, and she celebrates them with songs and dances of delight. In the full-bosomed, teeming, jocund Spring, I have seen the trees lean together and rustle their leaves in whisperings of love. I have seen them reach their long, strong arms to each other, and intertwine them as if in fond affection, as the bland, warm winds coming up from the south blew over them and warmed their hearts of oak—old trees, too, gnarled and knotted; old fellows that had bobbed their heads together through many and many a Spring; that had leaned their lofty and storm-stained tops together through many, many a Winter; that had stood, like mighty soldiers, shoulder to shoulder, in friendships knit through many changeful centuries.

The birds sing and flutter, fly in and out of the dark, deep canopies of green; build nests, and make love in myriads. Now, for it is now warm, full, abundant, blushing Spring in the Massassinena. How the squirrels run and chatter and frisk, and fly from branch to branch, with their bushy tails tossing in the warm wind! Under foot, ten thousand tall, strange flowers and weeds and long spindled grasses grow, and reach up and up, as if to try to touch the sunlight above the tops of the oak, and ash, and poplar, and walnut, and maple, and cherry, and hickory, and sycamore, and ironwood, and elm, and all these that grow in common confusion through storm and sun, all over the ground; that shut out the sun from the earth as perfectly as if all things under the deep canopy of branches dwelt for ever in cloudland.

The cabin of old Major Brown was very modest; it hid away in the wood as if it did not wish to be seen at all. And it was right, for verily it was scarcely presentable, even in the then wild and indifferent West. It was an old cabin, too, almost as old as little Carrie. But it, unlike herself, seemed to be growing tired and weary of the world. She had been growing up as it had been growing down. It had stooped and leaned under the weight of fifteen Winter snows; the moss was gathering all over the round, rough logs on the outside, and the weeds and wild ivies each year grew still more ambitious to get quite to the top of the cabin and peep down into the mysterious crater of a chimney that for ever smoked and smoked in a mournful and monotonous sort of way, as if these were watchers in truth—vestal virgins who dared not let their fires perish, on penalty of death. And there was at least one watcher there; Carrie Brown, watching at the bedside of her mother; and her mother is very, very ill.

"Drunken, reckless, cracked, crazy old Major Brown," the settlement said, "can never build a new cabin, for he can't stay sober long enough to cut down a tree;" and the settlement told the ugly truth.

"Why don't your father build a new cabin?" asked Gar Dosson one day, as he passed that way with a string of fish in his hand and a coon on his back.

"Poor dear father's got the shakes so he can't get time. It takes him all the time to shake, and it takes all his money to buy his ager medicine. Poor, dear old father!" and the girl seemed to get a cinder or something in her eye from the smoke of the low and ever-smoking chimney, and went back into the house, with her apron lifted to her face.

As the sun settles low, one warm Spring afternoon, and cast long, creeping shadows over the flowery land—shadows that lay upon and crept along the ground, as if they were weary of the day, and would like to blend with the opening night, and lie there and sleep, and sleep, for ever—the stealthy step of a man is heard approaching the old major's cabin. There is something of the tiger in the man's movements, and it is clear that his mission, whatever it is, is not a mission of pleasantness, or of peace.

The man stands out in the clearing of the land before the cabin, and peers right and left up the trail and down the trail, and then leans and listens. Then he takes a glance back over his shoulders at his companions and followers—Gar Dosson, and the other settlers, in fur and leather—and being sure that they too are on the alert, and close on his heels, he steps forward. Again the man leans and listens, but seeing no signs of life and hearing no sound, he straightens up, walks close to the cabin, and calls out:

"Hello, the house!" at the same time he looks to the priming of his gun, and then fixes his eye on the door as it slowly opens. He drops the breech of his gun hastily to the ground as the face of Carrie Brown peers forth.

"Beg pardon, Carrie, my girl! Is it only you, miss? Beg pardon—but we was lookin' for a gentleman—a oldish gentleman, with gray hair, that has been seen in these parts."

The man is terribly embarrassed as the girl looks him straight in the face, and his companions fall back into the woods until almost hidden from view.

"He is a oldish gentleman, Carrie—that has no business in these parts; and he is going to swindle me out of my land, and your father out of his land, and all of we 'uns out of our land; and——"

"Well, and why do you come here, skulking like Injuns about our cabin, Phin Emens?"

The man falls back, but recovering, he says, over his shoulder, as he turns to go:

"Yes; skulking around your cabin, like that other Injun, John Logan! Why don't the old man Brown build a new cabin, my gal?" The man wants to change the subject, and so comes back and asks this, as he leans over the fence, that warm Spring evening, and squirts a stream of amber at the old, gray cat, that lies stretched out on the puncheon door-sill, asleep in the sun. "Why don't he build a new house? Old blossom-nose Brown!"

"Why don't you mind your own business, Phin Emens? He's got the shakes—that what's the matter with my poor old father!"

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"He's drunk—that's what's the matter; but when I get you, I'll straighten him out, fast enough!"

The man jerks the coon-skin cap up on his left ear as he says this, and, tossing his head, hastens away. And it is well he does so; it is well, indeed, that the yard-fence stands between them, for the girl springs up, all on fire, and but for the fence would leap in his face.

She stands out in the clearing a moment, looking after the men; then she turns to enter the house, saying:

"Poor, dear old father! And what are they up to? It's the doctor! I'll bet a bearskin it's that curious old man, the doctor! What can it mean?"

Later in the evening John Logan, gun in hand, passes slowly and dreamily down the trail, close to old Major Brown's cabin. Stumps and Carrie are at play in the wood close at hand, and come forth at a bound.

"Booh!" cries Carrie, darting around from behind a tree.

Surely they are better acquainted now than when we saw them last together.

"Booh! Mr. John Logan," continues the girl; and she licks out her tongue, kicks out her right foot, and then falls to twisting up her hair.

"Why, Carrie, is that you? and Stumps, too? Why, I am powerful glad to see you! I—I was feeling awful lonesome like."

"Been down to Squire Fields's again, haven't you?" The girl has reached one hand out against a tree, and half leaning on it, swings her right foot to and fro, and licks out her tongue.

John Logan starts just a little, looks at her, sighs, sets the breech of his gun on the ground, and, as his eyes turn to hers, she sees he is very sad.

"Yes, yes, yes, Carrie, I—I was so lonesome at my cabin since—since mother died. All the time, Carrie, I see her as I saw her that night when I got home, sitting there on the porch, looking straight out at the gate, waiting for me; her hand on the dog's head, as if to hold him." As he says this, poor little Stumps stands up close against a tree, draws his head down, and pulls up his shoulders as he listens. "Yes, her long, long fingers resting on his head, holding him, and the faithful dog never moving, for fear he would disturb her—for she was dead!"

"Yes, yes. Oh, Mr. John Logan, don't tell me about it, don't!" and the girl's apron is again raised to her face, as she shudders.

"Poor old woman with the holler eyes!" says Stumps to himself, in a tone that is scarcely audible.

"But there, never mind." The strong, handsome fellow brushes a tear aside, and taking up his gun, again tries to be cheerful and shake off the care that encompasses him.

"And you got lonesome, and went down to see Sylvia Fields, didn't you?"

Again the girl's foot swings, and she looks askance from under her shock of carroty hair at John Logan.

"Carrie, listen to me. Ever since I can remember, my mother waited and watched for my coming at my cabin-door till last Fall. But now, only think how lonely it is to live there. I can't go away. I have no fortune, no friends, no people. What would people say to me, and of me, out in the great world? Well, I went to Sylvia Fields" —the girl starts, and almost chokes as she chews desperately at the chestnuts—"I went to see her this morning, and had a long, pleasant talk with her."

The girl's face darkens, and she turns sharply aside.

"Been to see Sylvia Fields!" and with her booted foot she kicks the bark of a tree with all her might. "Had a long talk with her!"

Then she puts out her tongue at him, whirls around, plunges her hand in her pocket, and swings her dress and says, as she pouts out her mouth:

"Oh, I feel just awful!"

John Logan approaches her.

"Why, Carrie, what's the matter?"

Carrie still swings herself, and turns her back to the man as she says, half savagely:

"I don't know what's the matter, and I don't care what's the matter; but I feel just awful, I do! I feel just like the dickens!"

"But, Carrie, you ought to be very, very happy, with all this beautiful scenery, and the sweet Spring air in your hair and on your rosy face. And then what a lady you have grown to be! Now don't look cross at me like that. You ought to be as happy as a bird."

Carrie, eating chestnuts and pulling at her hair, exclaims:

"But I ain't happy; I ain't happy a bit, I ain't!" Then, after a pause, she continues, "I don't like that Phin Emens, and I want you to go for him. Yes, I do; I want you to punch his head!"

"Why, Carrie!"

"I do!" and she turns aside and leans her head against a tree, and swings that enormous boot with all the energy of despair. "I tell you I do; I want you to set him up!"

"Why, Carrie, you don't want me to do anything of the kind."

"I tell you I do! He called my father 'old blossom-nose Brown,' and I won't stand it! If you don't make him smoke, I will! There! I just want you to go for him, and put a head on him!"

"Oh, well, Carrie, you know your father does drink dreadfully, and you know he has got a dreadful red face."

"Mr. John Logan!" cries Carrie, hotly, "my father don't drink dreadfully!" and again the enormous boot is in motion, as she continues, "He don't drink dreadfully at all! He does take something for his ager, but he don't drink!"

"Well, his face is dreadful red, any way," retorts John Logan.

Carrie, swinging her foot, and thoughtfully looking up at the trees says, after a pause:

"Do the trees drink? Do the trees and the bushes drink, John Logan? Their faces get awfully red in the Fall, too."

"Carrie, you are cross to-day."

Carrie, shrugging her shoulders, and shaking her dress as if she would shake it off her, snaps:

"I ain't cross!"

"Yes you are;" and the tawny man comes up to her and speaks in a kindly tone, "but come! many a pleasant walk and talk we have had in these woods together, and many a pleasant time we will have together still."

"We won't!"

"Ah, but we will. Come, you must not be so cross."

"What did you walk home with her for from meetin'? What did you go home with her for that Sunday? That's what I want to know, Mr. John Logan!"

"Oh, well, I suppose it was because—because she was all alone."

"And wasn't I all alone, too, Mr. John Logan?"

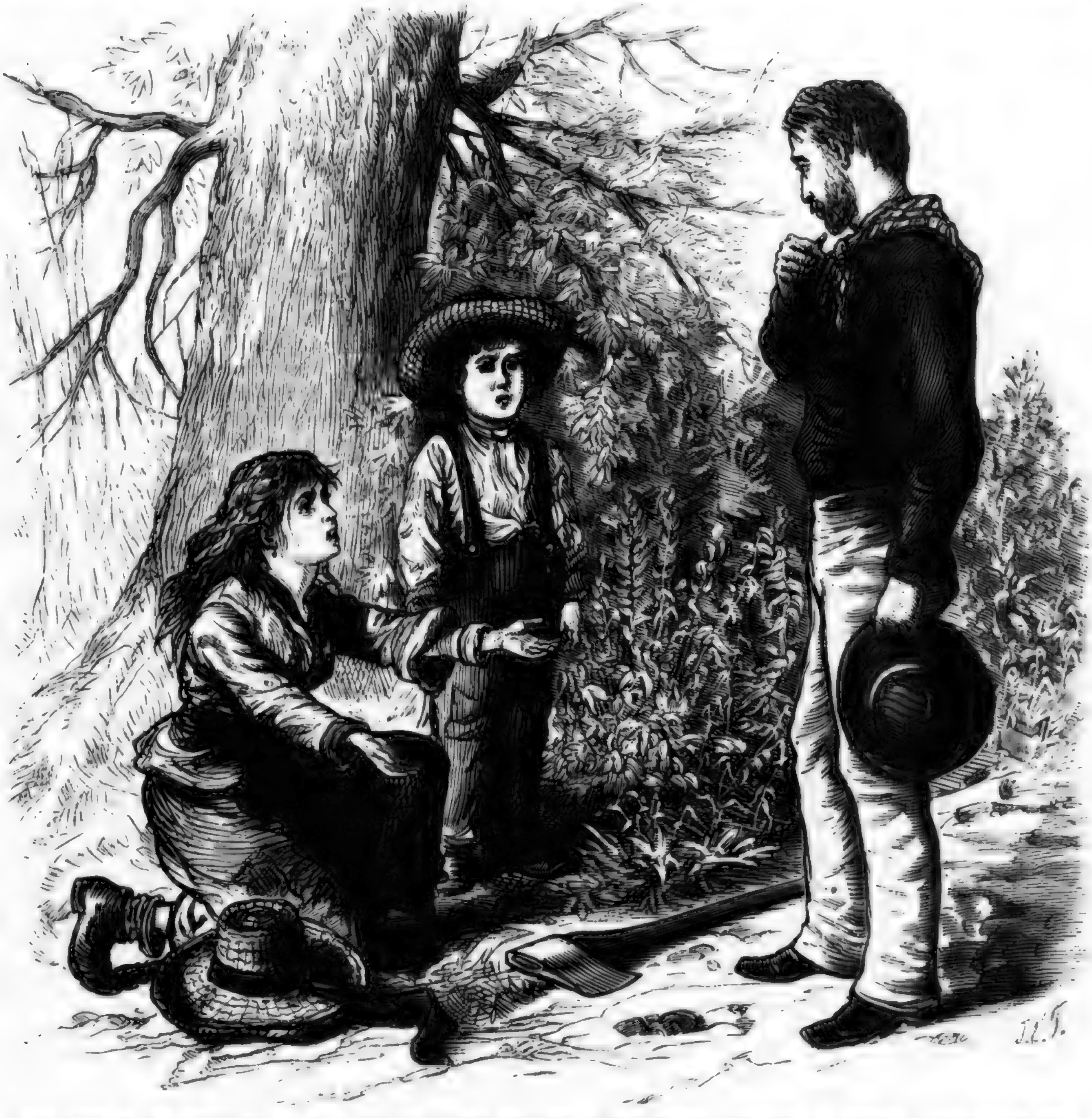
"Well, but you were used to it, Carrie.'

"Yes, I suppose I am used to it;" and then the girl leans her forehead against the tree on her lifted arm, and swings her other foot. She looks down at the rounded ankle, and says, almost savagely, to herself: "She's got bigger feet than I have; she's got nearly twice as big feet, she has—that she has, the stuck-up Miss Sylvia Fields!"

John Logan looks at the girl with a peculiar interest as she stands there, pouting as she swings her foot, and attempts to approach her; but she still holds her brow and carroty hair bowed to the tree upon her arm, and seems not to see him. He shoulders his gun, and walks past her, and says, kindly:

"Good-by, Carrie, for the present."

But all the time she does see him, and watches him, too, under her shaggy hair. The man turns to Stumps, who is swinging a squirrel, and says, "Good-by, 'Johnny,'" and, shaking his little hand, turns away.



TWO BABES IN THE WOOD.—"'BUT SUCH STEALING! SUCH STEALING AS THIS NOBODY—NOTHING CAN FORGIVE'—FALLING ON HER KNEES, 'I—I MADE MY BROTHER STEAL YOUR PEACHES!'"

But the girl's eyes are following him, although she would not be willing to admit it even to herself. As he is about to disappear, she thrusts her hand madly through her hair, and pulls it down all in a heap. Still looking at him under her brows, still swinging her foot wildly, she says:

"Do you think red hair is so awful ugly?"

The man stops, turns, comes back a step or two, as she continues:

"I do—I do! Oh, I wish to Moses I had black hair, like Sylvia Fields; and then the boys would not laugh at me and call me 'Carrots,' and you'd walk home with me once from meeting, Mr. John Logan!"

The foot does not swing so violently now, and the girl has cautiously, and, as she believes, unseen, lifted the corner of her tattered apron to her eyes.

"Why, Carrie, the boys don't call you 'Carrots' any more, like they did, since you go to meetin'," John Logan says. "And now that you have grown to be a little woman, they will stop it altogether." And the man approaches her, and speaks very tenderly. "And, Carrie, you are going to be so beautiful. You are beautiful now, if you were only fixed up a bit."

Carrie is not so angry now. The foot stops altogether, and she lifts her face, and says:

"No, I ain't—I ain't beautiful! Don't you try to humbug me. I am ugly, and I know it! For, a long time ago, when I went down to the grocery to fetch father—he had gone down there to get medicine for his ager, Mr. John Logan—I heard a man say, 'She is ugly as a mud fence.' Oh, I went for him, you bet your life—I made the fur fly! But that didn't make me pretty. I was ugly all the same. No, I'm not pretty—I'm ugly, and I know it!"

"Oh, no, you're not. You are beautiful, and getting lovelier every day." Carrie softens and approaches him.

"Am I, John Logan? And you really don't think red hair is the ugliest thing in the world?"

"Do I really not think red hair is the ugliest thing in the world? Why, Carrie?"

Carrie, starting back, looks in his face and says, bitterly:

"You do! You do think red hair is the ugliest thing in all this born world, and I just dare you to deny it! Sylvia Fields, she's got black hair, she has; and you like black hair, you do. I despise her; I despise her so much that I almost choke!"

"Why, now, Carrie, what makes you despise Sylvia Fields?"

"I don't know; I don't know why I despise her, but I do. I despise her with all my might and soul and body! And I tell you, Mr. John Logan, that"—here the lips begin to quiver, and she is about to burst into tears—"I tell you, Mr. John Logan, that I do hope she likes ripe pawpaws; and I do hope that if she does like ripe pawpaws, that when pawpaws get ripe that she will take a ripe pawpaw and try for to suck it; and I do hope she will suck a ripe pawpaw-seed down her throat and get choked to death on it!"

"Oh, Carrie, this is very wicked!" cries John Logan, reproachfully, "and I must leave you if you talk that way. Good-by!" and the man shoulders his gun and again turns away.

"Well, do you think red hair is the ugliest thing in the world? Do you? Do you, now?"

"Carrie, don't you remember the beautiful red woods of Autumn? And do you not know that the variety makes the beauty of the wood, and that all are equally beautiful?"

It is the May-day of the maiden's life, the May shower is over again, and the girl lifts her beautiful face and says, lightly, and almost laughing through her tears:

"And oh, you did like the red bush, didn't you, Mr. John Logan? And oh, you did say that Moses saw the face of God in the burning bush, didn't you, Mr. John Logan? Oh, I am so happy to-day!"

"Come to me, Carrie! You're full of noble impulses! Your young heart is as open as the day! And if you only had some one to guide your footsteps besides your poor, drunken father——"

The girl is again in arms. She throws back her hair and lifts a little arm menacingly, as she cries:

"Don't—don't you say one word against my father! He does take something for his ager, but he don't get drunk! He's my father! He's all the father I've got, and——"

"I want you to tell me a story, I do," interposes Stumps. The boy has stood there a long time, first on one foot, then on the other, swinging his squirrel, pouting out his mouth, and waiting for the end. "Mother's sick; mother's so sick she can't tell me any stories any more, and I want you to tell me a story, I do."

"Yes, tell us a story," urges Carrie, "and then we will go in and see sick mother, Johnny."

"Oh, yes, tell me a story about a coon—no, about a panther; no, a bear. Oh, yes! about a bear—about a bear!" cries the boy, clapping his hands, "about a bear!"

"Poor, half-wild children!" thinks Logan; "no pretty church or pleasant Sunday-school; no theatre, no lighted city to wander through. Nothing to divert them, their little minds go out curiously seeking something new and strange; just, I fancy, as older and abler people do in larger ways. Ah, Johnny! you do not understand? I was only talking to myself. Yes, I will tell you a story about a bear. And let us sit down, my long walk has tired my legs;" and he looks about for a resting-place.

"Oh, here, this mossy log!" cries Stumps; "it's as soft as silk. You will sit there, and I here, and sister there."

John Logan leans his gun against a tree, hanging his pouch on the gun.

"Yes; I will sit here—and you, Carrie?"

"Here!"—sits close at his side. Oh, John Logan, I just fit in!"

One of Logan's arms falls loosely around Carrie, the other more closely around Stumps.

"Yes; it's a nice fit, Carrie—couldn't be better if cut out by a tailor."

Carrie, swinging her feet, and looking in his face, very happy, exclaims:

"Oh, John Logan! Don't hold me too tight—you might hurt me!"

Stumps, making a doll of his squirrel, laughs:

"He don't hold me tight enough to hurt me a bit," looking up in his face. "I want a bear story, I do."

"Well, I will tell a story that my mother read me out of the Bible. Once upon a time there was a great, good man—a very good and a very earnest man. Well, this very good old man, who was very baldheaded, took a walk one evening; and this very good old man passed by a lot of very bad boys. And these very bad boys saw the very bald head of this very good man, and they said, "Go up, old baldhead!—Go up, old baldhead!" And it made this good man very mad; and he turned, and he called a she-bear out of the woods, and she ate up about forty."

"Oh!" cries Stumps, aghast.

"Oh!" adds Carrie. "And he wasn't a very good man. He might have been a very bald-headed man, but he wasn't a very good man to have them eat all the children, Mr. John Logan."

Stumps, nursing his squirrel, with his head to one side:

"Well, I don't believe it, no how—I don't! What was his name—the old, bald-headed rooster?"

"His name was Elijah, sir."

"Elijah! the bald-headed Elijah! Oh! I do believe it, then; for I know when father and the curly-headed grocery-keeper were playing poker, at ten cents ante, and pass the buck—when father went down to get his ager medicine, sister—why father, he went a blind; and then the curly-headed grocery-keeper, he straddled it; and then father seed him, he did. And so help me! he raked in the pot on a Jack, full. And then the curly-headed grocery-keeper jumped up, and he struck his fist on the table, and he said, 'By the bald-headed Elijah!'"

John Logan, looking all the time surprised, then gazing down in pity, exclaims:

"Poor little waif of the woods! And that is what you learn at the grocery! That grocery shall come out of the forks of the road—it shall be pulled down, and there shall be a meeting-house built in the place of it!"

Carrie draws his hand close around her waist cautiously, and then, affecting surprise, gayly cries:

"Oh, John Logan! Look here, where your arm has got to! And here is a little gold ring on your finger."

John Logan looks in her face, and draws back his hand.

"Well, never mind this ring, Carrie,"

Carrie, nestles closer, and, in a half-whisper, mutters:

"I believe I'm getting a little chilly."

Stumps hears this, and says:

"Why, Carrie, I'm just a-sweatin'!"

As the boy speaks, their heads are suddenly thrown over their left shoulders, and the three arise together. John Logan stoops, takes up his gun, and, bowing quietly to the men approaching, steps back.

CHAPTER IV.

"HERE HE IS, GAR."

OUT of the woods, as John Logan rose from his seat between the two children and took up his gun to go, walked an apparition—two apparitions, indeed. One was a gray, energetic old man, finely and fancifully clad. He looked and walked the man of the world. Yet he looked tired and weary; perhaps he was tired and weary of the world; perhaps he was weary because of the long ride he had that day from town to the settlement; and perhaps he was sad from excess—possibly the excess of joy, for the world is round, night follows day, work means weariness, excess of indulgence means misery. Nature is a shopkeeper, and all goods received must be paid for.

The other man is Major Brown; the relic of an old-fashioned Virginia gentleman. His face is very red; his hat has been white, but it looks as though it had had the very life kicked out of it; and it tries as hard and as vainly to stand erect and look dignified as does the major. The black coat is only made more conspicuously pitiful by the major's stately manners and imposing presence.

This man refuses to melt into or become a part of the life around him. Had he been a century in the settlements and wilderness, he would still have been Major Brown, a gentleman from Virginia. No leather breeches or buckskin clothes for him. A good man was Major Brown, for all that; yet he was the most uncompromising man in the world. To him, the Indian blood in the veins of John Logan was rather a mark of honor. For had not some of the best families of Virginia boasted of Indian blood? But that he should be compelled to bear only his mother's name! That, to Major Brown of Virginia, was more than a misfortune—it was a crime! He had taught his children something of this same sentiment; and now, as he totters forth from his cabin to bid the doctor good-by, and sees that his daughter has been talking so earnestly to John Logan, he speaks with more than common dignity, lifts his hat more than commonly high, and bows more than commonly cold and low to his broad-shouldered and handsome neighbor. Then turning to his children, says:

"She wants you (hic), Carrie. Your mother is sick, Johnny."

Carrie approaches her father tenderly.

"Why, father, how you are shaking! You really have got the ager! It's not the ager medicine this time; it's the real ager. Oh, I am so glad!"

Brown straightens up.

"Hic—glad, Carrie?"

"Well, father, yes; you can cure the ager, you know. You can cure the ager with the medicine; but you can't cure the medicine with the ager. So you see it's better you have the ager than to have the medicine. Now then, let's go in and see mother; how is mother?"

"Sick—powerful sick, Carrie. Yes, go, you and Stumps, and sit by her side together."

John Logan scarcely turns to look at the two men; gun in hand, he gazes upon the retreating figure of Carrie Brown till it is seen no more, and says to himself:

"Sweet girl! as good as gold, and as pretty as she is good!"

Then, looking at the lock of his gun cautiously, as old backwoodsmen were always accustomed to do in the days of flint-locks, he seems to see something wrong in the flint, and, sitting down on a log at a distance from the two men, lets the gun fall across his lap, and taking his knife from his pocket, picks the lock; now and then looking dreamily around toward Carrie Brown's cabin.

The old doctor has turned to gaze at the handsome, brown-faced hunter, and Major Brown says:

"A young man, sah, that has had a misfortune. A very good hunter, sah, and a man with some book larnin'; but we don't admit him into our families, sah." This is said pompously, indeed. "He has had a misfortune, sah; lives all alone by himself, and never speaks to anybody, sah. Oh, he's very eccentric. Why, when they wanted to put up that grocery at the forks of the road, he wanted to put up a meetin'-house, sah; and Mary—that's my poor wife that's sick—and maybe most of the settlement, wanted a meetin'-house too, sah. But then, Gar Dosson and Phin Emens said as the meetin'-house would only be used one day in the week, and would not be very full at that, and as the grocery would be used every day in the week, and be pretty full too, why, they had the grocery, in spite of the eccentric John Logan, sah."

Dr. Calvin shrugs his shoulders.

"And so you have ze grocery?"

"We have a grocery, doctor; a very good place for a gentleman"—and here he adjusts his hat and coat—"a good place for a gentleman to put in his time, sah. I didn't like it at first, but now I don't see how I could get along without the grocery. You see, I was born a gentleman, sah, and I like the company of gentlemen, sah."

Dr. Calvin again shrugs his shoulders.

"Yes, your nose looks it, and you put in your time there with ze cards?"

"Well, yes; we as has not got religion, sah, we put in our time a-gamboling, sah."

"Haf you got ze religion?"

"No, doctor; can't say that I've got it now." And here he offers a plug of tobacco to the doctor, who shakes his head; and the Virginia gentleman continues, as he returns the tobacco to his pocket. "But I did have it, sah; I got it at camp meeting last year—melon-time. Yes, I got it, doctor, but right after that I got the ague, and that shook me until I "shook" my religion. Oh, I tell you, doctor, you can't have the ague and religion at the same time, sah!"

"Ha, ha! Well, good-by; I must be on my way." He gives his hand, turns to go, and says, over his shoulder, to the major, "Oh, tell me, who is that wild girl zat just left him?" and he shrugs his shoulder at the man picking at the flint-lock.

Major Brown, coming close, and speaking earnestly to him:

"That pretty girl—that sweetly pretty girl, doctor!"

"Yes, a pretty girl, if fixed up; a pretty girl, indeed, or I should not have bother myself to ask about her;" and he laughs a hard, worldly laugh, and again shrugs his shoulders.

"She is mine!" exclaims Major Brown, with all his paternal pride. "Mine, sah; my brave and true-hearted little Carrie! They call her Carrots (hic), because her hair is the color of the maple-leaves in Autumn. But, oh, she is good—she is as good as gold, sah! Why, I have sot here and sot here, and shook and shook with the ague for fifteen years, a-waiting for a rise in this land, sah." Here the old doctor starts just a little. "Yes, sah," continues the major,

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pointing to the cabin, "a-waiting for that little farm thar to get to be worth something, so that my little Carrie could have good clothes, sah, and go to school, sah, and be something better than her old, agueish father, sah."

The old doctor grows still more nervous, as he shrugs his shoulders and says:

"His daughter, and on my land, too! Shall I? But no, no; I am a man of ze world, and will still have my little pleasures. She belongs in town; that is her place. I am a man of ze world. Your daughter, major?"

"Yes, yes—she was born here, Doctor, in that cabin, thar, and she is good, so good, sah. She takes care of me when I've got the shakes. And then, when I get down to that grocery, (hic), I—I tell you, doctor, she hates that grocery. There's where Carrie and I has trouble, sah. You see, doctor, when I have whisky, I don't have the ague. It's either snakes or shakes with me, (hic)—and, doctor, it's rough, but I tell you, I'd rather have snakes. Umph! I feel like having a shake now, and I want to go down to the grocery right off, sah!"

"Well, good-by. I, too, must go. Give her that medicine I told you, and I think I may possibly get her up."

Major Brown springs forward and grasps his hand.

"Oh, get her up, sah! Get her up, and I will pay you; why, I will give you a mortgage on that land, sah! Get her up, doctor—get her up, for Carrie's sake! Why, I and Carrie and Johnny, we will go out to work for you by the day, sah, if you will only get her up from that low shuck bed in that cabin thar. Get her up, so she may get out and see the maple leaves once more; get her out, so she may smell the fresh woods, and hear the birds and squirrels chirp and chatter overhead. Oh, get her up, doctor! Why, she was such a beauty once—so bright, so kind. Why, she was as gentle as the winds of Spring a-coming up to us from the dear old South! Oh, get her up, and I will give you—I will give you my life, sah!"

The iron-faced man of the world is moved almost to tears. He shifts his saddle-bags from one arm to the other, and shrugs his shoulders more violently than ever. At length he approaches the old major, and says, nervously:

"I am an impostor!" The major starts back. "No, no, no; I don't mean all ze that! I mean I am not really a fit doctor to attend when she die. I am here on ze business, business, in disguise. I did not think she was so ill when I consent to come. But now that I find it all so bad, I must tell you that I come here disguise to see my land—to save my land—to set my foot on my land before ze law of limitation expire," and the old man stamps violently. "Yes, I made this an excuse to come. I tell you ze truth—I do not want her death on my hands."

"I do not understand!" recoiling in a stupefied way. "But, never mind your land, or anybody's land. Are you a doctor?"

"Well, yes; and perhaps ze best doctor you could get here in the wilderness."

"It was good in you to come—right good, by gol. For, you see, the ague shook every other doctor out of the settlement, and it's forty miles from town, sah. But, tell me —tell me, will she die?"

Again the saddle-bags change hands, and the shoulders now make nearly all the answer, as Dr. Calvin says, in a low voice, with bended head:

"She must die."

Brown hides his eyes for a time, and his voice trembles as he says:

"Don't tell *them*!" and his hand points to the cabin. "It will be time enough to tell them when she's dead—time enough to tell them when she's dead!"

He takes the doctor's hand, lets it fall, and again draws the back of his own across his eyes as he turns to go. He totters toward the cabin, and mutters to himself:

"Bad news, bad news, bad news! He says she must die. I ought ter have knowed it all along. I have not been good enough to her; but I will give the land to have her doctored, and then we will all go out in the world and begin it all over again. Bad news, bad news!"

The doctor looks after him as he walks away, and turning to go, he almost stumbles over John Logan, who has sat silently picking at his flint.

"Oh, ze young man with ze misfortune! Wonder what it is? Young men with misfortunes are plenty." The doctor lifts his hat stiffly, and says:

"Beg pardon, young man, but do you know this settlement? I have a friend who has important business in this settlement. It is about ze land."

John Logan rises, lifts his hat respectfully, and says:

"I was born near here. I will be glad to give you any information in my power, sir."

"A bright young fellow, and ze politest man I've seen in ze settlement. I will trust him," thinks Dr. Calvin. "Well, young man, to be frank with you, ze business is mine. I bought this land on speculation"—the old man swoops his hand, and John Logan starts just a little, as if something remarkable has entered his mind. "I bought zis land nearly twenty year ago; I go away, it grow while I sleep; it grow all ze time; it make a fortune prodigious."

John Logan steps back a little as the stranger again swoops his hand and says:

"It is the man they wanted me to murder; it is the man that Phin Emens and his party of squatters will waylay and kill." And turning to the doctor, he says, politely, "I hope there will be no trouble, and that you find your land all you desire."

Dr. Calvin shrugs and shrugs again, as if he were pumping the words out of his mouth with a pump-handle.

"Trouble! Lots of trouble to get that which is my own. They tell me I must not to come. In the town they tell me these settlers kill me—they hang me. I come, I risk my life, I set foot on my land;" and he stamps terribly. "I call you to witness, young man, that I set foot on my land."

"I witness, sir, that you are here, but you have been long, long absent."

"Ah, by gar! I am a man of ze world. I travel, travel, travel—Europe, Asia, Africa. I have enjoyed ze world. Well, now I get a little gray; I have no children, no wife, no nothing. Brother, sister, all dead. I alone, all alone, and I grow old; not so gay now, not so gay; and I come back here to my own to settle down, to live, to die in peace."

John Logan sighs:

"Ah, but there may not be peace for him here;" and, "did you live here before?"

"Live here? Why, I scarcely saw this place! I bought these lands on speculation. But I did live on ze Miamma" —he shrugs his shoulders and sighs—"and I—well, young man, I, too, was young then, and I had my day on ze Miamma."

At the mention of Miamma, the young man starts as if a serpent had stung him.

"Miamma! My mother's childhood home! This man may have known her. I will ask him." flashes along his thoughts.

He turns to speak to the doctor, but his quick ear detects a noise in the wood, and his keen hunter's eye perceives something stealing through the thicket in the distance. But the old man has no suspicion that any strange footsteps are near. The young man steals on tiptoe to and fro to be watchful of any peril, yet at the same time careful not to raise an alarm.

"Ha, ha! They said I could not come here," continued Dr. Calvin. "You see I have come. They thought me dead for nearly twenty year. They settled on my land—they have clear it off. They have made it fifty time more valuable. Ha, ha! They thought me dead. I call you to witness, young man, I am alive and here!"

He shrugs his shoulders, approaches Logan merrily, and says:

"Now, tell me—tell me, on your honor, have you not heard them threaten me if I should come?"

John Logan hesitates. He peers through the woods; he sees the stooping, stealing figures of Gar Dosson, Phin Emens, and others. He knows that this man is in imminent peril. What shall be done? Shall he save him? Shall he surrender him? It is not simply a matter of the old man's life—it is his own life as well. He knows how he is hated. They are strong and many. He will be alone in any deadly contest; for this old, nervous, broken-down *roué* of the world will be but in the way in any mortal combat.

Quietly, very calmly, John Logan calculates all this. He does not take long to decide; indeed, he never had two opinions as to his course of action since these pursuers of the old man came in sight.

Stealthily they are drawing nearer every moment. He approaches Doctor Calvin, and says, very earnestly:

"Sir, I have heard them threaten you. And their threats are not idle—they are terribly in earnest!"

"What?" and the old man starts back with fear.

"Yes. And they asked me to take part with them against you."

"And you—and you?"

"And I said then, as I say now—I will lift no hand against an old man; and if they attempted to lay hand on him, I would not be with them."

"Am I in any danger here?" asks Dr. Calvin, affrightedly.

"You are in danger—in danger of death!"

Phin Emens and Gar Dosson are stealing nearer and nearer through the thick foliage as he says this.

"But, I am an old man—I am a stranger." Then passing to John Logan's side, he says: "I do not know your name—you do not know mine; but, in the name of common humanity, do not let me die here!"

Phin Emens and his party draw dangerously near. The old man turns and sees them, and throws his hands in the air with horror.

"Found at last!" cries Phin Emens, as he springs from cover, followed by his men.

"You will save me?" pleads the old man, pitifully, to John Logan.

"With my life!" answers the other, with bated breath, between his teeth. "Stand here behind me;" and with his back to a tree, he forces the old man with one arm under cover.

"Come on, boys!" cries Phin Emens, turning to his men and dashing forward. "Here he is!"

"Stop! One step more and you die!" The right hand of John Logan, which has been buried in his breast, leaps out and dashes a cocked pistol in the face of Phin Emens. It is so sudden, so unexpected from this silent, peaceful man, that Phin Emens falls back among his fellows, drops his gun, and throws up his hands for mercy. And they all start back, terrified, before the splendid rage of this man, once so tame and spiritless. All the Indian is aroused in him now, the rage of battle is on him, and standing there in defense of the weak and helpless, he towers above them, and conquers them by the very dignity of his presence.

Perhaps old Major Brown has been watching all this from his cabin, for the major, who has indeed been a soldier, now dashes forth, and with his great cavalry sabre drawn, suddenly places himself by the side of John Logan. Carrie's face, pale with concern, peers out from the wood, and little Stumps, with his club, rushes forth and takes his stand bravely by the side of his father.

(*To be continued.*)

A MEAN REVENGE.

A SOMEWHAT unusual woman was the Widow Janeway—proud, jealous, of an iron will, fond of having her own way, of a very religious turn, and yet, withal, a mean, crafty, underhanded woman. What she might have been made it was too late to say, but perhaps the voice of Christian charity would have rendered a simple verdict of "Warped—fearfully warped."

She was, however, passionately attached, with all the energy of a strong and selfish nature, to her stepson, Ira. She had brought him up, and through all the later years of his childhood she had instilled into his young heart the maxims of her own life and her own cold wisdom. In fact, she had fairly pumped meanness into him, instead of leaving it for the world to do, in the orthodox and regular way.

Perhaps one of the bitterest days of her life had been that in which he came of age, and, in his usual calm and self-contained manner, assumed possession and control of the property that belonged to him in right of his father. A part of her power seemed to pass from her that day, but not all, for her own estate was a very fair one, and at her own disposal.

It was the darling wish of her heart to secure for Ira the hand of her niece, ward, and dependent, Ida Brougham, who was as fair and noble as she was poor.

Nor did her plan seem at all unreasonable; it certainly was the surest way of providing for Ida, and any lady might have been taken with the stately proportions and classically regular features of Mrs. Janeway's stepson.

As for Ira, the idea had been so carefully worked into his mind, that for a long time he allowed himself to consider the young beauty, whose residence under the same roof made her so constantly his companion, as in a manner his own private property. Perhaps for that very reason he did not fall in love with her.

A similar course of instruction had utterly failed of the desired effect upon the young lady, however, as Ira found one day, in an accidental lesson which was taught him by untoward circumstances.

It was a warm Summer day, and he had been lying asleep on a lounge, shaded by the ample curtains, which did not, nevertheless, prevent him from being awakened by the low murmur of voices which came in from the veranda, through the open window. He heard his own name mentioned, and he should have given warning of his presence, but that would scarcely have been in accordance with the Janeway code.

"I do not know if he loves me; he has never told me so. But she is set upon it, and he is entirely under her control."

"But can we not appeal to his generosity?"

"His generosity? Why, Will Hancock! you do not know him. He is almost as mean and cold and crafty as she is. I don't mean all of that, for she is good in her way; and all the good she does must be done in her way. And, as for him, he doesn't do any good."

The conversation continued for some time, and the old adage was most literally verified, for the listener did not hear any good of himself at all. But at last the two speakers went away.

Ira had heard quite enough for once, and his pale but handsome face was alternately flushed and livid with contending emotions.

"Mean! cold!" he muttered. "Well, they do not know me yet, and, unless I am mistaken, I will have my swing for all that."

Day after day thereafter he met the unconscious commentators upon his moral character without by word or gesture betraying his knowledge of their opinions. His voice was as cold and his smile as icy as ever, except, perhaps, when he unbent a trifle in some special act of politeness to the fair Ida, or her special friend and confidant, the saucy and somewhat gypsyish Belle Hancock.

This latter young lady's aversion for Ira, in spite of his good looks, was almost too outspoken for comfort.

She would at times have been immensely relieved if Ira would have exhibited some tokens of resentment at her frequent and unprovoked persecution of him. Now and then, though rarely, she did succeed in calling the color to his cheek and the light to his eye, and she experienced a feeling of triumph in so doing; but both were sure to fade on the instant, and thus she was certain that she never hated any man as she had hated Ira Janeway.

But Bella must needs go off on a visit, and from her temporary abiding-place, she, as a matter of course, wrote to her friend a letter, full of girlish confidences and much plain speech. Too much plain speech, for all the letters of the house were delivered on the table in Ira's "study," and it was there that this particular epistle was opened and read in Ira's absence. Absent he was, but only for a moment.

Ill luck was it for Ida that her aunt just then summoned her to the parlor, and worse than careless was she to leave her letter open on the table.

Ira was not intending to be mean just then, for he was going to put the letter down again as soon as he found that it was not his property; but his eye caught the signature, and the crimson came hot to his brow as he gathered the meaning of the few lines immediately above it:

> "I am very sorry for poor Will, and I am sorry for you; but if Ira Janeway was not as mean and cold as he is handsome, he would certainly help you out of your troubles."

Ira did not read any more, but stood by the table, laboring desperately to recover his self-control before any one should come in.

"Mean and cold? She, too? Very well, I will have my revenge on her also."

Just then, with something very like a gathering storm in her face, Ida re-entered the study. Said he:

"Ida, here is a letter which, I presume, belongs to you."

"And so you have been reading my letter, have you? Cousin Ira, you are the meanest man I ever knew!"

"No," he replied, with most provoking composure, "I did not read the letter; but you may tell Miss Belle Hancock that, in trying to ascertain who was the owner of the letter, I did see the last few lines. I am greatly obliged to both of you. Just now I will bid you good-morning."

Ida fairly cried with vexation, and, for that matter, so did Belle Hancock, when she read her friend's account of the incident. It certainly was very provoking all around.

Well, in the course of human events, nothing comes more surely, in due time, than sickness and death, and it was Mrs. Janeway's time, before long, to meet them. The end of a scheming and selfish, though not by any means evil life, was a sudden one, but she died bravely and calmly in the arms of her beloved stepson.

As for him, the one being who had loved him more than all others was gone from him, and even Ida pitied the strong man in his passionate grief. She had not supposed him capable of such feeling.

All her sympathy for him vanished in a double allowance of her ancient dislike when her aunt's will was read. It was not until several days after the funeral, for Ira seemed in no hurry. The provisions were few and simple —some trifling legacies, and then the old lady's property was equally divided between her niece and her stepson, the share of the former, however, being made dependent upon her marriage with the latter.

The "legal adviser" read this proviso with dry formality, but Ida's face blazed with indignant blushes, and she returned a haughty stare of angry defiance to the triumphant half-smile of the young heir.

Perhaps he had been previously aware of the contents of the will, but he made no comment at the time, and Ida managed to control her tongue, and imitate his discreet example. Hers was, indeed, a trying position; but it did not actually occur to her until late that night that she was really nothing more nor less than the guest and dependent of the man whom she had now so much additional reason to detest.

When the thought did come, it stung her like a serpent, and she determined to take measures instantly on the morrow to terminate a state of things so galling to her womanly pride.

"Not a day under his roof! He shall not be left in any doubt as to my answer. Oh, Aunt Janeway, how could you!"

Morning came to her, after an almost sleepless night, and soon after breakfast she received a formal note from Ira, saying that he would like a brief conversation upon business affairs. Ida promptly replied that she would meet him in the front parlor at once. She was anxious to be done with so disagreeable a matter; and, besides, she had just then received unexpected reinforcements of a very welcome character.

It was scarcely so pleasant to Ira Janeway when he entered the room, where he had counted upon a *tête-à-tête*, to find himself confronted by three, instead of one; for the reinforcements consisted of no less than Will Hancock and his saucy sister.

The memory of her unlucky letter flashed disagreeably into Belle's mind—it was an awkward thing—and she made but an ungracious acknowledgment to the polite but ceremonious greeting of the master of the house. Will Hancock got off at first a trifle better.

"My dear Ida," said Ira, "I sent word to you that I would like a few moments' private conversation, but if you are not at leisure——"

"I *am* at leisure, and you can say anything you may have to say in the presence of my friends."

And Ida's eyes flashed proudly, though her heaving bosom betrayed more than a little agitation.

"Very well," said he; "I cannot have any objection. What I desired to speak about was, the somewhat singular provisions of my late stepmother's will."

Here he caught a look of almost fierce contempt from Belle, and, for a moment, an expression of keen suffering disturbed his pale and classical features, but Ida interrupted his thoughts with—

"Mr. Janeway, I need scarcely tell you in words that the absurd arrangement contemplated by my aunt is altogether impossible. Do not mention it! The very thought of it is hateful to me! I would not marry you for the world!"

"Do not be in such haste," was the cool reply to this passionate speech; "it will be quite time enough to reject me when I have proposed. My stepmother was evidently laboring under the impression that she was providing for my own happiness. How greatly she was in error you will understand when I tell you that my heart has been for some time given irrevocably to another."

"His heart!" was the snappish interjection from the window-corner.

"I regret," he continued, "that one of the provisions of the will leaves me in a slightly embarrassing position with reference to the proper disposition of the property."

"Give yourself no uneasiness on that ground," said Will Hancock, with haughty emphasis. "Ida has done me the honor to accept of me for a husband, and I can assure you that I take her as eagerly without a dollar as if she had ten times the property of the late Mrs. Janeway."

Ira continued in measured tones, but not without heartiness:

"Your assurance gives me the most sincere pleasure, Mr. Hancock. Ida is very dear to me, and as her nearest living connexion, I am bound to take an active interest in her welfare. I fully approve of her choice, but I cannot consent that one to whom I am so warmly attached should be a dowerless bride. That half of her aunt's property which was clearly intended for her will be at once made over to her. She must decide for herself as to the time which ought to elapse, but, until her wedding-day, this will continue to be her home. As she will, no doubt, like to have the company of her future sister-in-law, and as my recent affliction has left me sore at heart, I will try what a little absence will do for me."

During this unexpected speech, the three astounded friends had looked at one another as if they could not trust their ears.

Will Hancock was the first to recover himself, and he grasped Ira's hand warmly.

"Mr. Janeway, you are a noble and generous fellow! I fear I have done you injustice!"

"I am neither the one nor the other," began Ira, but the fair object of his generosity threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming between her sobs:

"You are—you are! Oh, Ira, how I have misjudged and misrepresented you!"

Then came a bewildered and irresolute voice from the corner by the window:

"What! *I* drive him out of his own house? What does he hate *me* for? Oh, Ida, Ida, that wretched letter!"

Ira quietly disengaged himself, and replied:

"No, Miss Hancock, you do not drive me away. But the only living being who loved me is gone, and I only take myself out of the way to make it more pleasant for those whose happiness is dear to me, especially for Ida and —for you."

The firm lips had faltered a little at the last word, and Belle Hancock's heart beat unaccountably quick as she answered:

"For *me—my* happiness?"

"Yes, Belle. And now I must go."

"Mr. Janeway! Ira, do not! You must not go!"

And, somehow, he did not—at least, not just then. But he certainly had his revenge.

LISBON AND OPORTO:

EXCURSIONS ROUND THE CAPITAL AND METROPOLIS OF PORTUGAL.

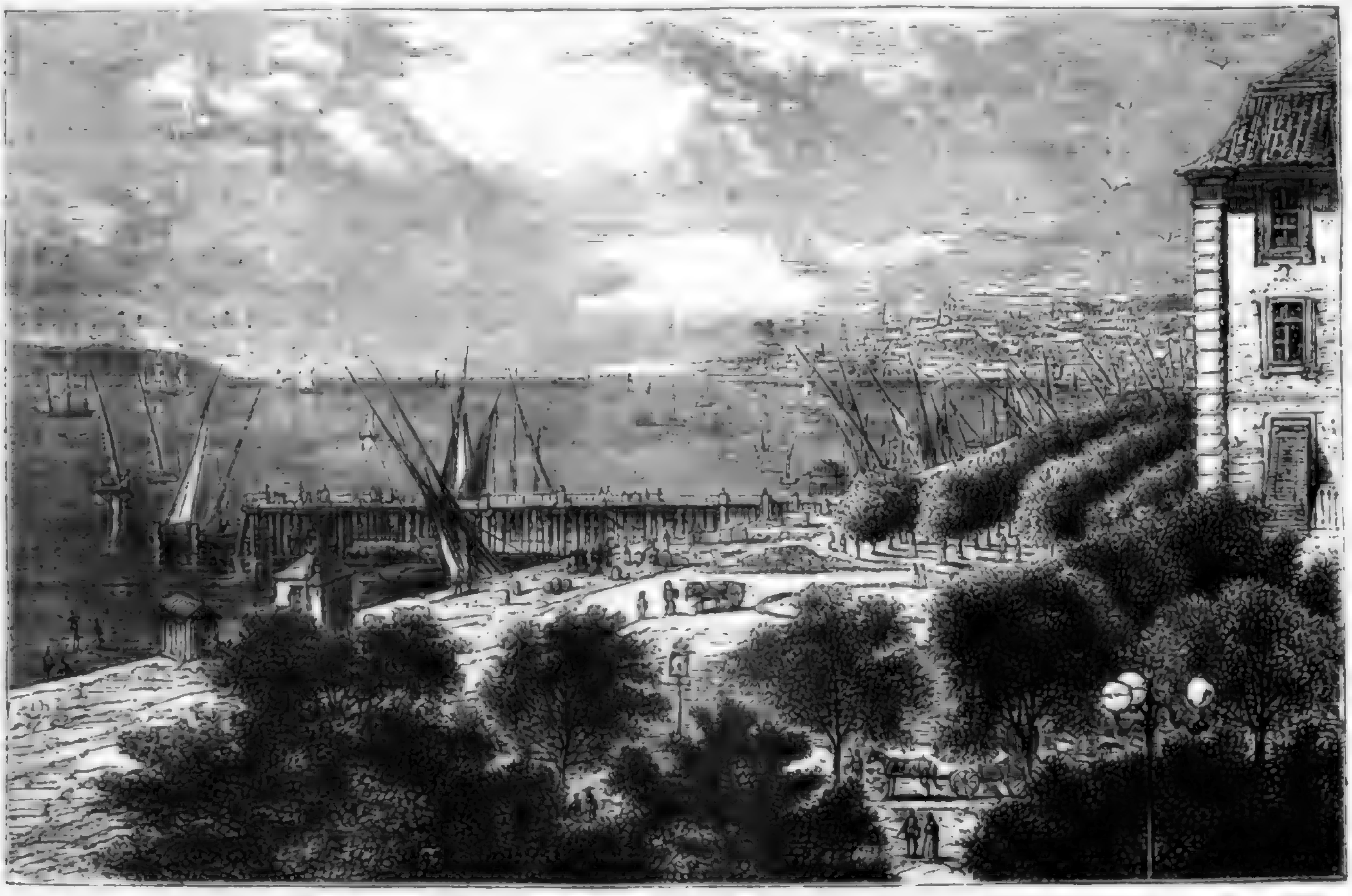
THE entrance of the Tagus, the scenery—noble and grand in some respects, and always beautiful—that is enjoyed in steaming up the Tagus to Lisbon, and the first view of the capital of Portugal, are among the objects that remain imprinted long on the mind of the traveler, however wide his experience may be, or however fastidious his tastes. The city looks clean as well as splendid, and the architectural effects, as seen from the river, include almost everything that is required to please and attract. It is true that they will not bear very close criticism, and that what appears massive is often only lath and plaster. It is also true that some of the very picturesque buildings, especially the palaces and most striking of the churches, are constructed of styles so oddly mixed as to render them almost unintelligible, but still the general impression is exceedingly favorable. They were described long ago by the author of "Vathek" as being "in woful taste—the taste of Borromini—with wrinkled pediments, furbelowed cornices, and turrets something in the style of old-fashioned French clock-cases, such as Boucher designed with many a scrawl and flourish to adorn the apartments of Madame de Pompadour."

But Lisbon seen under other circumstances, and when the glare of daylight is subdued, when the full moon, rising from behind the mountains on the opposite shore of the Tagus (here nine miles broad), lights up with her pale radiance and soft gleams the various objects so oddly mixed together, is, and always must be, one of the most picturesque and interesting of the great European cities. The numerous flights of steps, the terraces, chapels, and porticos of former convents, and other buildings on the brink of the river, shine forth like edifices of white marble; while the rough cliff, covered with miserable sheds, rising above them, and the ruins caused by the great earthquake more than a century ago—still left unchanged—are lost in dark shadows. The great Black Horse Square (Praça do Commercio) is then filled with idlers of both sexes, and is illuminated brightly, while splendid carriages roll through the streets and give life to the scene.

But there is, after all, not much to be seen in the city itself. The streets are steep and narrow, and there are few along which it is pleasant to drive. The easiest and best drive is that on the bank of the river, toward Belem —an excursion made by everybody who visits Lisbon.

Belem is interesting in many ways, and curious as a specimen of architecture of a style eminently local and national. The church and monastery were intended as a memorial to the great navigator, Vasco da Gama; for on the spot on which it was afterward built, he and his companions passed the night previous to their embarkation, in a small chapel attached to a hermitage for the convenience of mariners. This event took place in 1497, and hither he returned two years afterward. The first stone of the present church was laid by the king (Don Manuel) in the year 1500, in a style singularly rich and florid, and in many details altogether fantastic. It is a kind of flamboyant of the latest date, and the architect was an Italian. There is a vast amount of the most exquisite carving in fret-work, and numerous niches and statues. This is due, no doubt, partly to the fact that an excellent variety of very easily worked limestone, almost resembling chalk, but hardening on exposure, and weathering well in the delightful climate of Portugal, was at hand, and lent itself to over-decoration. The taste both of the people and the period was, however,

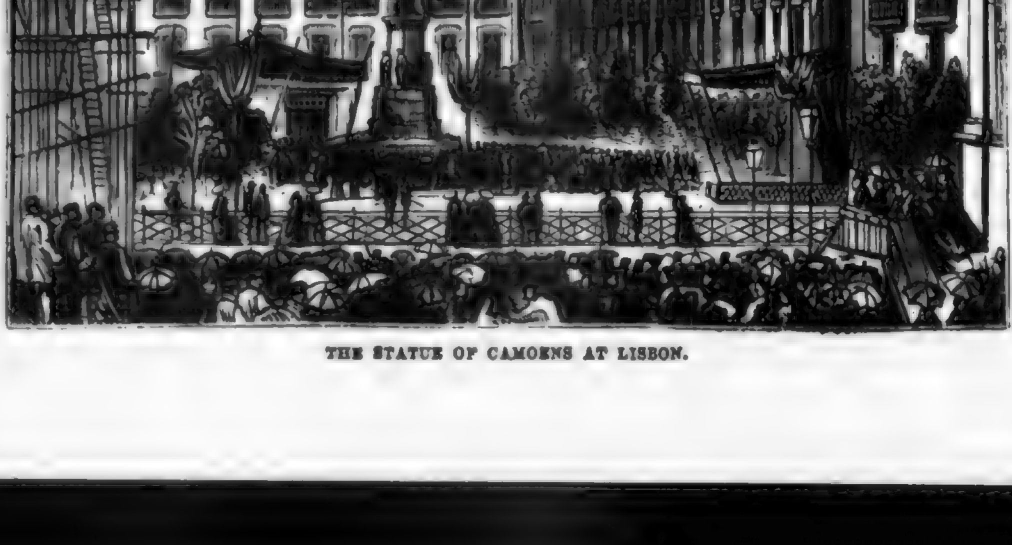
XUM



THE BAR OF LISBON, FROM THE CAES DO SODRÉ.

very florid, and nothing would have been appreciated that did not give way to this sentiment.

The rich floral profusion seen in the prevalent and favorite phase of Gothic art adopted in Portugal has run into wild and excessive luxuriance, entirely altering the character of the style. But when the traveler, arrived at Belem or any similar example, quietly seats himself, either in the broad sunlight or the grateful shade, and simply accepts the rich and not ungraceful freaks that have been indulged in by the sculptor, who has evidently forgotten style in mere enjoyment of the beautiful, some little difficulty is felt in expressing dissatisfaction; though certainly, the whole effect of such flaunting rags of rich embroidery expresses and indicates little more than abject poverty and the absence of any real resources on which a principle or a theory could be based.



THE STATUE OF CAMOENS AT LISBON.

But the object of the present article is not altogether to show how it is that art in Portugal has so strangely blundered and degenerated, but rather to point out where such art as exists, and such beauties of Nature as belong to the country can be found and enjoyed. It is only very lately that it was possible to see anything a few miles from the capital without more trouble and hardship than most travelers have thought the various objects to be seen were worth. Now, however, much can be done with comparative ease, and excursions from Lisbon mean a great deal.

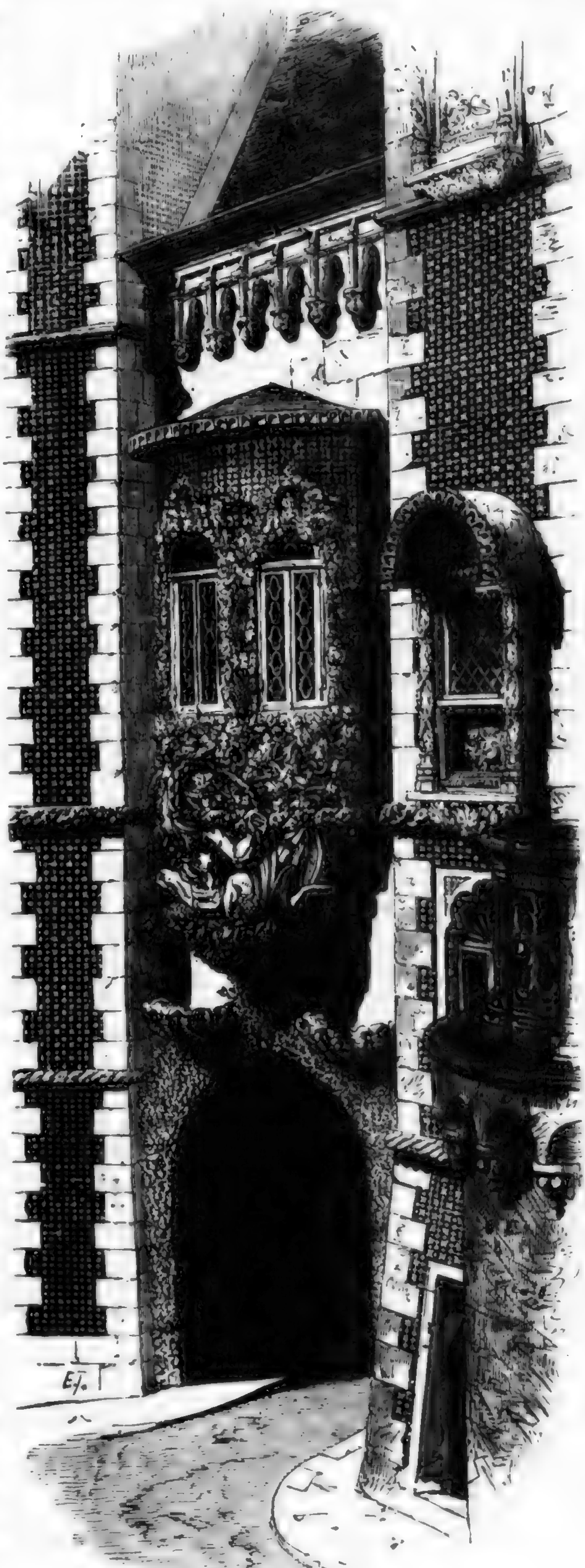
Among such excursions, and after Belem has been seen and examined, the traveler should make his way to Batalha. It is still not very easy of access compared with some places, but is within a day's ride from the Oporto railroad, lying not very far from the Atlantic coast, on the old road to Leiria, Coimbra and Oporto. By rail the distance is more than a hundred miles from Lisbon. It is a small place, with the remains of a cathedral church and convent dating from the beginning of the fifteenth century. The whole building consists of the original church, two sets of cloisters—one attached to a chapter house, the other to the monastery

—and two chapels, both remarkable, and connected with the church. The general effect of the church is grand and imposing, but the details are very faulty. The nave is greatly extended, and the choir exceedingly short, the whole of the fittings of the interior being in the most detestable taste. Of the two chapels, one, called the Capella do Fundador, of extreme beauty of construction, is at the end of the south aisle, and another, equally remarkable, called the Capella Imperfeita, at the east end of the choir.

The founder's chapel is square, with a central octagonal lantern forty feet in diameter rising from the roof. It is unrivaled in design and execution. Under the central boss, shaped like a crown, is a high tomb, on which are figures of Dom Joao and his wife, D. Philippa of England. They are very finely sculptured, and of heroic proportions. The extraordinary beauty of the design and workmanship and the extreme richness of the work in this chapel are truly wonderful, and require to be seen to be duly appreciated. They rank among the finest things of the kind ever executed, but the decorations are perhaps somewhat too elaborate to be altogether in good taste.

The other chapel is incomplete, and is hence called generally the Capella Imperfeita. An idea of the nature of its architectural style and elaborate richness will be obtained by referring to the annexed cut, which represents one of the arches, surpassing in florid beauty any part of the building. This chapel is also octagonal, each side comprising three apses, and it was originally intended that each subdivision should be appropriated to some member of the Portuguese royal family. It was, however, never finished, and, with all its extraordinary beauty, fully deserves the name by which it is known. It is thought that King Manuel—to whom Portugal is indebted for this among many of her best works in architecture—intended to imitate and rival by a yet more costly and admirable work the chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey. The architect, however, died before the work was completed, and left behind him no working drawings. His successor utterly misunderstood the design, and was only prevented from spoiling it by a timely visit of the king. It is not easy to say what the general effect of this marvelous structure might have been had the original design been carried out, as there is already an exuberance of ornament and an apparent tendency to more florid decoration than would be admitted in the style adopted in Northern Europe. Perhaps it may be a fair exemplification of the effect of climate, the Gothic richness running wild and developing into a luxuriance of form almost inconsistent with itself when it is left in the hands of a people whose imagination runs riot whenever it is allowed unrestricted play. It needs only to look at the engraving to recognize this truth.

The position of Batalha is striking, and it is not far from the small city of Leiria, in the valley of the Lis, with a noble castle on the heights, crowning a very steep hill, near which is a magnificent pine forest, planted originally to check the moving sands that threatened to destroy the towns further inland. Like many other places in Portugal, it has a Moorish history. Near it are some hot springs, but they are not much used.



DOORWAY AND ORIEL IN THE PENHA VERDE IN CINTRA.

On the coast, a few miles west of Batalha, is Alcobaça, where there is another remarkable church, contrasting strongly with that above described. It is simple and severe in style. It is nearly 400 feet in length, and is said to be sixty-four feet high, but looks more, the arches of the nave having the appearance of extreme height. There is a round apse in the choir, divided into chapels, and lighted with colored glass. In a chapel in the south transept are the tombs of some of the royal family of Portugal, the most remarkable being those of Dom Pedro and Inez de Castro. The details of the work of these tombs are beyond praise, and of the highest quality. The church has suffered much from the hands of the French, but the massiveness of the stone-work has saved it from absolute destruction.

Attached to the church was a fine Cistercian monastery. Besides the church, there is an interesting Moorish castle, and close by is a pilgrimage church, once very celebrated for its treasures, the tower of which now serves as a sea-mark. The views from the cliffs here are very fine, and the peninsula of Peniche, prominent among the headlands projecting from the Atlantic coast of the peninsula, is an object of great interest, partly because it is of itself a noble headland, with a strong fortress and an excellent harbor, partly because of the little groups of rocky islands, called the Berlengas, known to and dreaded by all ship-masters navigating these seas. These islands are especially dangerous, including many sunken rocks. The peninsula itself is between three and four miles in circumference, and is connected with the mainland by a long, narrow isthmus. There is a lighthouse upon the largest of the Berlenga group of islands, and also a fort.

Half-way from Peniche to Lisbon is Torres Vedras, celebrated as giving its name to the important and very extensive fortified position constructed for the defense of Lisbon by the Duke of Wellington in 1810. This remarkable work, or series of works, including 130 forts, redoubts and batteries, extended across the tongue of land inclosed by the Tagus estuary, the Tagus river nearly as far as the little town of Alhandra, and the Atlantic—an area of more than 1,000 square miles of country. There were two great lines, the outer line extending from the coast near Torres Vedras in an irregular curve about forty miles in length, and the inner commencing at the sea near Mafra, and reaching the Tagus near Alverca. The distance between the two is about ten miles near the sea, but diminishes to a very short distance as they approach the Tagus. The country within the lines is very broken, and indeed mountainous, and thus lends itself admirably to the construction of great works of this kind.

From Torres Vedras there is a direct road to Lisbon, but it possesses no very special interest. Most travelers will prefer proceeding by Mafra and Cintra, and thus complete a circle of extreme interest, in some respects, perhaps, the most striking in Portugal, both for natural beauty and art. Mafra is not far from Torres Vedras, and contains an enormous palace and convent, founded on the occasion of the birth of an heir to King John V., who had vowed that he would, if so blessed, convert the most miserable into the most magnificent monastery in the kingdom.

Mafra at that time consisted of a poor foundation of twelve wretched friars, and had the good fortune to be selected for the metamorphosis. The palace was added as a part of the establishment, and no expense was spared, either in the building or the fittings. For thirteen years nearly 15,000 men were employed continually, and at the end of that time, when the works were hurried on to completion, the number was trebled. A hospital erected for the sick workmen during the construction of the building cost about £20,000, and the whole cost of the building was believed to have approached four millions sterling. On the day of opening a dinner was given by the king to all comers—the guests are said to have numbered 9,000.

Like many of the gigantic buildings of the Peninsula combining a royal residence, a church of great pretension, and a monastery, there is a general inclosure of vast extent. In this case the inclosure is a parallelogram, whose longest sides measure nearly 900 feet. The extreme angles to the north and south were royal residences, surmounted by towers of great magnitude, 350 feet high. The extent of roof is so great that it is said a small army might be exercised upon it, and the interior contains between eight and nine hundred rooms.

The church is exceedingly rich, but in the classical style more admired by the Latin than the Gothic races. The following account, by the author of "Vathek," is characteristic, and describes the impression made on one who was quite ready to admire this style, and who seems to have appreciated it thoroughly. In his account of Portugal he says: "Never did I behold an assemblage of such beautiful marbles as gleamed above, below and around us. The collateral chapels, which are six in number, are each enriched with finely finished bas-reliefs, and stately portals of black and yellow marble, richly veined, and so highly polished as to reflect objects like a mirror. The pavement, the vaulted ceiling, the dome, and even the topmost lantern, are all incrusted with the same costly and durable material. Roses of white marble, and wreaths of palm branches most exquisitely sculptured, enrich every part of the edifice. I never saw Corinthian capitals better modeled or executed with more precision and sharpness than those of the columns which support the nave. Having satisfied our curiosity by examining the ornaments of the altar, we passed through a long, covered gallery to the sacristy, a magnificent vaulted hall, paneled with some beautiful varieties of alabaster and porphyry, and carpeted, as well as a chapel adjoining it, in a style of the utmost magnificence. We traversed several more halls and chapels adorned with equal splendor, till we were fatigued and bewildered, like knights-errant in the midst of an enchanted palace."

Mafra is not far from Cintra, one of the most frequently visited and best known of all places near Lisbon, being the country retreat of all who can afford to leave the capital during the heat of Summer. It is about six miles from the sea, but the air is so clear, that when seen in the fresh morning breeze, sparkling in the sun, it does not appear more than two. The situation is delightful, and includes almost every variety of scenery. Close to the houses and villas, the resort of the visitors, the gardens are full of orange and lemon trees, which here grow to an enormous size; while the lavender, the rosemary, and the carnation flourish in earthen pots, or on the walls which surround the inclosures. Every house possesses its water supply, by the aid of which lettuces and other fresh garden produce are grown, and the water, allowed to fall here and there in gentle cascades, produces a murmur which mixes sweetly with the hum of wild bees and the song of the ringdove.

From the grounds of the Penha Verde the scenery includes all the glories of towering mountains. The country house bearing this name was built by a very eminent Portuguese, Dom John de Castro, long Governor-General of the Portuguese possessions of India. He received as a reward for the conquest of Dice a rock called the Monte das Alviçaras, and built here the house, which still belongs to his descendants, and a chapel. The exceedingly picturesque character of these buildings of the Penha Verde may be judged of by the annexed illustration. The name (Green Rock) is given from a lofty conical mountain rising immediately behind the estate, and covered to the topmost peak with luxuriant vegetation, forming a fine contrast to the bare and craggy rocks that surround it.

A Moorish castle overhangs the town of Cintra, and the ruins of a mosque are seen on the ascent. There is in the castle a vaulted bath, also Moorish, about fifty feet long, seventeen feet broad, and the water in it is four feet deep, and never varies in quantity, being supplied by springs.

The Penha convent is also very interesting, and is on the summit of one of the highest of the peaks.

This building, on the suppression of the convents in Portugal, was at first bought by a private gentleman, but soon afterward purchased by the king-regent, and restored with much taste. It now resembles a feudal castle, but the monastic character is preserved in the interior. The view from the summit is exceedingly fine, including Mafra, rising in a huge pile from the plain, the lines of Torres Vedras, and the mouth of the Tagus. To the west is the boundless Atlantic. The top of the mountain immediately below the castle is laid out in shrubberies and gardens, broad walks being cut in every direction through the rock.

Cintra is said to be a corruption of "Cinthia," and the remains of a small temple, dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, have been discovered on the summit of the highest mountain in the neighborhood. Seen by moonlight the effect is almost magical, owing to the contrast of the waving foliage—almost black by this light—with the white country houses. The shaded lanes, also, are full of glow-worms, and fireflies dart from one point to another like meteors. By day the views are charming; one may ride through rocky defiles overhung with cork trees, than which nothing in the way of tree vegetation is much finer. Sometimes the mountain-sides are covered with purple heath and yellow broom, mixed with ferns and creeping ivy. Ferns grow also on the trunks and branches of the cork tree, forming a singular effect of mingled foliage. Here and there are open patches of land, serving as pasture for cattle, and occasionally wild open commons, where a great variety of heaths bloom in the midst of an underwood consisting of myrtle and arbutus trees.

From Cintra to Lisbon the distance is about sixteen miles. There is a railroad, but the most pleasant mode of conveyance is a horse or mule. After passing St. Pedro the road lies through the pretty village of Bemfica, buried in orange-groves, gardens, and orchards, and near it is the once celebrated Dominican convent, now converted into a manufactory. The church, however, is preserved. Before reaching Bemfica, and about six miles from Lisbon, is the royal palace of Queluz—the name signifying "What a light!"—a favorite residence of many kings, and surrounded by very fine gardens.

The Oporto railroad is very convenient to travelers who wish to see the most interesting towns of Portugal without undergoing extreme fatigue or spending a long time on the road. The main line reaches the principal junction at a distance of sixty-five miles from Lisbon, and thence are two great branches—one eastward to Badajoz, and so into Spain (about 110 miles beyond the junction), and the other northward by Coimbra to Oporto (140 miles). Santarem is near the junction, and is reached in a couple of hours from Lisbon. Like many of the Estremaduran towns, its church architecture is very interesting. It has also been the seat of various important events in Portuguese history, and is on every account a place to be visited. It was a Roman town, and is situated on high ground a little north of the Tagus, on its right bank. It was long in the possession of the Moors, and though taken from them in 1093, it was soon retaken, and became one of the most important strong places in their possession. It was ultimately taken by the Christians by a stratagem half a century afterward, and was permanently retained. There are remains of the old walls, and some interesting fragments of early architecture in the theatre, which was once a mosque. The country near is well cultivated, and the valley of the Tagus very rich.

From Santarem to Thomar is about thirty miles, but Thomar being the first station on the Oporto branch after passing the junction with the Badajoz line, there is always some delay, and nearly two hours is taken by the rail to make the journey. Thomar is rather a large city for Portugal, having more than 4,000 inhabitants, and it is perhaps the most interesting town in the whole country for its ecclesiastical architecture. This is well illustrated by the wonderful Casa do Capitulo, a building that, like many others in this country, combines in a very curious manner classical and Gothic forms and feeling. In both illustrations the odd mixture of extreme enrichment, grotesque forms, and wild, fanciful deviations from recognized and ordinary arrangements, is exceedingly remarkable. The mixture of round, oval, square, and pointed forms will not fail to excite the wonder and perhaps the ridicule of the strict in art.

But this is not the right feeling with which to approach these remarkable ruins. The vast abundance of ornamentation seems almost to have overwhelmed the architect, and he appears to have felt so impressed by decoration, as to have been obliged to place it where ornament ceases to be ornamental, and becomes a nuisance. Gargoyles on the spouts projecting from the drainage of roofs are always regarded as permissible, and are often ridiculous, the workman sometimes avenging himself by handing down to posterity a caricature of some one who had given him offense. But the liberty always permitted in this part of a building, even in the case of churches in the best style and period, degenerates here into extreme license, and is permitted even in prominent parts of windows; fretwork prevails everywhere and covers everything; the stone seems breaking out into bud and flower, and it is difficult to understand that such a result can have grown out of an attempt to represent the severe beauties of Gothic architecture.

The traveler who desires to cross Portugal and see Badajoz must return to the junction (Entroncamento), and may thence proceed, reaching Abrantes in about an hour, and arriving at Badajoz in from seven to eight hours from the junction. Abrantes is a strongly fortified place, and has a fine church; there is no other town of importance. Elvas is about ten miles from Badajoz; it is a very interesting place, surrounded by country-houses and gardens, and in a military sense is strong. It stands on a high hill, and is admirably situated to command the old roads, both to Madrid and Seville. It is a fortress surrounded by several forts, requiring a larger garrison than towns are likely to have in Portugal. The principal fort is very convenient, possessing not only a very large tank, but a spring of water of good quality. This fortress has often been attacked but never taken. There is a direct line of railway open from Lisbon as far as Evora, which will, when completed, greatly shorten the distance from the capital to Badajoz, and which will pass by Elvas. This will, of course, much improve the communication between the capitals of Spain and Portugal, but there seems little probability of its cementing very closely any union between the two countries.

From Santarem the railway conveys the traveler to Coimbra, a distance of about sixty-five miles, in about three hours. It is a town equally interesting for its picturesque position, its architectural beauties and its university. The town rises steeply on the north bank of the Mondego, but the streets are narrow, steep, and generally dirty. A well-known writer says, "Coimbra is about as rocky as Oporto; in either place it is impossible for old or gouty people to walk." It was long a Moorish stronghold, but recovered from Mohammedan rule in the middle of the eleventh century. At one time it was the capital of Portugal. It is the

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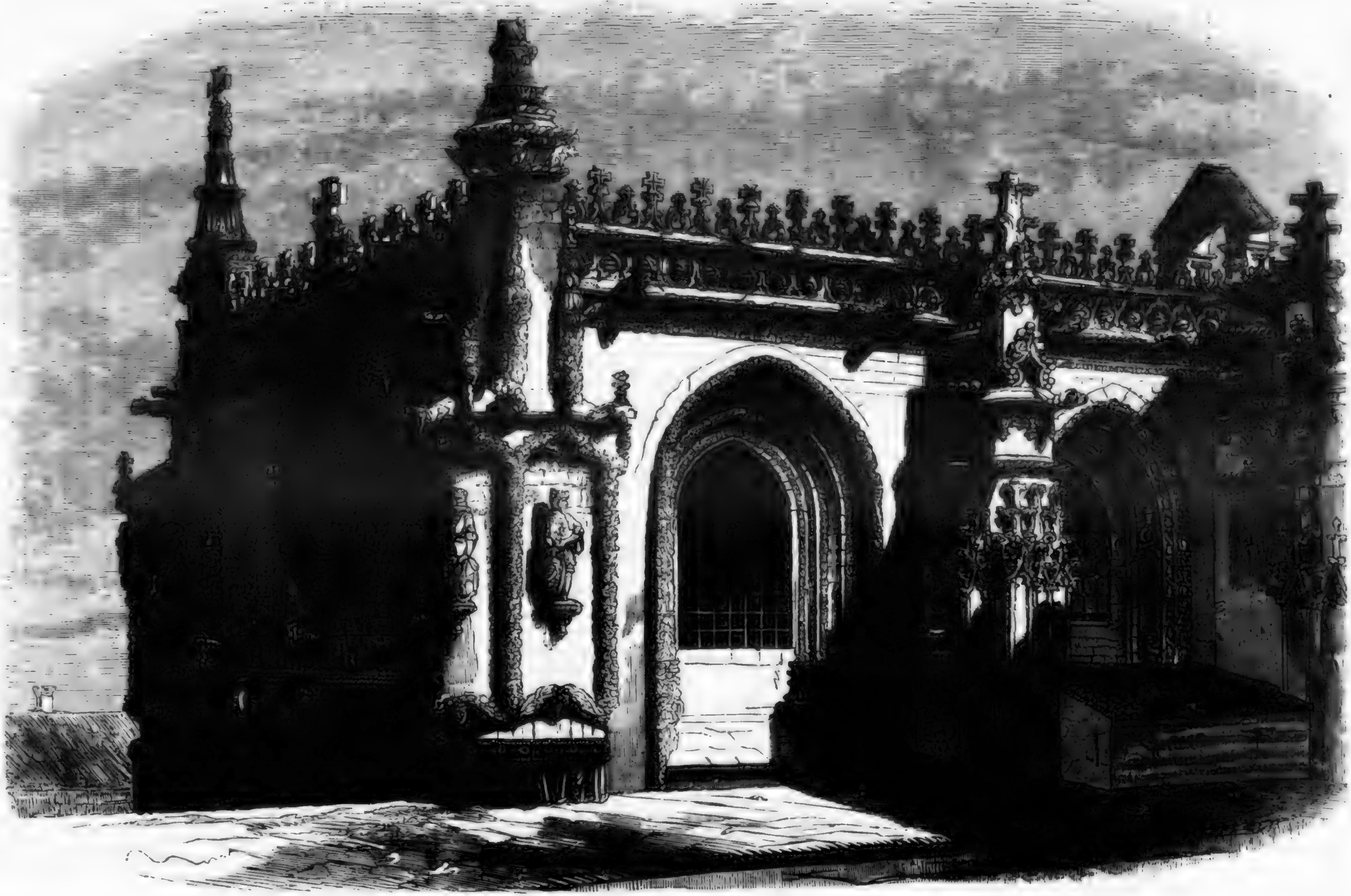
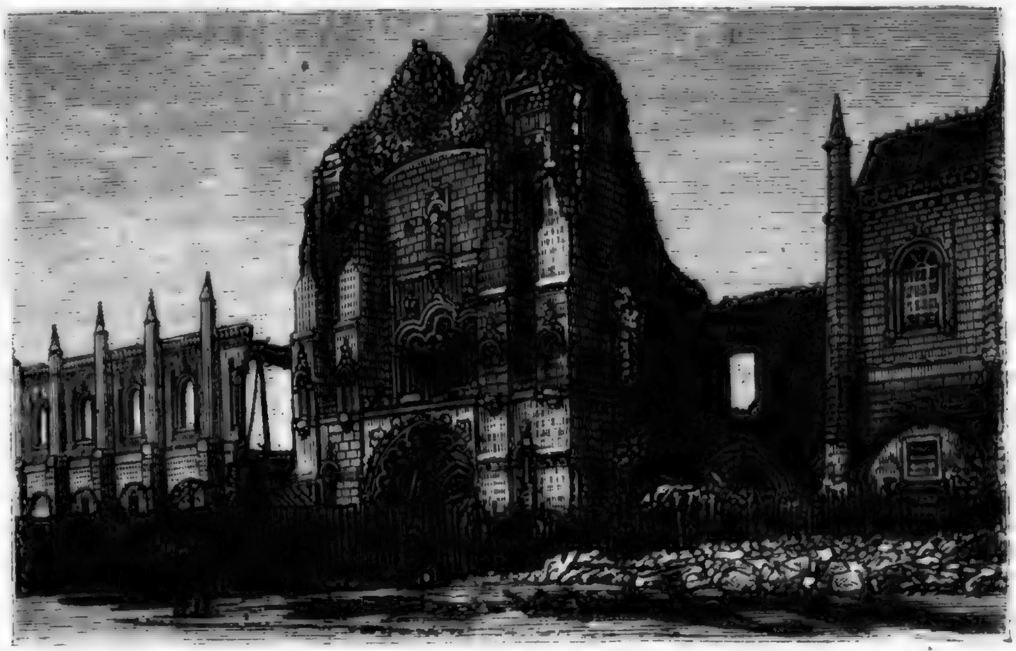


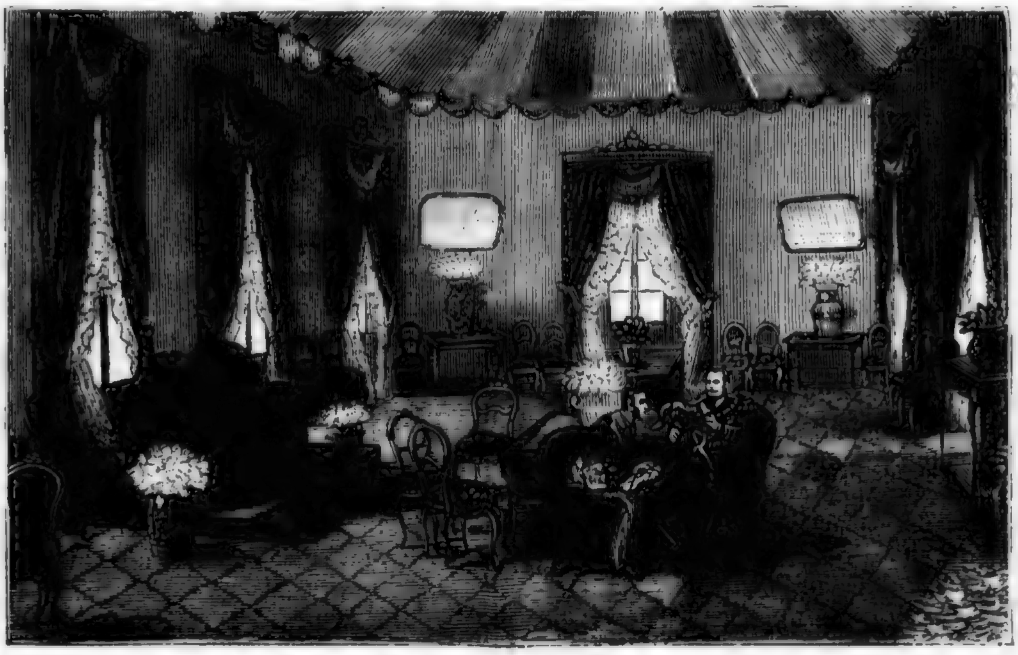
THE CASA DO CAPITULO.



THE ANCIENT MONASTERY OF SANTA MARIA DE BELEN, AFTER THE FALL OF ONE OF THE TOWERS IN DECEMBER, 1878.

seat of an important university still in high repute, and having about a thousand students in some one or other of the five faculties—theology, law, medicine, mathematics and philosophy. The buildings occupy the summit of the hill on which the town is built; but to enjoy the best view of the town and country, it is necessary to mount to the tower of the university. The old part of the building will amply repay the trouble of investigation.

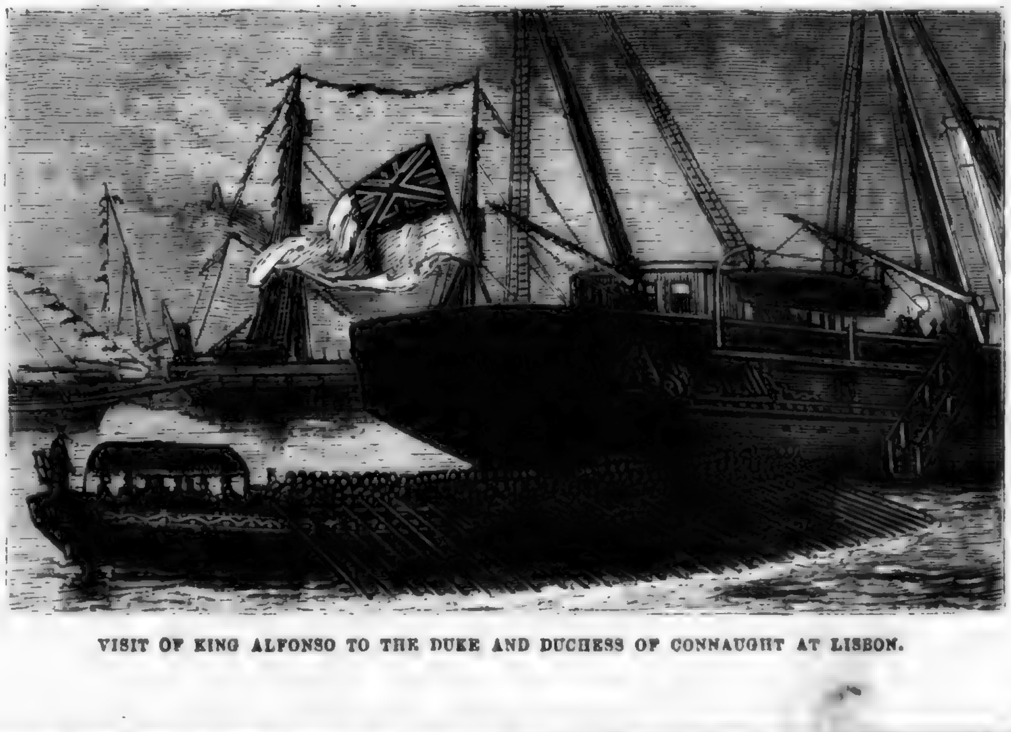
The cathedral of Coimbra is interesting, and, like the university, it occupies a commanding position, soaring aloft above a network of small lanes and narrow streets. The style is curiously mixed, as is so often the case in Portugal, and the Moorish element is traceable in the interior. It dates from the early part of the twelfth century, but is sadly barbarized by modern restorations. Some of the Romanesque work seen from the outside, including the western door, and a window also in the west front, is very striking, and, perhaps, one of the best examples in Portugal of its peculiar style. There are in the interior some tombs of the thirteenth century, and some other Romanesque work of considerable beauty. Besides the cathedral, there are in Coimbra several specimens of architecture, of similar style and date, some of them interesting enough.



CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE KINGS OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL AT ELVAS.

The church of the convent of Santa Cruz is a very noble specimen of flamboyant architecture, including some parts of extraordinary interest. The cloister and chapter-house are among these. The church also contains some magnificent carving. The stalls are fine—there are seventy-two of them—and the workmanship of the pulpit, said to be cut out of a single piece of stone, is of the most exquisite beauty.

The convent possesses great historical interest, and, according to tradition, the apparition of Alfonso Henriquez appeared here at the time that Don Joas I. was driving out the Moors from Ceuta.



VISIT OF KING ALFONSO TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT LISBON.

The remains of the old monastery of Santa Clara, consisting chiefly of the ruins of the church, date from 1286, and are interesting. The building has suffered a good deal, partly by the action of time, but chiefly from the inundations of the river, which are very frequent and serious, owing to the heavy falls of rain in the mountains, and the form of the ground in the surrounding country, which causes the water to run off very quickly.

The new monastery of Santa Clara crowns a steep hill on the south side of the river, and is, at least, free from this source of danger. It is, however, a plain, and even ugly, building of the seventeenth century, and contains no object of the smallest interest.

The Quinta des Lagrimas, on the further side of the Mondego, is now the country-house of a gentleman who allows it to be visited by those who desire to see the residence which was a refuge of the fair and poetical Inez de Castro, secretly married to the Infante Dom Pedro, the son of Alfonso IV., and here barbarously murdered in the king's presence, and by his orders, in the year 1355.

The result of this foul crime was, that the son rose in rebellion against his father, laid waste the whole of the Minho, and, on his accession to the throne, put the murderers of his wife to death, proclaimed his marriage, and ordered the coronation of the corpse. In the gardens of the quinta is a spring, shaded by beautiful cedars, called the *Fonte dos Amores*. The view of the city and river from this garden is very striking.

There are other very interesting objects around Coimbra, and the neighborhood is worthy of careful investigation by the artist and naturalist.

A little to the northeast lies the ridge and convent of Busaco, extremely interesting in itself, on account of the magnificent trees, chiefly cypresses and cedars, that once covered it, and are still its greatest ornaments, and not less remarkable as the site of a bloody battle between the French troops, under Marshals Ney and Massena, and the English, commanded by the Duke of Wellington. The convent was once on a grand scale, its precincts having a circumference of four miles, all walled in, and including numerous chapels and religious stations. On the summit of the ridge was a stone cross, on so large a foundation that 3,000 cartloads of stone were employed in constructing its base. The cells of the brethren were round the church, and they were lined with cork instead of wood. Each had its garden and watercourse, which formed the sole recreation of the monks.

An interesting excursion may be made from Coimbra, by striking off to the east from Mealhada, by Busaco, to Cea, in the Sierra d'Estrella. The village of Cea is not in itself remarkable, though picturesquely situated on a spur of the principal chain. Near it was stationed the cavalry of the British army when attacked, on its retreat to Torres Vedras, by the forces of the French. The Sierra de Busaco, a continuation of the Estrella, is near; and after the battle the Duke of Wellington was able to continue his march to the lines nearer Lisbon, avoiding the mountains, and saving a considerable distance.

The Sierra d'Estrella is the last of a series of granitic mountain chains, crossing the peninsula nearly parallel to the Pyrenees, but some distance to the south. Commencing in Spain, by the Guadarrama, this chain continues in a direction nearly west-southwest, being succeeded first by the Sierra de Gredos, and then, slightly turning to the west, it connects with the Sierra de Gata, and terminates in the Sierra d'Estrella, which separates the basin of the Tagus from that of the Douro. Beyond the Estrella, to the west and southwest, there is a further extension to the sea, forming the broken and hilly plateau of which the Duke of Wellington took advantage in preparing the lines of Torres Vedras, already alluded to.

The Estrella is a lofty chain, rising in places to as much as 7,500 feet above the sea, and exhibits much very noble and varied mountain scenery. Near Coimbra it forms a range of extreme beauty and interest. At the summit is a plateau nine miles long and three miles wide, covered with snow during Winter and Spring. The snow generally remains as late as June. The whole mountain system of which it forms a part is granitic, and much broken and weathered. On the plateau just described are several small but deep lakes.

From the sierra proceeds the river Mondego, crossed at Coimbra, and one of the largest streams of the interior of Portugal. It rises in one of the lakes of the Estrella range, and runs for nearly 100 miles. Its valley is wide, fertile and abundantly watered, and is one of the richest and most beautiful in the peninsula. The slopes of the Estrella afford abundant pasturage to great numbers of cattle and sheep, while forests of oak and chestnut supply food to numerous herds of swine. The smoothness and gentleness of the stream of the Mondego in Spring and Summer scarcely make up for the terrible inundations to which it is subject, and from which all the valley suffers.

The Estrella is regarded as the backbone of Portugal, and embraces a far greater variety of scenery and a larger number of fine views than any other Portuguese chain. It separates the valley of the Tagus from that of the Douro, and carries out the line of the granitic mountains of Castile to the Atlantic. Several streams besides the Mondego take their rise in its lakes and melting snow, and rush down the narrow ravines and gorges on its sides. The chief of these is the Zezere, which rushes down the southern flanks of one of the loftiest peaks of the sierra, to join the Tagus at a distance of some eighty miles.

The lakes of the plateau of the Estrella are extremely remarkable, and worthy of a visit by the naturalist and physical geographer. The Escura is the largest, and is about a mile in circumference. It is excessively difficult of access, and has been compared to a basin nailed against a perpendicular wall. Its depth is very great, and its waters seem as black as ink. When it overflows, its waters run down to a second lake, and that again to a third and fourth.

The singular mountain-peak called the *Cantara Magra* ("a lean pitcher"), though not the highest summit of the Estrella, is considered as the least accessible. It resembles a pitcher balanced on the head of a woman, but from the lake Escura it seems to rise like a needle; and another peak, whose summit is regarded as the highest point in the sierra, is almost equally bold. This culminating point of the ridge, and therefore the highest ground in Portugal, commands a boundless prospect, embracing a large part of Spain, reaching to the mountains near Toledo.

The nature of the granitic plateau from which these peaks rise, and of the wild valleys down which rush the torrents that feed the Portuguese rivers, is very interesting, and unlike anything that can be seen elsewhere in Europe. The course of the Zezere is particularly fine when that river is greatly swollen by the melting of the mountain snows. In some places it forms a continuous cataract for more than 100 yards without interruption, and is wonderfully grand. At the Ponte de Cabril, near Pedrogao, the river is, in ordinary times, 200 feet below the bridge, but the gorge is so narrow that the water, on the occasion of great floods, rises nearly to the lower part of the arch that spans the gorge.

Well inclosed in the rocky plateau of the Estrella is the old episcopal city of Viseu, situated at the height of 1,300 feet above the sea, and feeling the effect of its position when, in the Spring, the south wind, sweeping over the mountain land, covered in most places with twenty feet of snow, is bitterly cold and uncomfortable. It contains a rather interesting cathedral, rich in the works of the native painter, Gran Vasco, the Fra Angelico of Portugal. He is said to have been born in 1470, and studied in Italy. Some of his works in the cathedral are considered to be unrivaled; but there are many of inferior value attributed to him. Viseu was also the birthplace of a celebrated native poet, whose descriptions of Portuguese Asia are very remarkable.

Avoiding the sierra and following the coast, there is a way from Coimbra to Oporto by Aveiro, another old episcopal city, situated on a salt lagoon extending nearly fifteen miles to the north, and separated from the sea by a narrow spit of sand. Several streams enter the lagoon, and in Summer, when these streams are dry, the sand accumulates and chokes up the entrance. It happens occasionally that the Winter flow of the rivers is not sufficiently rapid to cut a way through this bar, and in that case the water backs upon the land, converting a great extent of low ground near Aveiro into a marsh. The natural result of this state of things is miasma and fever. Owing to this, the City of Aveiro, once numbering 14,000 inhabitants, has been reduced to 5,000. Very extensive works were constructed in the beginning of the present century by the Government to remedy the evil, and the health of the place is greatly improved. Vast quantities of salt are obtained in the neighborhood by evaporation, from pits in the inundated ground.

By taking advantage of the railway, Oporto may be reached from Coimbra in three hours, but the scenery on the way is of little interest. The town of Oporto is built on the slope of two hills, about five miles from the sea, and though so far from the sea, and built on the banks of the Douro, it is regarded, as its name indicates, as a seaport town. There is a harbor, capacious, but very difficult to enter, owing to a bar of sand. The river Douro is responsible for the badness of the accommodation in the way of harbor, and is so because it is subject to the most frightful inundations. In the course of a few hours after a heavy rain in the upper part of its course, the water will sometimes rise twenty or thirty feet near Oporto, bringing down whole trees and enormous quantities of mud and stone from the country above, and dyeing the sea with its yellow, muddy color many miles from the shore. This mud, distributed by marine currents, and drifted to the coast between the mouth of the Douro and Aveiro, has produced the long and large lagoon already described.

Oporto is a city of considerable antiquity, and was very important even during the domination of the Moors in Portugal. But this old town was utterly destroyed in the ninth century, and remained a desert till the close of the tenth, when it was re-founded. Fragments of its walls, constructed in the fourteenth century, are still to be seen here and there, but there are few other remains of its former state. As a whole, the town is altogether modern. Being built on a slope, the streets are not very accessible for carriages; but many of them are broad and well paved, with handsome but very irregularly-built houses, oddly mixed up with poor hovels, even in the best streets. The cathedral is on the top of a hill; it is of large size, and must originally have been an interesting specimen of its date. Its style is Early Pointed; the Gothic cloisters are very interesting, and the old tiles with which they are decorated are curious. Much of the building has been reconstructed in very questionable taste, and it would be difficult to trace the older and purer parts.

Except in the Church of St. Martinho de Cedofeita, which contains some curious Romanesque remains, there is little to admire in the church architecture of this, the second city of Portugal, nor are there any other public buildings to redeem it from indifference. The town is essentially modern, and the taste of the modern constructions is not good.

But, in visiting Oporto and the Douro, grapes and wine are of more interest than picturesque scenery, ruins of old buildings or fine churches. The traveler, when at this well-known place, will naturally look for the indications of its trade and importance; and for this purpose he must visit the city, provided with an introduction to one of the many wealthy and hospitable owners of the *armazens*, or cellars. The most celebrated of these stores are situated in a suburb called Villa Nova or Gaya. They are wonderful for their extent, and interesting for the details of manipulation there carried on in the concoction of the popular compound known as port wine.

RECENT DISCOVERIES.

The Philadelphia *Times* reports that H. S. Hamilton, a Bushnell (Ill.) man, has discovered a process for making hard-wood lumber out of common wheat straw. All the effects of polish and finish that can be obtained on the hardest of black walnut and mahogany are produced, and at as little cost as manufacturing clear pine lumber. The process is given as follows: "As many sheets are taken as are required to make the thickness of lumber desired. These sheets are passed through a chemical solution, which thoroughly softens up the fibre and completely saturates it. The whole is then passed through a succession of rollers, dried and hardened during the passage, as well as polished, and comes out of the other end of the machine, hard, dry lumber, ready for use." It is claimed that the chemical properties, hardening in the fibre, entirely prevent water-soaking, and render the lumber combustible only in a very hot fire. The hardened finish on the outside also makes it impervious to water.

The metalograph, a Boston invention, is run by compressed air, and consists of a hardened steel point, which, when in use, is moved up and down within a metal tube very rapidly, by means of a cam and spring. The cam is on a little metal shaft, which is revolved by a wheel which is connected by a rubber tube with a pair of bellows under the table, and can be worked by hand or foot. Resting the instrument perpendicularly upon a thin sheet of metal, and setting the bellows in motion, a person may write with it upon the metal, making what appears to be a continuous line, but really a dotted line. The letters made are embossed upon the metal. The sheet of metal is then to be placed in a small press, and covered by a suitable piece of carbon paper, and over that again the paper to be written upon is placed. The press is then set in motion, and copies of the writing or composition can be produced very rapidly. No liquid ink, acid or electricity is used.

Russian physicians cure hydrophobia by causing the victims to inhale oxygen.

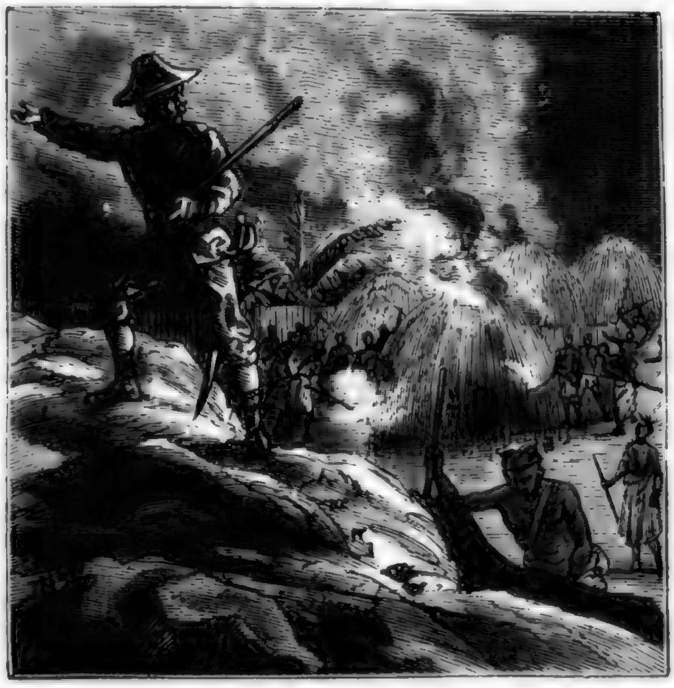
M. Perry has invented an apparatus for distilling water at sea, which has received a prize of 3,000 francs from the French Academy, and been adopted by the French Navy. The steam from sea-water passes two cones, where it is aërated by being condensed in an air-current. It is then purified by circulation through animal charcoal. The result is fresh, well-aërated, inodorous, limpid water.

A German inventor proposes to make boots that will never wear out. He mixes with a waterproof glue a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand, which is spread on the thin leather sole employed as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be flexible and almost indestructible, while they enable the wearer to walk safely over slippery roads.

A GOOD HAUL.

AN AFRICAN BATTLE.

The following interesting account of a pitched battle between South African tribes is given in the late Charles James Anderson's last book. Anderson had dispatched a large drove of cattle and a quantity of ivory from Otjimbingue, in Damaraland, to Cape Town, in charge of several white employés and a number of native servants; but, a few days after their departure, received intelligence that the party had been attacked *en route* by the Namaquas—a savage tribe with whom the adventurous explorer and trader had long been at enmity—who captured all the cattle and effects, besides killing and wounding several of his men. This bad news was brought by two of the survivors, who narrowly escaped with their lives.



AN AFRICAN BATTLE.—"I CONTINUED THE ASCENT, SHOUTING TO THE MEN TO FOLLOW; BUT WITH FEW EXCEPTIONS THEY ALL REMAINED BEHIND, TO PLUNDER."

Anderson at once determined to punish the marauders, and, assembling a few white men at his station on whom he could rely, sought the aid of the Damaras, a friendly tribe, in pursuing the Namaquas and recovering his property.

His narrative of the campaign that ensued is given in his own words:

A day sufficed to make the needful arrangements, and I and Mr. Baines set out for Otjimbingue, which we reached after a quick and safe journey. And here an unexpected pleasure awaited me; for not only had B——, the missing white man, turned up safe and sound, but H——'s brother and N—— had been restored to liberty; and, be it said to the honor of these men, they were ready once more to risk their lives in my service.

I staid but one day, and having appointed a rendezvous for the meeting of the men who were to join me, I moved on to it. After a delay here of three days, I found myself at the head of 2,000 men, a number which ultimately swelled to 3,000—a force which, if truly effective, would have enabled me to pass quickly from one end of Great Namaqualand to the other without much difficulty.

But, alas! there were really comparatively few fighting men; the greater part was a mere rabble, come solely for the purpose of rapine and plunder, at once the curses and vultures of an army. Moreover, we mustered only about 500 guns, half of which were utterly useless, many actually wanting a cock, a pan, a mainspring, or other equally important part. Nevertheless, there is something cheering in numbers, especially when contending with a savage and undisciplined enemy, whom they serve to intimidate.

I therefore looked forward with some confidence to a successful issue of the expedition; the more so, as I expected a strong reinforcement from Wilhelm Zwartbooi's tribe, who had expressly requested to be allowed to join us in any attempt to be made against the common enemy.

The Damaras, indeed, grumbled at this, deeming themselves quite strong enough to punish the hostile tribe; moreover, urging that it would cause too much delay to wait for them, and enable the enemy both to prepare against surprise and for defense. But I had made up my mind that our allies should share alike with us success or defeat, as the case might turn out, and thus matters were allowed to take their course.

After about a week's journeying, we found ourselves in the neighborhood of Rehoboth, but, though I had sent more than one express to inform our friends of our approach, no such tidings had reached them; and the very first intimation they had of us was from my own man, whom I had now dispatched on horseback.

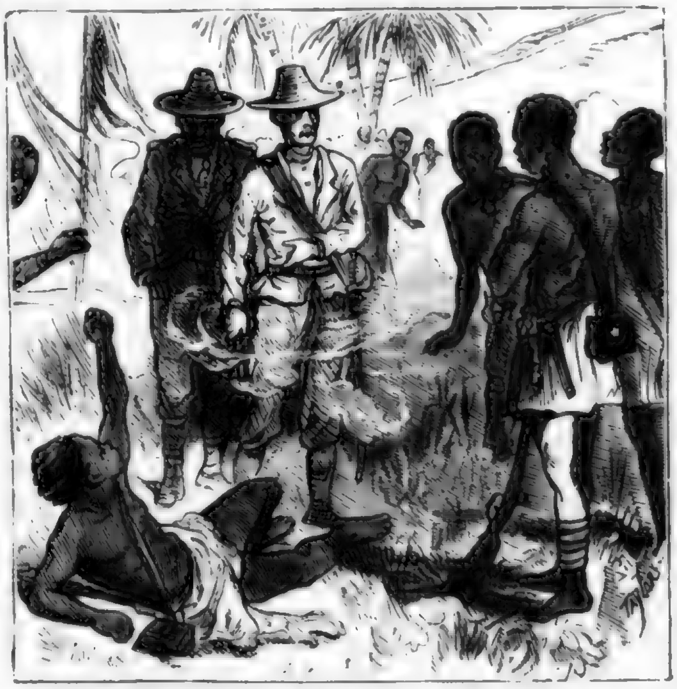
Nevertheless, having themselves been kept in a kind of siege, as it were—that is, expecting such an event daily—they were soon ready, and, being supplied with such ammunition as I could spare, they joined my standard, about fifty strong.

The Namaquas are, in general, bad soldiers, except when brought to bay behind stone-walls, when, like the Turks, nothing short of the bayonet or assegai-charge will dislodge them. And knowing that an enemy would never attempt to meet us in the open field, but would take refuge in rocks and precipices, I hailed the addition to our party with considerable satisfaction.

No one exactly knew the whereabout of the Namaquas, nor could we obtain any reliable information on the subject. Some said we should find them one or two days' journey off at the utmost, whilst others doubled the distance.

It was, of course, very difficult to act under such conflicting accounts, and the utmost caution was necessary in so steering our course as to avoid being ourselves entrapped. But at last, after many a false alarm and one slight skirmish, in which several of the enemy were killed, and more than one of our own party had narrow escapes, one man being shot through the arm and shoulder of his jacket, and after we had advanced much further than was anticipated, we made sure of having discovered the enemy's stronghold. Some Berg Damaras, whom we had captured, declared that we should find them in a range of hills no great way off, and which we could distinctly see from our camp.

All was now intense eagerness. We carefully concealed ourselves in an extensive hollow during the day, whilst several scouts were sent during the following night to reconnoitre the supposed enemy's position. Our object was considerably facilitated by a conspicuous hill lying half way, and commanding a full view of the aforesaid range. The spies fully corroborated the story of the Berg Damaras, and preparations were quietly made for a determined assault on the ensuing night.



AN AFRICAN BATTLE.—"AT THIS TIME I FOUND IT NECESSARY TO SHOOT A MAN WHO HAD IN THE MOST RECKLESS AND DARING MANNER SET MY COMMANDS AT DEFIANCE."

As soon as darkness had sufficiently set in, so as to hide our operations, a forward movement was made, keeping the hill above-mentioned well between us and the supposed whereabout of the enemy. Having reached its base, we halted to make the final preparations, and to ascertain that they had not decamped--an event we had greatly dreaded throughout our toilsome and cautious march. Judging from the fires seen from this point on the opposite range, the enemy was intrenched in three great parties, a considerable way up the face of the rock.

To meet the emergency, I divided my men into as many divisions, appointing Mr. Green to that destined for the attack on the left, placing Haybittel with a second on my right, whilst I myself led the centre in person against what appeared to be the largest of their strongholds.

Our plan was to make the attack at break of day, but the intervening distance not being very great, the final movement was delayed till about three o'clock in the morning, when I ordered a simultaneous advance of all the divisions—the distance that each had to go being nearly the same.

I had the greatest difficulty in restraining my men from getting ahead too quickly, they seemed so eager for the pending fray. Now I was at the left wing, then on the right, and presently back to the centre, begging and commanding alternately. It was a cold, moonlight night, and, as objects were discernible a long way off, I feared every moment to see our movements betrayed. Indeed, I had no doubt about it, as the fires were suddenly stirred into a blaze, while the men were heard calling to one another—having evidently been aroused by the violent barking of the dogs.

We were now at the foot of the hill, and so near as to be able to distinguish every word that was spoken. Ordering the men to lie down, I listened eagerly for further signs to determine my movements, when, after a while, I was glad to find all becoming once more quiet.

As there was no longer any time to be lost, we rose and began the ascent, which in a very short time became exceedingly steep and laborious, considerably decreasing the eagerness of my followers. The goal, however, was reached, without any accident or molestation, just as the first streak of dawn appeared, though, from the shadows thrown by the hill, objects could be discerned but dimly.

I was the first man to leap into the *werft* (a sort of stockade of poles or planks—these are sometimes very extensive, and of sufficient strength to resist a cannon-shot), where, to my disgust, instead of a numerous enemy, I found only some poor Berg Damaras. I paused, in sheer astonishment; but just at this moment heavy firing began on my right, and feeling certain that my friends had been more fortunate, and in the hope of being able to render them assistance—as also with a view of cutting off the enemy—I continued the ascent, shouting to the men to follow. But, with a very few exceptions, they all remained behind to plunder the wretched abodes of the flying inhabitants. In five minutes every hut was in a blaze, and a wild but harassing sight presented itself to my view from my elevated position. Never was enterprise better planned, and in the beginning so successfully executed, followed by such an indifferent result. We had been fairly gulled, and I felt immeasurably disgusted accordingly.

But I will pass quickly over what followed. Suffice it to say that we captured a large number of women and children (Berg Damaras)—I did so out of compassion for the poor creatures, well knowing the merciless character of my followers—some sheep and goats, and a few head of cattle. In about an hour or so I was joined by the right division, who had been even less successful than ourselves. As for Mr. Green and his party, they had never encountered an enemy nor captured any booty. Whilst discussing what further to do, one of the Rehobothians brought word that the Afrikaners were on a neighboring hill, and had actually dared us to the attack.

After our many and severe disappointments, we were unwilling to lend a too-ready ear to his tale, and I exclaimed, "If true, it is the best news we have had yet!"

As our way lay in the direction indicated, we leisurely followed the man, and did find several large werfs; but all were deserted, a native appearing only here and there in the distance, timidly peeping forth from behind a large rock.

In one place, however, we met with some success, having captured about seventy or eighty head of cattle, and nine hundred or a thousand sheep and goats—a most opportune supply to our exhausted larder. Indeed, we had been without animal food for some days, and had been chiefly subsisting on "veldt cost," *i. e.*, on such roots as the soil yielded.

By this time the day was far advanced, and, meeting with water, we encamped for the night, hoping that on the morrow we should have a nearer acquaintance with the enemy, of whom we were more than ever determined to give a good account.

At this time I found it necessary to shoot a man who had, in the most reckless and daring manner, set my commands at defiance. I had warned the Damaras, at the very outset of the expedition, that I would suffer no disregard of my authority, having been elected commander by their full and free consent. This severe example had a salutary effect on the minds of my cut-throat followers.

Whilst busy making the camp snug and safe for the night, the cry was suddenly raised, "The Hottentots! the Hottentots!" and sure enough a few horsemen were observed on the rising ground above us, less than half a mile off. The next moment they were seen to dismount and deliberately take aim at some object, which we too surely conjectured to be some unfortunate Damara who, contrary to my orders and warnings, had strayed thus far from the camp in search of food. It was a daring act to do in the face of such numbers, and though they were chased away faster than they came, we had the mortification to know that we had been bearded on our own threshold by a mere handful of men. Deep and long were the imprecations uttered, and the vengeance vowed against the enemy of the Damaras, though for my part I could not help admiring the daring and hardihood of the fellows. And no one but Jan Jonker himself, I felt sure, could have performed so bold and rash an act.

On the following morning we were early astir, and although still uncertain of the enemy's exact whereabout, we had a shrewd suspicion that they were to be found located in a grim-looking rock a few miles ahead of us. We moved accordingly, in something like battle-array, and as we proceeded, fresh cattle and sheep-tracks became abundant; but we had actually reached the base of the hill in question, which we now clearly saw was of great extent and of the most formidable character, without observing anything to indicate the presence of a large body of men. But just at this juncture, the advanced scouts waved their hands as a sign for us to hurry on, and, putting spurs to my horse, I galloped ahead, followed by about a dozen horsemen, when lo! less than half a mile ahead of us, and in full retreat, were a number of horsemen—probably the identical ones who had shown themselves so boldly on the night before.

We chased them at the top of our speed, and so intent were we on the pursuit that we should probably have rushed upon our own destruction in a few minutes more, had not, fortunately, one of the horsemen called out:

"Look! there are people on the hill. We are going too far!"

We halted accordingly, and now found ourselves on the opposite side of the hill to which we had advanced, and which here presented an equally steep ascent. I saw at a glance that if the enemy were really ensconced amongst its passes and precipices—and I could not well doubt that such was the case—we should have tough work to dislodge them. For the first time I began to entertain some doubts of the success of our enterprise; but it was too late to think of this, and I felt certain that were time given to the Damaras to fully realize the extent of our peril, we must utterly fail.

Hastily scanning the face of the mountain, therefore, I soon perceived that the only tolerably accessible point was from about half-way between where we were now stationed and the side that we had originally approached from, and I determined to make the first attack here.

Seeing the Damaras begin to come up in large numbers, I instructed Green to choose two of the most trustworthy of the leaders and their men, and then I gave the word to storm; and right gallantly it was done. Being quickly joined by others as they were coming on, I had the satisfaction shortly to see the hillside swarming with dusky warriors. This occupied scarcely ten minutes, and shots began to be rapidly exchanged.

Feeling satisfied that this flank movement was a success, my next step was to order the Rehobothians and a strong body of Damaras to follow me. My plan was to keep on a course parallel to the mountain, with a view of trying to draw out the enemy's strength and position, and to draw off their attention in a measure from the storming party, and, finally, to find an accessible point for attack full in front. But, from some misconception or other cause, my orders in this instance were not carried out equally satisfactorily, and the consequence was that, after having proceeded for some distance, I found only the friendly Namaquas, Green, and a few others following me, and most of these even were some way behind. I was making for a gap or ravine in the mountain, seen about midway, and in which the horsemen had sought refuge, where I observed a body of men moving about in apparent hurry and confusion.

I had thus, somewhat incautiously, approached to within one hundred and fifty paces of the rocks. Indeed, I was unconsciously getting right into the lion's mouth, as it were; and had the enemy been less eager—and perhaps less frightened, too—they might have annihilated us to a man, by allowing us quietly to pursue our course. But, fortunately, just at this time they opened fire, and, as it would almost appear from the result that followed, on me alone—for not another man was hurt.

It was an awkward situation. The whole face of the hill for full a quarter of a mile seemed to present one vivid streak of fire; for nearly at the same moment there flashed forth from fully five hundred guns and rifles a perfect hailstorm of bullets. And, what was more strange, I was unhurt! But, observing my unsupported condition, I was turning to seek some shelter from this unpleasant hailstorm, when a second volley was poured upon me, and this time with more precision; for I was simultaneously struck by five balls—one grazing my left arm and elbow, a second carrying off the knuckle of the pointer-finger on the right hand, a third dinting the stock of the rifle just under the little finger, a fourth carrying off the heel of one of my boots, whilst the fifth struck the right leg a little below the knee, laying me at once prostrate.

Looking up to ascertain what my followers were about, I caught a glimpse of the Rehobothians making a dash in a stooping position for the rocks, which they must have reached in safety. Turning next to the mountains, I could only perceive one confused mass of combatants, not charging and retreating openly, but executing all their movements in a stealthy, hide-and-seek manner. The place was admirably adapted for this kind of warfare, the face of the entire mountain being covered by huge boulders, each capable of sheltering a dozen men or more.

The firing had now become general, and was very severe. At the lowest estimate, full twelve hundred small arms were then, every two or three minutes, belching forth smoke and fire, the rocks constantly echoing the reports.

Again and again the cowardly villains poured volley after volley upon my devoted body, as I was lying helplessly exposed to their fury; for I had not succeeded in reaching any shelter before I was struck down. Once, indeed, I attempted to drag myself to a bush about fifty paces off, but found advance or retreat alike impossible. The only movement I was capable of was to roll partially over on my back, and it became quite clear to me that both the bones of the leg must be shattered; for when turning on my back, the foot refused to follow—in fact, remained on the ground at a right angle to the leg.

There can be little doubt that I had been recognized by the enemy, who were determined to afford me no chance of life; and it may scarcely be credited, but nevertheless it is a fact, that they kept pelting me incessantly with bullets for upward of an hour. Consequently, if there was one bullet that day directed against me, there must have been many scores, and the only marvel is that I was not riddled with the shot.

Happening to glance sideways, I perceived, to my consternation, a small party of the enemy, who, coming from the mountain on my left, on horseback, passed round at my back, and, having arrived within about one hundred and fifty paces, faced full round upon me.

Hitherto I had not faltered; but I honestly confess that I now experienced a feeling amounting to fear.

"Ah, no!" I ejaculated, loudly, "a thousand times rather death than fall alive into your hands! It would be too horrible a fate!"

With that I rolled on my back quietly, and, resting the rifle on my left leg, which I partly raised for the purpose, I took deliberate aim at the breast of the foremost foe. Thus posted, I felt sure of being able to dispatch at least two of my opponents, whilst my revolver would always give me a good chance at closer quarters, should they venture to advance. The moments that followed were full of agony, for it seemed as if they were consulting as to the best way of getting at me. But, to my inexpressible relief, after thus remaining fully five minutes, they turned and rode off.

Scarcely were they out of sight, when another troop passed me even closer, and a third time was I put to torturing suspense, with a similar result. It is quite impossible that they should not have seen me, and the only explanation that now or then occurred to me of their leaving me unmolested is, that they probably thought me dead or dying, and that they were afraid to approach closely, for fear of exposing themselves to the danger of being fired at by my followers on the mountain, who by this time were occupying the very fortifications originally held by the enemy.

A slight curl of smoke was now seen issuing near the summit of the mountain, from one of the ravines overlooking the enemy, and the next moment there was an

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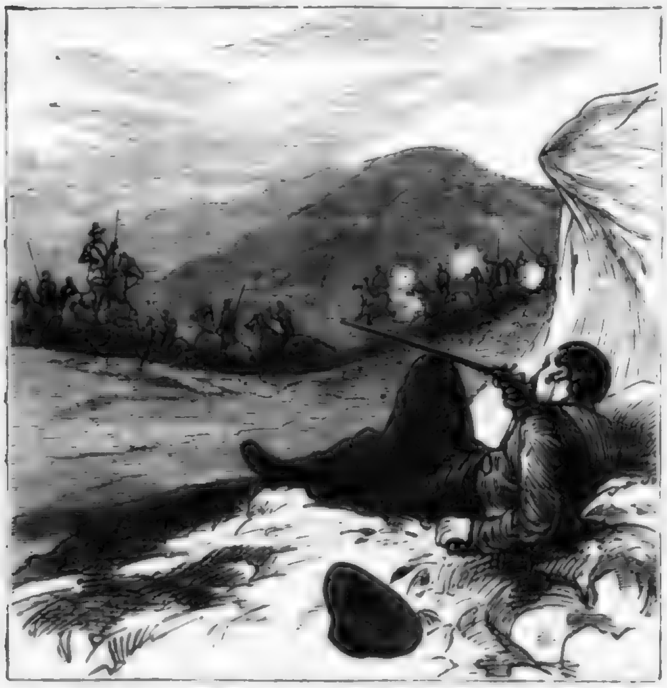


AN AFRICAN BATTLE.—"RESTING THE RIFLE ON MY LEFT LEG, WHICH I PARTLY RAISED FOR THE PURPOSE, I TOOK A DELIBERATE AIM AT THE BREAST OF THE FOREMOST FOE."

explosion, rapidly followed by others. I well knew that none but friends could be there, and so well had I calculated the result of such a manœuvre, that on the very first discharge I unhesitatingly gave vent to my pent-up feelings in the exclamation: "Thank God! The victory is at last complete—complete!"

And so it proved; for in a few moments the enemy were heard to call out, "We are getting surrounded!" and the cry among them then was something equivalent to "The devil take the hindmost!" In short, they rushed helter-skelter down the steep sides of their late stronghold, and in five minutes more were seen dispersing wildly over the open country.

It was now in the power of the Damaras to have annihilated the enemy almost to a man; for had an assegai-charge been made by them at the moment the Namaquas took to the flat, the matter would have been settled for ever. But, to my utter disgust, not a soul bestirred himself to intercept their flight.

As may be well imagined, sleep did not much court my pillow during the night that followed on the sanguinary scenes. Sleep, indeed, would have been out of the question; for, even had my wound been less severe than it was—cause enough to keep me awake—I should have got no rest, for the Damaras kept up the wildest revelry throughout this trying night, quarreling and shouting vociferously, and expressing their exultation by frequent discharges of musketry.

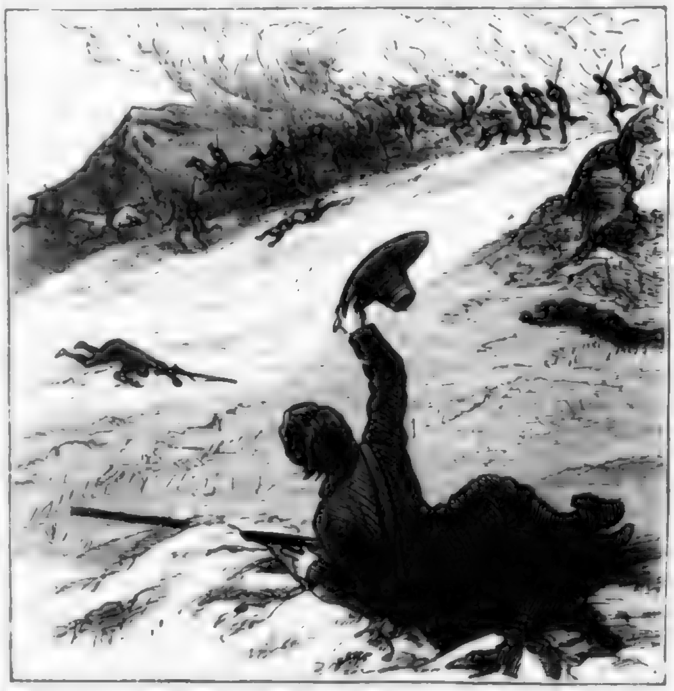
The total quantity of booty that fell into our hands was very great indeed. When, after a day or two, we were able to take an account of our gains, we found they consisted of upward of three thousand sheep and goats, and of about half that number of cattle. Fully the same number of the former had been slaughtered during the night following on the battle, besides abundance of fat oxen, while quite as many were concealed. I estimated, therefore, that the original number could not have fallen much short of ten thousand sheep and goats, and three thousand large-horned cattle.

The effect of this action was decisive with the Namaquas; their power was effectually broken, and during the many years of my subsequent residence in the district they never again made head against the Damaras.

CHRISTENING CUSTOMS IN GERMANY.

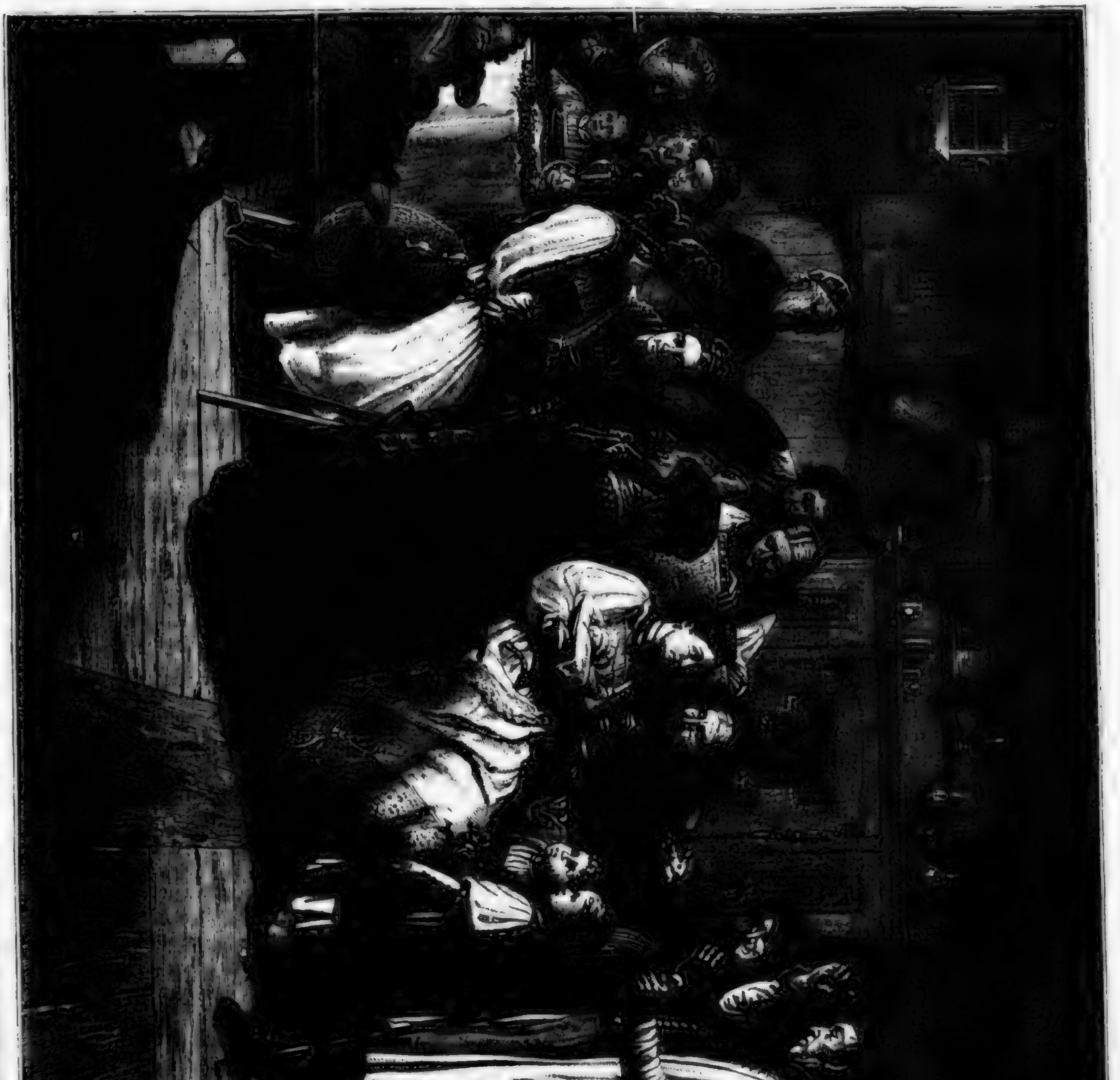
A MONTH or six weeks after the birth of a child, in Saxony, the christening takes place, and this is a ceremony enforced by the laws of the country; for it is utterly impossible in Protestant, tolerant Germany for any person who may happen to dissent from the forms of the established religion to go to a public registrar and have the mere name of the child legally inscribed in the official books. True, the Jews resident in each of the German towns are not compelled to conform to the Christian rites; but then, Jews are never elected to fill public offices; and unless a person can produce a certificate of his christening and after-confirmation, he is not only considered incapable of holding any situation of trust, but the clergyman can refuse even to marry him.

These legally enforced christenings (for there is a fine for every day that the ceremony is delayed beyond a month after birth) lead to many peculiar customs in the Thuringian capital. It is the rule there that any young woman or man who is newly confirmed *must* become sponsor to the child of the first poor person who asks him or her to do so; and no girl or youth ever thinks of denying the request. The common belief among the poor is that if the young person requested should object to fill the office, the child will either die or grow up sick and weakly; and as the rich either have faith in or give way to the superstition, consent is the usual practice. It is, nevertheless, by no means necessary that the well-to-do godparent should accompany the poor child to the altar; all that is expected being that he or she should pay the expenses consequent upon the christening, and present the child with a cotton frock for the ceremony. The christening expenses for a poor child are twenty groschens, besides fifteen groschens to the nurse who carries the babe; and the payment of these sums after all constitutes the great charm in the eyes of the poorer classes. Such an institution may be of use as the means of uniting the poor with the rich, but that it has no religious object with it is demonstrated by the fact that godmotherhood in Germany is considered chiefly as a social tie, and one which enjoins the giving of certain presents at certain seasons to the godchild, rather than the superintendence of



AN AFRICAN BATTLE.—"THANK GOD! THE VICTORY IS AT LAST COMPLETE."

XUM



CHRISTENING CUSTOMS IN GERMANY.—A SCENE IN BETZINGEN.

XUM

its moral and religious education; for though in the early days of Christianity there might have been some necessity for sponsorship as a guarantee that the christened infant should be brought up in the new and more enlightened faith, nevertheless, in the present day the custom has become obsolete, and the promises made at the altar have long ago sunk into mere lip-service; so that now the office is considered to be fulfilled by the gift of a silver spoon and fork, in quittance of the pledges so solemnly undertaken.

This same deodand holds good in Germany to the present day, silver spoons forming the staple presents at the time of the christening. The Germans, however, seem to believe that their sponsorial duties do not utterly end here, for it is customary in Saxony to present the young godchild with a new suit the first Christmas after its birth.

On the day of the ceremony the godfather is expected to send the godmother a pair of white kid gloves and a bouquet. The christening is usually performed late in the afternoon, and at the conclusion of it the parents retire, with the sponsors, home to an early evening meal of coffee, cake, sausage, sauer-kraut and salad; a feast being always given on such occasions, to which a number of friends are invited, and drinking and eating generally prevailing till a late hour at night. Indeed, it was in the heat of one of these same christening orgies at Möhra that a descendant of Martin Luther stabbed a peasant, and had to fly the country for many years afterward. How many godfathers or godmothers are permitted or enjoined by law, we cannot say; but we happen to know that in one middle-class family in Eisenach the sponsors of the ten children amounted to thirty-six in number.

Previous to confirmation, the neophyte has to betake himself or herself for an hour after school-time, twice every week, at the beginning of his or her course of religious instruction, to the school at which the clergyman attends, and for an hour every day for the last quarter of the year previous to their examination. This is called the *Gebet-stunde* (literally, the prayer-lesson), and some have to attend it for two or three years before being confirmed. During the last year of their probation the young people are expected to be of particularly staid and solemn demeanor; they are to indulge in no games nor sports, and, indeed, to abstain from all kinds of amusement whatever. Immediately after the final examination by the clergyman has been passed, and they are thought fit for confirmation, they are directed by the *Pfarrer* (pastor) to go round to all their friends, the day before the ceremony, and say to each of them: "If ever I have done thee any wrong, I humbly crave thy forgiveness." It is usual at such times for the friends visited to give the young people not only their blessing, but a few groschens, or some other present, into the bargain. At the time of confirmation the godfather and godmother are expected to present their sponsechild with something either in gold or silver. To boys watches are usually given, whilst brooches and cuff-buttons are the ordinary presents made to girls.

Moreover, when any of the godchildren are about to be married, the custom prevails for the sponsors to send them certain articles of plate or furniture, such as tea or table spoons, or maybe a work-table of the more expensive woods. One young lady we heard of having two and a half dozen silver spoons presented to her by her collective godfathers and godmothers at such a time. Again, we were assured that it is customary for the godfather and godmother to send their married goddaughter a silver spoon with her name engraven upon it, at the birth of every child.

Every fortnight throughout the year the christenings are published in the newspaper, which appears four times a week in the Thuringian capital. Such announcements usually run as follows:

Child Baptiſms.*

Gottlieb the little ſon of Maſter-Cabinet-Maker Chriſtian Prellert.

Margaretta, the little daughter of Maſter Tailor, Nicholaus Windbeutel.

PEARL.

By Etta W. Pierce.

MANY years ago, in the old fishing town of Marblehead, close to the waterside, stood a dingy little inn, known as the Gray Gull. It was kept by one Simon Goelet, a retired sailor, with a wooden leg, and a face as round and merry as a full Summer moon.

At the time of which I write, Marblehead had somehow acquired throughout the colony a reputation for lawlessness. To the lords of trade, it was represented as a smuggling port for Boston, and it frequently furnished pilots for the latter place. Its population was thoroughly seafaring, and noted for a singularly adventurous and daring spirit.

The coast swarmed with freebooters, who continually harassed the fishermen, and in spite of the province law against piracy, not unfrequently appeared in the streets of the town, where the discreet inhabitants received their gold and silver in open trade, and asked no questions.

It was a dubious night. Rain was falling, and a wild wind raged through the craggy, irregular byways of the old port, which did not then contain above four hundred houses—all built of wood, "the generality miserable," says an old historian, "and mostly close in with the rocks."

In the inn of the Gray Gull the tallow dips were lighted, and a driftwood-fire shone on the low, black rafters, the sanded floor and the pewter vessels of the bar, where old Goelet dispensed hospitality, assisted sometimes by his niece, Susannah, or his only daughter, Pearl, the handsomest girl in the Bay Colony.

"Where's Andy Hull to-night?" cried old Goelet, stumping to the window to stare out into the darkness.

"How should I know?" answered Pearl, from the chimney-corner. "I am not his keeper."

She sat where the light of the driftwood shone full upon her—a girl of seventeen, with skin like strawberries-and-cream, and masses of fair hair tumbling down her milky neck over the square bodice of her brown stuff dress.

"Indeed you *are*, Pearl, for he has given himself to you," said the quiet voice of Susannah Goelet, who was just entering at the door, with her homespun skirts pinned up around her, and some pewter platters in her hand. She was older than Pearl, and she had none of the latter's beauty; her face was sallow and wan, and her gray eyes seemed never to have looked on anything happy in life. Betwixt the beautiful, petted daughter of the house and the dependent niece and drudge, there was a great gulf fixed.

"It's a gift I never sought," said Pearl, tossing her fair, flippant head.

Susannah put down her platters on the oak dresser.

"Fie!" she murmured. "To speak like that of your promised husband!"

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* Baptism and christening are but one ceremony in Saxony.

"And a lad like Andy," cried old Goelet, "does not fall to every girl's lot."

Pearl shrugged her full, white shoulders.

"He's an awkward, rough-handed lout!" she laughed. "Nothing more, as you both know."

"Nay," protested old Goelet, "there's no better fisherman in all Marblehead."

"And I'm sure his face is comely," muttered poor Susannah. "Ah, Pearl, if your love was like his, you would see no fault in him—he sees none in *you*."

Pearl opened her lazy, violet eyes.

"Because there's none to see, Susannah! Plenty of lovers have told me that."

Susannah turned on her angrily.

"Pride and vanity have blinded you to your own good luck!" she cried. "Many a woman in the town would give years of her life for a lover like Andy Hull."

"I know of only *one*," answered Pearl, mockingly, "and that's yourself, Susannah. I'm afraid you care more for Andy than is good for you."

Susannah's thin cheek grew red, then pale.

"You are a cruel girl, Pearl; you will come to no good end," she faltered, and turned and went out of the room.

Pearl was left alone in the firelight. Across the passage was the bar-room, to which old Goelet had stumped off to mix toddy and julep for sundry brown fishermen who began to drop in to smoke an evening pipe and gossip with the one-legged innkeeper.

The girl made an enchanting picture, lounging there on the high-backed settle, her round arms raised above her head, her fair hair streaming down her bosom, her violet eyes fixed on the ruddy blaze.

Of what was she thinking that she gazed so steadily? Of her lover, Andy Hull? No, Pearl never wasted dreams upon him. From the bar-room the voices of the fishermen floated fitfully to her ears.

"There be stories," said one, "that the sloop *Dolphin* has been captured by pirates. My nephew, Joe Bagley, wor aboard of her. You remember Joe, don't ye, Goelet? He wor sweet always on your daughter. Pirates be as thick in New England waters now as codfish."

"True," replied another, "and some of 'em fine gentlemen, too, scattering their ducats like princes."

"I saw Fly and his gang hung in Boston last year," put in old Goelet. "Doctor Colman preached their death-sermon in Old Brattle Street Church. Fly wor a bold one; he wouldn't come inside the door to hear about the fiery pit—not he! He stood outside, with a nosegay in his hand, handsome and gay as a lord, smiling and bowing to everybody. He wor hung in chains."

A gust of wind and rain blew the soot suddenly down the chimney and scattered the brands on the hearth. At the same moment Pearl Goelet turned her fair head and saw a man standing on the threshold of the old keeping-room, gazing in at her.

He was a stranger, young, handsome, with something in his look and air that smacked strongly of blue water. His figure was tall and supple, his face dark and pale, with straight features and melancholy eyes, black as night. His black hair was slightly powdered, and he wore a long sea-cloak of blue cloth, under which one could see a suit of velvet, rich with embroidery, ruffles of fine lace and handsome side-arms.

"Is this the Gray Gull Inn, my pretty maid?" he said, letting his eyes dwell boldly on Pearl Goelet's face.

She started up from the settle, and dropped a deep courtesy.

"Ay, sir," she answered, coloring; "shall I call my father?"

The stranger stepped into the room with a smile on his lips.

"Then you are Simon Goelet's daughter? By my soul! report, for once, hath not lied! Yes, we will call your father, Mistress Pearl—don't start, I know your name. Halloo, innkeeper!"

Old Goelet stumped quickly in from the bar. At sight of the handsome, well-dressed figure he pulled his gray forelock with the deference due to a guest and a gentleman, and bowed half-way to the floor.

"Your servant, sir!" cried he. "Welcome to the Gray Gull Inn. What's your will?"

The stranger tossed off his cocked hat and long sea-cloak.

"Supper, man!" he answered—"the best that the house affords, and your daughter here to serve me!"

"Ay, ay, honored sir. We're all at your service. You're a stranger in town, I take it?"

"True. Bring me a glass of wine; I am faint with scrambling over your infernal rocks."

"Run, Pearl!" cried the innkeeper, "for a bottle of that Spanish vintage. Pardon, honored sir! by what name shall I call you?"

The stranger flung himself down upon the settle, and spread his white hands, covered with rings, to the fire.

"My name is Captain Beverly," he answered, briefly.

"Ah," said Goelet, ducking his gray head again, "an officer of the Crown, I venture to guess."

"You may guess whatever you please, innkeeper," replied the stranger, "and I shall answer all questions in like fashion. So you lost your leg twenty years ago by a cable getting a twist around it—eh, man?"

"Lord have mercy!" cried Goelet, in amazement; "how do you know that, sir?"

"A bird of the air whispered it to me," replied Beverly, with a provoking laugh; and at that moment Pearl entered with a bottle of wine and a long-necked glass, which she put down demurely at the stranger's elbow. Away limped old Goelet to call Susannah.

"By my faith, girl!" quoth he, "we've a live gentleman in the keeping-room—a lord, for all that I know. Lucky there's a fowl in the pot. Spread the table with the old china and the best damask. He has a foreign look, like the master of that Cadiz ship which came here last for Bilboa drithe."

Susannah had a woman's curiosity. While the pot was boiling she crept to the keeping-room door, and, peering covertly in, saw the stranger sitting on the settle, just in the act of pledging Pearl Goelet in a glass of Spanish wine. His handsome head was thrown back, his dark eyes glowed ardently as they dwelt upon her fair, flower-like face. She stood beside him on the hearth, with downcast lashes and fingers plucking bashfully at her apron. Something in the picture gave Susannah a sudden chill.

"Why are you so shy, lovely child?" she heard him say, in a voice that was like a caress. "Have you not before met men who called you fair?"

"Indeed, yes," she answered—"plenty of them."

He laughed.

"Now listen to a confession, Mistress Pearl. What think you brought me to this inn, to-night? A week ago I did not know there was such a place in the universe, or such a being as yourself. But you have lovers everywhere, and one fell by chance in my way, and raved of your beauty so mightily that I determined to see you with my own eyes; and so I came here through such dangers as I will not speak of now. But I am amply repaid; the knave did not lie—for one look in such a face I would be well content to travel further and fare worse."

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"Ah, sir," said Pearl, tossing her coquettish head, "you must not talk like this to me. My father says you are a gentleman."

"May not I speak the truth?" he murmured. "*I* will tell you what I am—your devoted slave, henceforth and for ever!"

Susannah turned and stole away.

"Ah, Andy, Andy," she muttered to herself, "God help you! You have pinned your faith to vanity!"

The passage was narrow and dark. As she groped along it toward the kitchen, a strong arm was cast suddenly around her, a warm mouth fell upon her own, and in her ear a voice whispered:

"Stop, my darling! Why do you run from me, my Pearl?" An involuntary prisoner, she lay for one breathless instant against his breast, then she pushed him away, with a cry.

"Andy, Andy!" she gasped, "it is not Pearl. It is I—Susannah!"

The embracing arm fell, swift as lightning.

"Good Heaven!" muttered Andy Hull, pushing her from him; "how could I make such a mistake?"

"How, indeed?" thought poor Susannah.

"Confound this darkness! Open that door—that's a good girl!"

Susannah flung back the door of the kitchen, and a flood of light poured into the passage, showing the rugged, good-natured face and gawky figure of Andy Hull, his fisherman's jacket wet with rain, his lank hair streaming about his tanned cheeks.

"I hope you'll forgive me?" gasped Susannah, deadly pale, and speaking with an effort.

"Forgive *you?*" said Andy. "Bless my soul! 'Twas my own stupid blunder. Where's Pearl?"

"In the keeping-room. There's a guest with her—a gentleman, maybe a lord; at least, he looks like one. I must go spread the cloth. Uncle Simon will berate me if he is not well entertained."

Andy, a fisherman born and bred, knew little of gentlemen or their ways. He cast one glance into the keeping-room and retreated in hot haste at sight of the elegant figure lounging there, with the firelight playing on his embroidered waistcoat and flashing from the gold buckles in his shoes. Andy beckoned Pearl to come out.

She obeyed, but with reluctance.

"Who is yon fellow?" he whispered, sullenly.

"A gentleman—Captain Beverly," she answered, with a saucy pout. "Go and hide yourself with father—you are not fit to be seen."

"That is kind. Well, kiss me once, Pearl."

"What! and the gentleman looking at us through the door! Not I!"

"Let him look; it is no matter of his. You are my promised wife."

"Fie! Leave me alone," she flouted. "Go and make love to Susannah!"

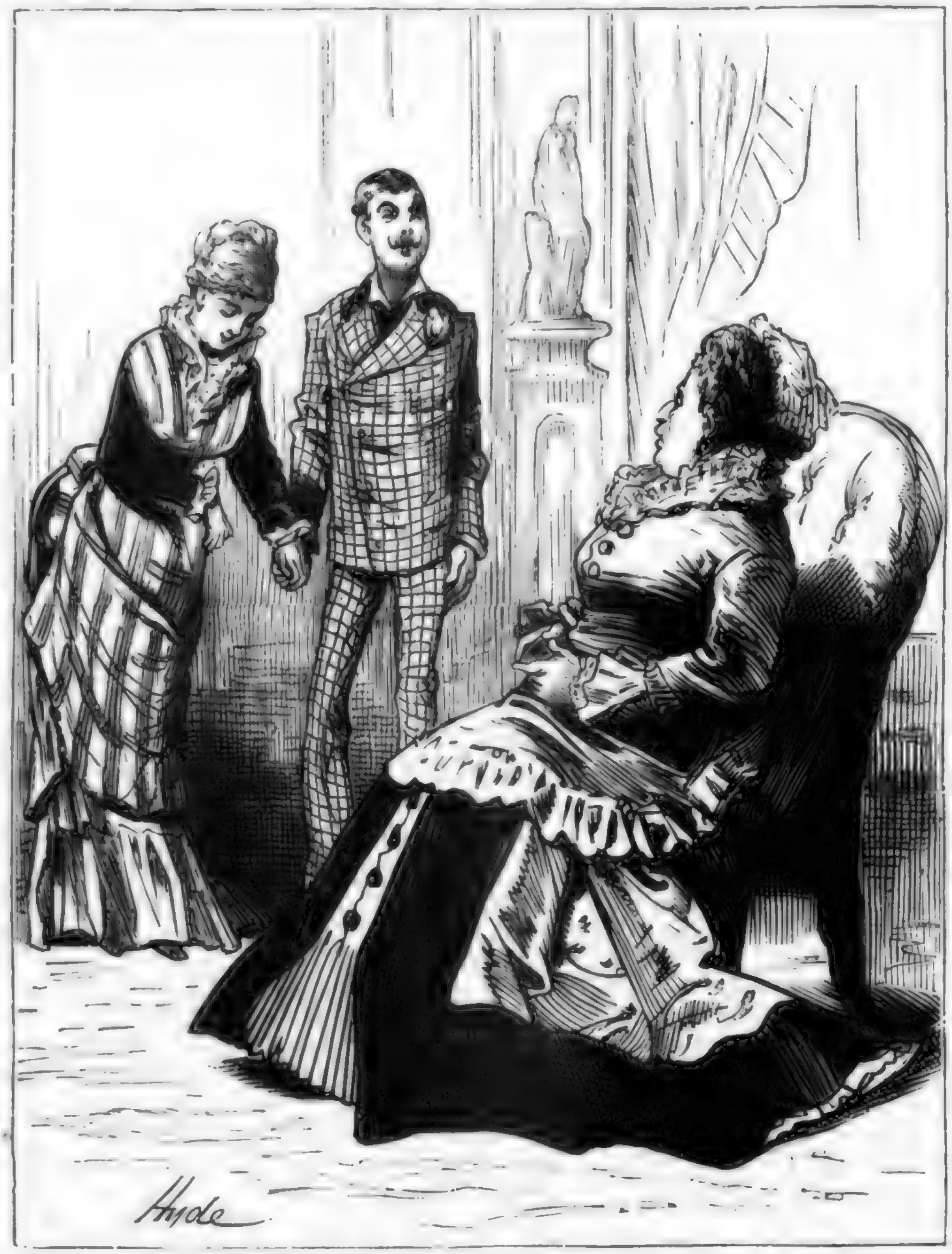
"Susannah! What do you mean? Have I done anything to vex you, Pearl? Are you jealous?"

"No—it is you who are that. Go, go!" urged Pearl, and Andy turned and walked gloomily away.

Supper was spread for Captain Beverly.

Susannah brought in the boiled fowl and the wine, and Pearl stood beside his chair and served him. As she stretched out her hand to fill his glass, his jeweled fingers caught her own and held them fast.

"Come, tell me," he cried, his bright, dark eyes search-



A WILLING MIND.

MRS. JINKS: *"Of course, George, I'm willing you should have Jane! I've been a model daughter, sister, wife, mother and widow; but Jane has been so slow, I was fearing I should never have the chance of being a representative mother-in-law."*

ing her face with inquisitive ardor, "is the lout that I saw just now your lover, Mistress Pearl?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, reluctantly.

"Go on, tell me more."

"We are betrothed," she murmured, compelled to speak by the look in his eyes. "Our banns were published last Sabbath, sir."

"So serious as that?" he said, lightly. "And is that clown to your taste? I would never have thought it. You love him very much, I suppose?"

She grew burning red, but did not answer.

"Far better than you loved poor Joe Bagley, of the sloop *Dolphin*, eh?—the unlucky fellow that the pirates gobbled up. And this Andy Hull loves *you?* No doubt of *that!* Do you see this ring?" He slipped from off his hand a big, luminous pearl, set in a band of red gold. "It is like yourself—a jewel of pride. Will you keep it till we meet again? Answer me—*will* you?"

His voice sank to an infinitely tender whisper. The blood raged in and out of Pearl's soft cheeks. The clusters of flaxen hair on her bosom rose and fell wildly. She felt rather than saw the bold gaze of the eyes that dwelt upon her with magnetic power. He took her unresisting hand, and, with a strange smile, placed the ring in its hollowed palm, and closed her fingers lightly over it. When the meal was done, Beverly called his host and paid his reckoning with princely generosity. His purse was bursting with gold, as Simon Goelet could see.

"It is blowing great guns," said the old innkeeper, "and the night is dark, honored sir. Better stay at the Gray Gull Inn till morning."

"Impossible," answered Beverly. "Wind and weather are small matters to me. At parting, let us drink the health of your daughter."

It was done. Then Goelet in his turn proposed a second bumper to King George. A smile flitted over Beverly's lips. He drank the toast, but as he set down his glass on the board, he hummed under his breath the following stave:

"'Go, tell the King of England—
Go, tell him thus from me,
Though he reigns king o'er all the land,
I will reign king at sea.'"

Then he flung his blue cloak over his shoulders, and, kissing his hand to Pearl Goelet, who stood pale and speechless in the background, he walked out of the Gray Gull Inn, and disappeared straightway in the darkness and storm of the night.

Hours after, when the house was still, Susannah Goelet, who always exercised a motherly care over her younger and fairer cousin, stole softly to Pearl's bedside to see that all was well with her before she herself retired to her hard-earned rest.

The girl was tossing in a feverish sleep, her cheek flushed, her disheveled curls streaming over the pillow. She held Beverly's ring pressed tightly to her heart.

"Pearl, Pearl!" cried Susannah, leaning over her, "what is it, dear? Are you sick?"

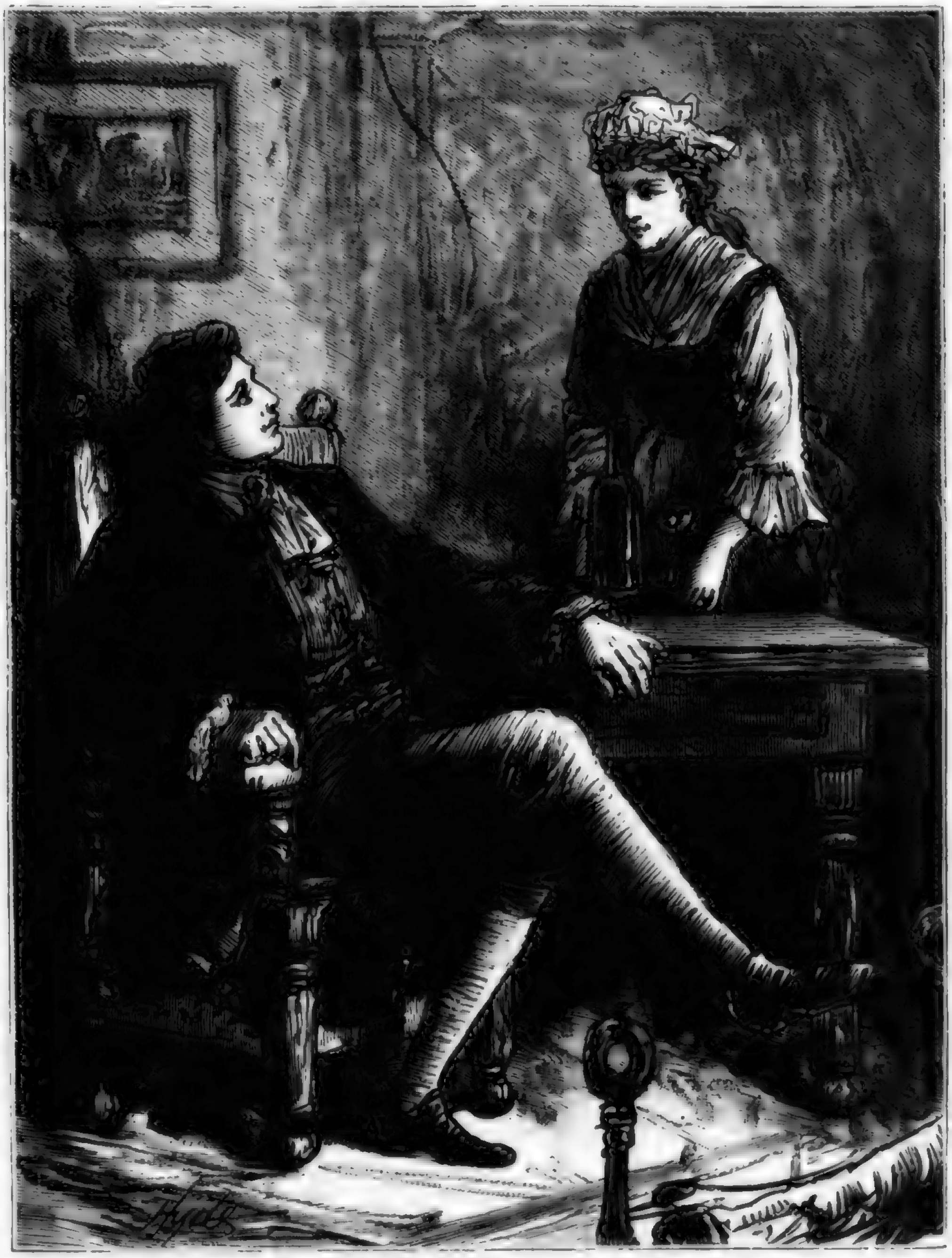
With a cry, Pearl started up in bed, and looked wildly around.

"Where is he?" she cried. "Is he come again?" And then, as she recognized Susannah, "Go away! What are you doing here? Who sent you to watch me in my sleep?"

And she pushed her fiercely off, and, flinging herself face downward on the pillow, fell to sobbing bitterly.

The ring rolled from her hand and fell at Susannah's feet. She picked it up.

"Pearl!" she cried, in mingled sorrow and anger, "what is this? How



PEARL.—"CAPTAIN BEVERLY SAT NEAR THE FIRE, AND PEARL STOOD BESIDE HIS CHAIR AND SERVED HIM. SHE FELT, RATHER THAN SAW, THE BOLD GAZE OF THE EYES THAT DWELT UPON HER WITH MAGNETIC POWER."—SEE PAGE 478.

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dared you take gifts from that man? I will go this moment and call Uncle Simon."

"Will you, indeed!" flashed Pearl, starting up again, and snatching the ring from Susannah. "I too can tell tales. I can say to Andy Hull, 'Susannah loves you with all her heart. She has loved you a long time. She envies me my good fortune——' "

"Hush! hush!" Susannah clapped her hands to her ears. "I do *not* envy you, Pearl. I want you to be happy with Andy, but you can never be that if you let the free tongue of every gallant you meet turn your head. Freebooters are plenty enough along the coast; how do you know that Captain Beverly is not one? Where was he going in the storm to-night? Show this ring to Andy to-morrow, and ask him what you shall do with it."

Pearl thrust out one hand to the door.

"You have no right to dictate to me. You are nothing but a dependent here," she said, scornfully. "Go!"

And poor Susannah, with a downcast face, went meekly out.

She was never the same after that fatal night, beautiful Pearl Goelet. She had a trick of wandering by herself among the wild rocks of the shore—of being absent from the inn for hours at a time. With her lover she was fretful and capricious; with Susannah, morose and forbidding. When Andy Hull dropped in of an evening for a chat in the chimney-corner, Pearl's chair was sure to be vacant. On the second Sunday when her name was called with her lover's in church, she sat with blank eyes and a face like the dead, staring straight into vacancy.

One night Andy Hull, with a lover's ardor, was hurrying along the shore from his mother's cottage to the inn of the Gray Gull. There was a heavy sea tumbling, and a thick fog creeping like a cold death upon land and water. In the sky hung a wild, watery moon, its disk showing faintly through the rolling banks of vapor. With his horny hands thrust into the pockets of his homespun jacket, Andy plodded along the rough way, his head and heart alike full of his betrothed, when lo! in the lee of a rock, dimly defined by the uncertain light of that shrouded moon, he saw two human figures standing together.

The first was a man in a long cloak; the second, a woman, with loose hair streaming out from under a hood knotted under her chin. She was leaning on the breast of the man, her waist encircled by his arm, his face bent down to hers.

Lovers, surely! Andy stopped short and looked at them. Something about the female figure—the graceful outline, the streaming hair—struck him with strange, yea, awful familiarity. And the man, also—verily, he had somewhere seen one like him. He listened; but if they were speaking, their voices were lost in the roar of the sea.

Stung by an irresistible terror, Andy Hull shouted aloud:

"Pearl! Pearl! Are you there, Pearl?"

A billow of fog engulfed the moon; the figures vanished as if by magic.

Andy ran to the spot, but saw nothing. He dashed up and down the rocks like a madman, calling Pearl, and receiving no answer save the sullen murmur of the sea. Was it indeed his betrothed—that spectral shape, embraced by the arm of the cloaked figure? He could not tell. He was angry, bewildered.

He hurried on to the Gray Gull Inn; and there, in the chimney-nook, found Pearl at her wheel, spinning like some beautiful spider. He stole behind her, and touched her hair. Its long curls, darkened and disordered, lay coiled in drenched masses against her stiff, high-backed chair.

"Where have you been, Pearl?" said Andy Hull. "Your hair is wet with the mist."

"Yes," she answered; "I was leaning long from the window to-night, watching for you."

He stood awhile looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"Thank God!" he said, at last, in a queer, solemn voice. "In three days, Pearl, you will be my wife. It will be a happy hour for me when you are mine beyond recall."

She drew a skein of wool softly through her hand.

"Yes," she murmured, never once looking at her lover, "in three days."

The night before the wedding, Susannah Goelet, on the way to her own loft, knocked at her cousin's door.

"Good-night, Pearl," she called out, cheerfully, "and pleasant dreams."

There was no answer.

She lifted the latch and looked in. At an open window sat Pearl, staring out on the wild, moonlit sea. Her face was as white and stony as the dead. She did not turn or look till Susannah touched her shoulder.

"Come!" said the patient handmaid of the house, "if you do not sleep, how can you expect bright eyes to-morrow?"

A shudder shook the girl's slight figure.

"Susannah," she cried, with sudden solemnity, "I have been cross and cruel with you ever since you came here to live. I wish you would take my hand and say, 'I forgive you, Pearl.' "

Susannah did as requested.

"Now kiss me," said Pearl, "and leave me alone—no, stay! Say this, also, Susannah: 'Wherever you may be when another night comes on, however undeserving you may be, God send you peace and happiness, you false, treacherous little Pearl!' "

"No, no—not that!" protested Susannah.

But Pearl was determined, and so she said the words and went away.

Her sleep that night was fitful and broken. Fantastic dreams of Andy Hull, of Pearl—yea, of the stranger Beverly, trooped through her brain.

At dawn she awoke, oppressed with a vague sense of something wrong. She dressed hastily, and ran to Pearl's chamber. The morning light streamed brightly in at the window, but no living thing was there. The little white bed was untouched. In the wardrobe hung Pearl's wedding finery, all in place. Nothing was missing but her hood and cloak.

With a shriek, Susannah ran into the passage and called to old Goelet:

"She's gone, Uncle Simon—gone! Fled on her wedding day!"

Yes, left lover, father, home—for what? for whom? Old Goelet cursed and tore his hair.

Andy Hull, the forsaken lover, came stalking up from his mother's cottage, with bloodless lips and desperate eyes.

"She's gone with that fellow Beverly," he hissed—"freebooter—pirate! It was he that I saw with her a few nights ago on the shore. It was he that captured the sloop *Dolphin*, and forced her sailors to join his gang. Word has come to the town this very morning that the Bay Colony is fitting out a ship to go in pursuit of him. He was seen at the cove last night, putting off with a woman in a boat. His cursed vessel has hovered about this coast a good deal of late, and at midnight she set sail and bore away."

There was no wedding at the Gray Gull Inn that day—only trouble and black sorrow.

"Henceforth she's no daughter of mine," cried old Goelet. "I wash my hands of her for ever."

"Ah, don't say that, Uncle Simon," pleaded Susannah, weeping. "Some day she may come back to you penitent."

"She'll find but a closed door," answered Goelet. "From this time, Susannah, *you* shall be my daughter. Stay on with me here, and at my death all I have shall be yours."

As for the forsaken lover, he was well-nigh distracted. All day he wandered up and down the shore, searching in vain for news of the erring girl and her lover. All night he lay stretched on the ragged rocks, staring across the sea. When the second morning dawned, he made up his bundle, bade farewell to his old mother, wrung Susannah Goelet's trembling hand, and, with a haggard, despairing face, shipped aboard an outward-bound merchantman, and sailed away to the far port of Cadiz.

"When will you come back?" quavered Susannah, at parting.

"Never, I hope—never!" he answered.

Time passed. The sign of the Gray Gull still creaked in the sea-wind, and old Goelet, morose and gloomy, still limped about the bar, mixing toddy and flip for the fishermen. In and out of the low, dark rooms flitted Susannah at her countless tasks, altogether unchanged, save for an unwonted pallor, and a yearning, wistful look which constantly filled her sad gray eyes. She was now the chief stay of the inn, and the only comfort of its sorrowful and soured old keeper.

Two years after Pearl's disappearance, Andy Hull came back to Marblehead. As Susannah was plodding along the rocks one day on some errand for old Goelet, he came behind her unawares, and touched her shoulder. She gave a shriek, and would have fallen, but he caught her on his arm.

"What! have I frightened you so much?" he cried. "Did you think it my ghost, Susannah?" He had grown brown and old. His honest eyes smiled down at her in a troubled way. "Shake hands, will you not?" said he.

"Yes, with all my heart," she answered. "I'm glad to see you back again, Andy. I've worried much about you since you went away."

He walked slowly beside her over the rocks.

"I needn't ask, I suppose, if any word has come from *her?*" he said.

Susannah shook her head.

"None. You've brought a sore heart back with you, I dare say?"

"Not like the one I took away," he answered, looking thoughtfully out on the gray sea. "She's dead to me for ever, Susannah—I shall think of her no more. I'm tired of roving—tired, too, of sorrow. You and I have known each other all our lives. I don't pretend to love you as I loved Pearl, but if you'll marry me I'll try to make you a good husband—I will, so help me Heaven!"

She had loved him too long to quarrel with words like these—had hungered too long to refuse even a crust. She lifted her sweet, patient face, and held out to him her hand.

"It was kind of you to remember me, Andy," she said, simply. "I am not like Pearl—I can't expect you to love me as you loved her. With whatever you may give me I will be content, Andy. I will be to you a faithful wife."

Then the two hastened to the inn to tell old Goelet, and a month after they were married.

Before Susannah's honeymoon had waned, the innkeeper died—heart-broken, the town-folks said. All his earthly possessions passed to his niece and her husband. In peace and plenty they kept the inn together.

One Autumn night a terrific storm burst upon the savage coast. The sea lashed the Marblehead rocks with unprecedented fury. A mighty gale roared through the craggy streets, driving the rain in pelting, blinding sheets before it. No guests could be expected at the Gray Gull in such weather—no, not even a gossiping fisherman. Andy Hull closed door and shutters, and sat down with his wife in the chimney-corner.

A bright-eyed baby lay on Susannah's knee. She herself had grown round and rosy with happiness. Her eyes wandered from husband to child with a tender content touching to see.

Andy reached and took one of her brown hands. His own face was grave and troubled.

"I've a bit of news to tell you, Susannah," he said, slowly—"something that I heard to-day in the town. Some Marblehead folks went up to Boston yesterday to see the hanging of a pirate crew, taken lately in the Isles of Shoals."

She gave a great start and nearly dropped her baby.

"There was one among them—oh, Lord! hear that gale roar!—a handsome fellow, dressed like a prince. He was the captain of the gang."

She grasped his arm, growing white to the lips.

"You don't mean, Andy——"

"Yes."

"Not *him!*"

"The very man!"

They sat in dead silence for a while.

"Oh, Andy, what has become of *her?*" groaned Susannah, at last.

"God only knows!" he answered, gloomily,

A mighty blast of wind and rain swept around the inn and roared in great gusts down the wide-mouthed chimney. It tore loose the shutter of a window opening seaward, and Andy started up to close it. As he did so, he saw pressed against the dripping pane without a human face. It was wild, ghastly, pale as the dead. Masses of drenched hair swept about it like a cloud. With distended eyes it stared for a moment into the keeping-room of the Gray Gull, as a lost soul might gaze into a forfeited Paradise. Then it vanished, and only the loose shutter slammed in the wind.

With a scream Susannah sprang from her chair. She rushed to the window and flung it open.

"Pearl, Pearl!" she cried—"is it you, Pearl?"

No voice answered; no human thing was in sight. Andy snatched an old dreadnaught from a peg, opened the inn door, and dashed out into the darkness.

The wind blew and the rain beat, and Susannah, trembling in every limb, hugged her baby to her breast and waited. An hour passed, and then Andy came back, haggard, drenched to the skin, and—alone.

"There's not a living thing to be seen anywhere," he said. "I've been all about the town. It was either her ghost, Susannah, or she is hiding somewhere in the darkness."

They put a lighted candle in the window, piled the driftwood high on the fire, and sat down to watch the night out.

Hour after hour went by. The storm increased steadily till midnight, then began to die away. In the gray dawn of the morning, just as the east was turning red, Andy Hull opened the inn door, and found prone against its threshold the figure of a woman, lying in a drenched, motionless heap. He lifted her up and carried her into the keeping-room.

She was dressed in some rich foreign stuff, with a mantle of gray cloth flung around her shoulders. Her fair

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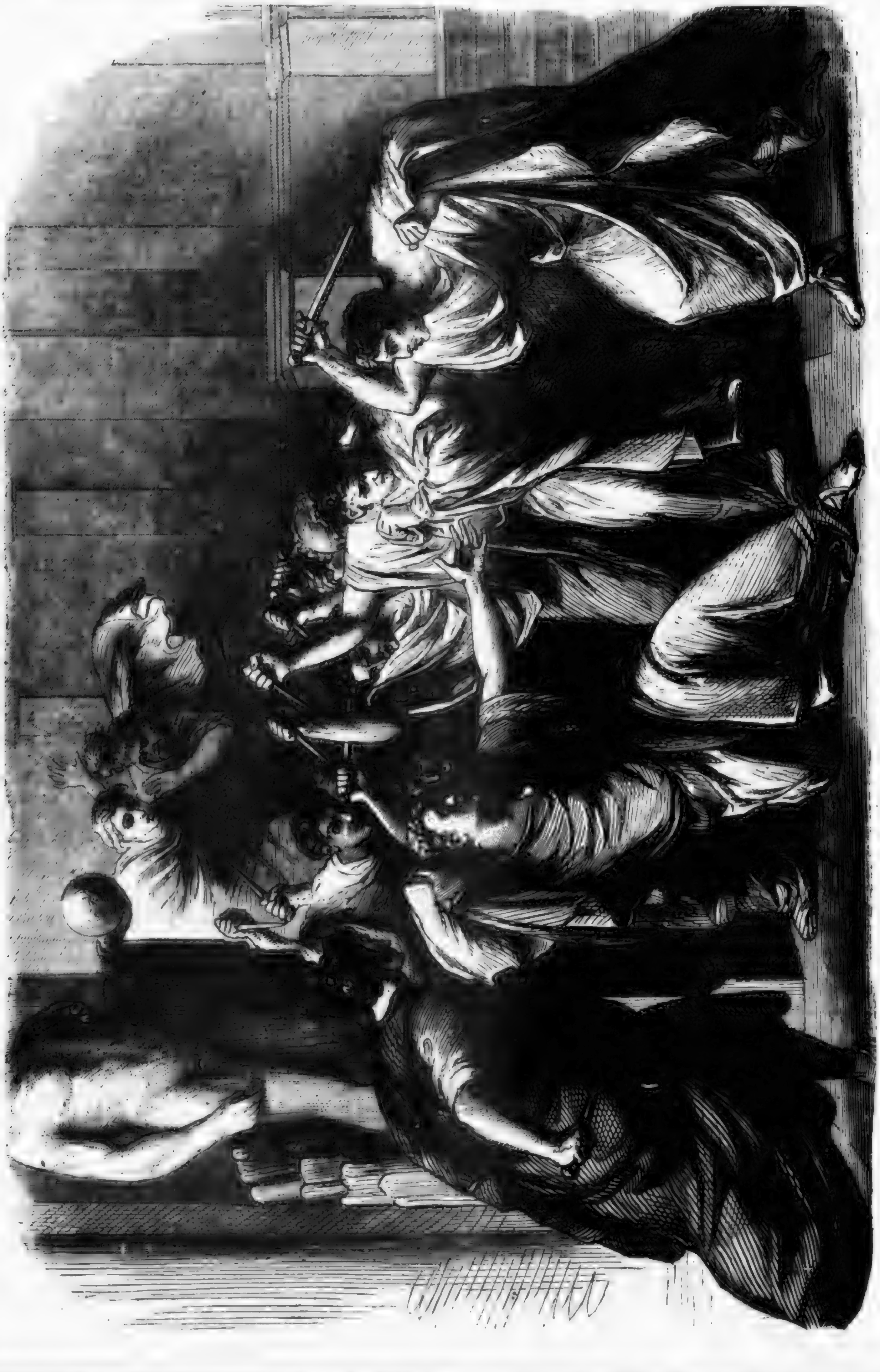


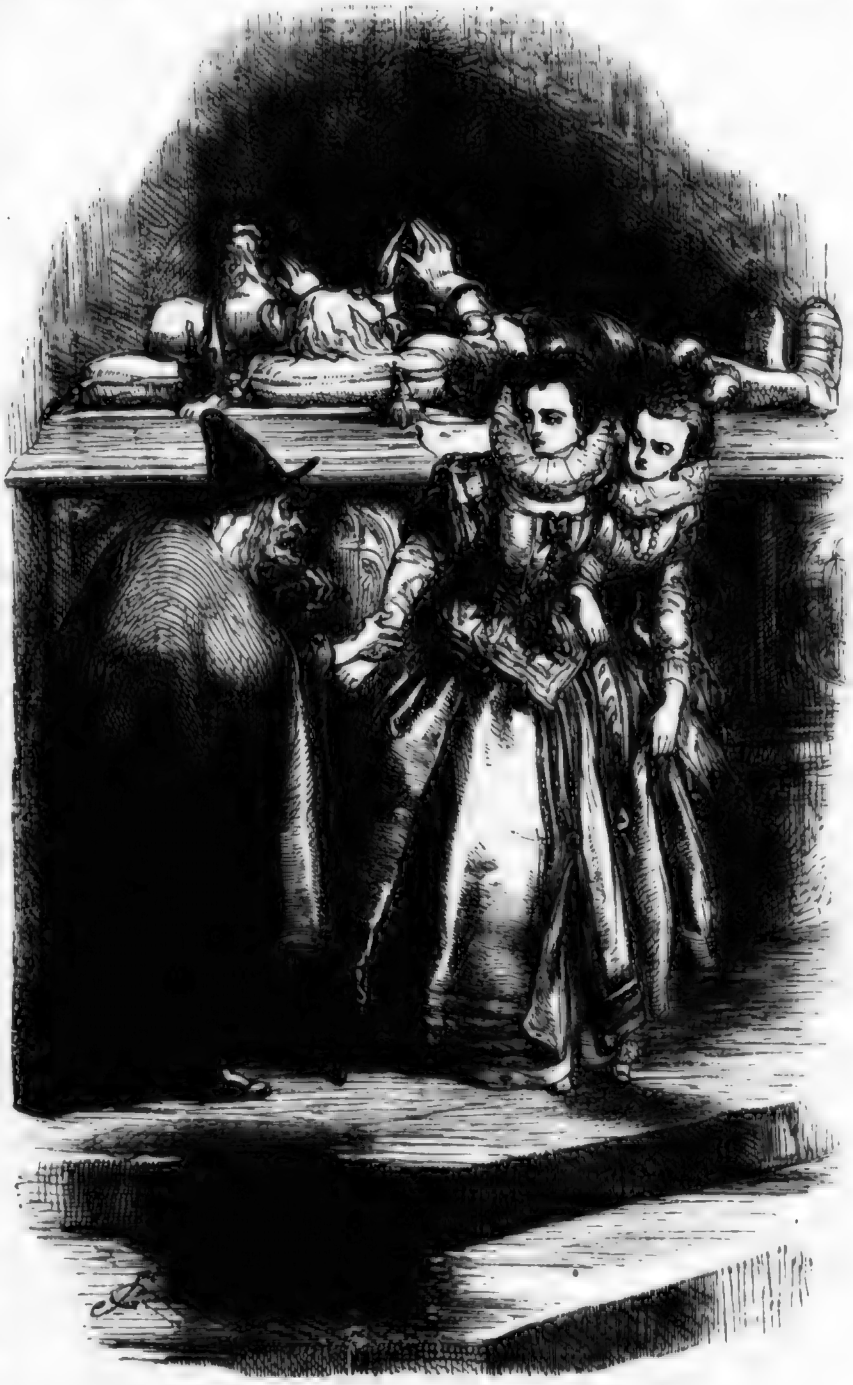
THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

hair swept long and wet about her face—the face itself was wan with remorse and sorrow, but its marvelous loveliness seemed to have suffered little change.

"Oh, Pearl, Pearl!" sobbed Susannah; "have you come back to us at last?"

Andy placed her on the old settle. They bent over her. No breath warmed the colorless lips, the lashes lay heavily on her thin, white cheeks. She had been stiff and cold for hours.

Husband and wife looked at each other in silence. It was too late now to unravel the mystery of that short, sad life—too late to offer forgiveness and pity—for there, under the eyes of the man she had deceived and forsaken, in the home she had once made desolate, blown thither by some great tempest of anguish and despair, lay Pearl Goelet, dead!



THE WITCH'S WARNING.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 486.

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

The great captain of his age, of cultivated mind and democratic tendencies; who had coped with the aristocratic element and repressed it as manfully as he had borne the glory of Roman arms to Spain, Gaul, Britain, and Germany, was in the zenith of his power. A senate devoted to his will had ordered his statue to be borne in processions with those of the gods, when the rumor that he intended to revive the kingly name, which the Romans had long before rejected, aroused the hopes of the nobles. It was at this juncture that the conspiracy was formed which resulted in his assassination. We cannot do better than to use the language of Froude in describing this mighty tragedy, which shocked the world, yet disappointed in its results both the friends and enemies of the great soldier; for the death of Cæsar neither assured the continuance of the Republic nor restored the power of the nobles.

Froude thus describes the preliminaries of the catastrophe, and the momentous event itself: "An important meeting of the Senate had been called for the Ides (the 15th) of the month (March). The Pontifices, it was whispered, intended to bring on the question of the Kingship before Cæsar's departure. The occasion would be appropriate. The Senate-house itself was a convenient scene of operations. The conspirators met at supper the evening before at Cassius's house. Cicero, to his regret, was not invited. The plan was simple, and was rapidly arranged. Cæsar would attend unarmed. The senators not in the secret would be unarmed also. The party who intended to act were to provide themselves with poniards, which could be easily concealed in their paper boxes. So far all was simple; but a question rose whether Cæsar only was to be killed, or whether Antony and Lepidus were to be dispatched along with him. They decided that Cæsar's death would be sufficient. To spill blood without necessity would mar, it was thought, the sublimity of their exploit. Some of them liked Antony. None of them supposed that either he or Lepidus would be dangerous when Cæsar was gone.

"In this resolution Cicero thought that they made a fatal mistake; fine emotions were good in their place, in the perorations of speeches and such like. Antony, as Cicero admitted, had been signally kind to him; but the killing of Cæsar was a serious business, and his friends should have died along with him. It was determined otherwise. Antony and Lepidus were not to be touched. For the rest, the assassins had merely to be in their places in the Senate in good time. When Cæsar entered, Trebonius was to detain Antony in conversation at the door. The others were to gather about Cæsar's chair on pretense of presenting a petition, and so could make an end. A gang of gladiators were to be secreted in the adjoining theatre, to be ready should any unforeseen difficulty present itself.

The same evening, the 14th of March, Cæsar was at a "Last Supper" at the house of Lepidus. The conversation turned on death, and on the kind of death which was most to be desired. Cæsar, who was signing papers while the rest were talking, looked up and said, "A sudden one."

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When great men die, imagination insists that all nature shall have felt the shock. Strange stories were told in after years of the uneasy labors of the elements that night.

> "A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves did open, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

The armor of Mars, which stood in the hall of the Pontifical Palace, crashed down upon the pavement. The door of Cæsar's room flew open. Calpurnia dreamt her husband was murdered, and that she saw him ascending into heaven, and received by the hand of God. In the morning the sacrifices were again unfavorable. Cæsar was restless. Some natural disorder affected his spirits, and his spirits were reacting on his body. Contrary to his usual habit, he gave way to depression. He decided, at his wife's entreaty, that he would not attend the Senate that day.

"The house was full. The conspirators were in their places with their daggers ready. Attendants came in to remove Cæsar's chair. It was announced that he was not coming. Delay might be fatal. They conjectured that he already suspected something. A day's respite, and all might be discovered. His familiar friend whom he trusted—the coincidence is striking!—was employed to betray him. Decimus Brutus, whom it was impossible for him to distrust, went to entreat his attendance, giving reasons to which he knew that Cæsar would listen, unless the plot had been actually betrayed.

"It was now eleven in the forenoon. Cæsar shook off his uneasiness, and rose to go. As he crossed the hall his statue fell, and shivered on the stones. Some servant, perhaps, had heard whispers, and wished to warn him. As he still passed on, a stranger thrust a scroll into his hand, and begged him to read it on the spot. It contained a list of the conspirators, with a clear account of the plot. He supposed it to be a petition, and placed it carelessly among his other papers. The fate of the Empire hung upon a thread, but the thread was not broken. As Cæsar had lived to reconstruct the Roman world, so his death was necessary to finish the work. He went on to the Curia, and the senators said to themselves that the augurs had foretold his fate, but he would not listen; he was doomed for his 'contempt of religion.'

"Antony, who was in attendance, was detained, as had been arranged, by Trebonius. Cæsar entered, and took his seat. His presence awed men, in spite of themselves, and the conspirators had determined to act at once, lest they should lose courage to act at all. He was familiar, and easy of access. They gathered round him. He knew them all. There was not one from whom he had not a right to expect some sort of gratitude, and the movement suggested no suspicion. One had a story to tell him; another some favor to ask. Tullius Cimber, whom he had just made Governor of Bithynia, then came close to him, with some request which he was unwilling to grant. Cimber caught his gown, as if in entreaty, and dragged it from his shoulders. Cassius, who was standing behind, stabbed him in the throat. He started up with a cry, and caught Cassius's arm. Another poniard entered his breast, giving a mortal wound. He looked round, and, seeing not one friendly face, but only a ring of daggers pointing at him, he drew his gown over his head, gathered the folds about him that he might fall decently, and sank down without uttering another word.

"Cicero was present. The feelings with which he watched the scene are unrecorded, but may easily be imagined. Waving his dagger, dripping with Cæsar's blood, Brutus shouted to Cicero by name, congratulating him that liberty was restored. The Senate rose with shrieks and confusion, and rushed into the Forum. The crowd outside caught the words that Cæsar was dead, and scattered to their houses. Antony, guessing that those who had killed Cæsar would not spare himself, hurried off into concealment. The murderers, bleeding some of them from wounds which they had given one another in their eagerness, followed, crying that the tyrant was dead, and that Rome was free; and the body of the great Cæsar was left alone in the house where a few weeks before Cicero told him that he was so necessary to his country that every senator would die before harm should reach him!"

The assassination occurred on the 15th of March, 44 B.C.

THE WITCH'S WARNING.

"LADIES who stand by the tomb of your sire,
Where his marble hands are raised in prayer,
Remember each pulse of your heart brings you nigher
To the cheerless grave, tho' ye're now so fair.

"For life is a pebble that's flung in the tide,
Which ruffles a while the clear face of the main;
In an instant the eddying circles subside,
And the bright vault of heaven is mirrored again."

Thus spake an old crone in the chapel's dim gloom
To the daughters of Warwick, the proudest of earls;
They shone like to rosebuds in beauty and bloom,
The dew on their hair made of diamonds and pearls.

But ere the year died, they had passed like a dream
From this glorious world of sunshine and love
Like bubbles that float for a while on the stream,
Then burst into air, and vanish above.

THE LOST RING.

"I'VE got something for you, darling."

"For me, Ned?"

"Yes. What do you think it is?"

"Well, let me see—perhaps it's a cookstove. You were saying this morning that you wanted me to learn to cook."

"Yes, but I didn't say that I should furnish the stove."

"What is it? I'm not a bit good at guessing."

Ned Frelinghuysen took a little morocco case from his pocket, pressed the spring, and, as the cover flew up, there was revealed a pearl solitaire, resting in its purple satin bed.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Laura Barrett, Ned's *fiancée*, as she put the ring on her white forefinger. "It fits me exactly. Thank you, Ned; I wanted a pearl ring. How did you come to think of it?"

Ned took the dimpled hand, and kissed it and petted it.

"Why, I saw this pearl at Reed's," he said, "and it was so perfect that I bought it; besides, I always wanted to give you a pearl. Now, promise me one thing, dear."

"A thousand, if you ask me!"

"No, not so many. Promise me that you will always wear my little pearl, whatever happens."

"Why, Ned, of course I shall always wear it. What do you mean? What can happen?"

"The future is a closed book, dear Laura; not one of its pages may we turn. Promise me."

"Of course I'll promise, if you say so."

"Now kiss the pearl, Laura."

The pretty lips were pressed obediently to the dainty jewel.

Then Ned snatched the hand and kissed the kiss away. "Signed and sealed," he said.

A few weeks later, Laura's brother said:

"What does make you flirt so outrageously? If I was Ned, I wouldn't stand it."

"But you'd have to stand it, brother," said the young lady, her face flashing and sparkling as she spoke. "What would you do, now, s'posin' I wasn't your sister, and you were engaged to me, and I flirted des—no, outrageously, that was the word—what would you do? Tell me. It would be such fun!"

"Laura, if you'd be serious for five minutes, I'd like to tell you several things. A young woman isn't a kitten, and it's ridiculous for her to act like one all the time."

"Isn't she?" replied Laura. "Now, that's really news, my wise brother. Go on, if you can say something equally startling."

"Ned was here this afternoon," said Will Barrett, his face not relaxing from its gravity.

"Ned here! Where is he now?'

"Gone back to Boston. He only came out for a couple of hours, to see you especially. When I told him you were out with young Arnold, he seemed very much disappointed, and hurt, too, if I'm any judge."

"What did he want to see me especially for?" said Laura.

"He's going to Europe for the house; he came to tell you."

"Well, I can't help it, Will. He can't expect me to mope all the time because we're engaged. Mr. Arnold's horses are glorious. I couldn't resist a ride—and you know I'm so fond of riding."

"It seems to me that if you loved Ned as he deserves, you would have no trouble in resisting the horses when they are driven by Arnold. I wouldn't have a girl I was going to marry riding with him; and you shouldn't go with him if I had any control over you."

"There, Bluebeard, that will do for once. I'm sorry I didn't see Ned. Now don't be cross to your naughty little sister. I'll try to be good. You know I love Ned!" and Laura put two very bewitching arms round her brother's neck, and cuddled her cheek in his whiskers.

Will was brought to terms, as he always was by such treatment.

He kissed his sister, and smoothed her soft hair, and petted her as he knew she liked to be petted.

"You're a dear little girl," he said. "A dear, sweet little, motherless girl. If I'm stern with you, it's because I'm anxious for you. You're too heedless, darling. It isn't right for you to go with such men as Arnold; Ned has reason to be dissatisfied; and his love is too true and strong to be trifled with. Suppose you should lose it. I have known women to lose just such love, by just such carelessness."

Men haven't much tact. Will Barrett said too much when he spoke of Laura's losing her lover.

Fire flashed in the gray eyes where tears were ready to come, and she answered:

"Suppose Ned were to lose my love. I like Mr. Arnold very well, and he's rich, and could marry me to-morrow if he liked. It's tiresome to wait for your lover, too, when a girl has no home—only one boarding-house and another."

"Oh, Laura, Laura! I wish Ned could marry you before he goes away."

"I'll look out for myself," said the girl, hastily. "I needn't go begging for a husband."

Laura went to Boston to see her lover off, to visit her aunt Barrett, and shop.

Ned tried to talk seriously with his little prospective wife, but he had poor success.

"Promise me," he said, "not to go out with anybody but your aunt and Will while I'm gone. It'll only be three months."

"Why don't you get a coffin and request me to stay in it? No, I won't promise any such thing. You'd better conspire with Will and put me in a convent. If you do, I warn you I'll flirt with the confessor!"

"But Mr. Arnold," said Ned; "you'll leave him off your list of friends?"

"I don't know that I shall," Laura replied, with a pretty pout.

Ned was vexed—so vexed that he forgot himself, or he never would have said what he did next.

"Your brother warned me against Arnold, and there must be something wrong, or he wouldn't take the matter up."

"Wrong or right, I shall do as I please! Now don't let's quarrel any more."

And, as Ned had but an hour to stay, he was glad to let the naughty little darling have her own way, for the sake of the farewell kisses, that he couldn't go without. Nevertheless, he went away dissatisfied. Laura wouldn't promise as he wished—when he was going away, too! Could it be that she cared at all for Arnold—was he even tolerable to her? He had known girls to like just such men—good girls too. Then the fellow was rich, very rich. Ned got so far, then pulled himself up suddenly. He was doubting his darling. Wasn't she his promised wife, and couldn't he trust her?

Laura received letters regularly for a few weeks, and then she heard not a word. Will communicated with the firm for which Ned was acting. He found the business was being attended, and that communications were received. He also learned that Ned had made arrangements for an extended tour on the Continent, instead of returning as he had expected.

Still no word to Laura. The girl fretted in secret, but outwardly she was brave. She would allow no word to be written by Will—who, indeed, had little disposition to look after the recreant lover.

Mr. Arnold had poor success now. If Ned could have inspected Laura's actions, he would have been quite satisfied; of her own accord, she lived quite as much a recluse as he could desire.

So the months went on—one, two, three, four, five, six. Oh, how long and weary they seemed to the young girl, who still waited, believing, in spite of all circumstances to the contrary, that something must at last explain her lover's absence and silence.

"Where is your pearl ring, Laura?" said Will, one day, when the two were sitting on the shady piazza at a certain hotel near the seashore, the season being July.

"My pearl ring? Why, didn't you know I sent it to Reed's to have the pearl reset, and that the clerk lost my address, and, knowing Will's, sent it to him after it was finished? He had gone to Europe, which fact, of course, the clerk was ignorant of; and, when I sent to inquire after the package, no one had seen it. I fancied a servant received it and kept it."

After a few moments of silence, Will said:

"Sis, I have a clew."

"What, Will?"

"That ring was forwarded to Ned, and he assumed, on receiving it, that you wished your engagement broken."

"Oh, Will, how could he?"

"You know, dear, that he was a little jealous of two or three of your friends. He told me when he went away

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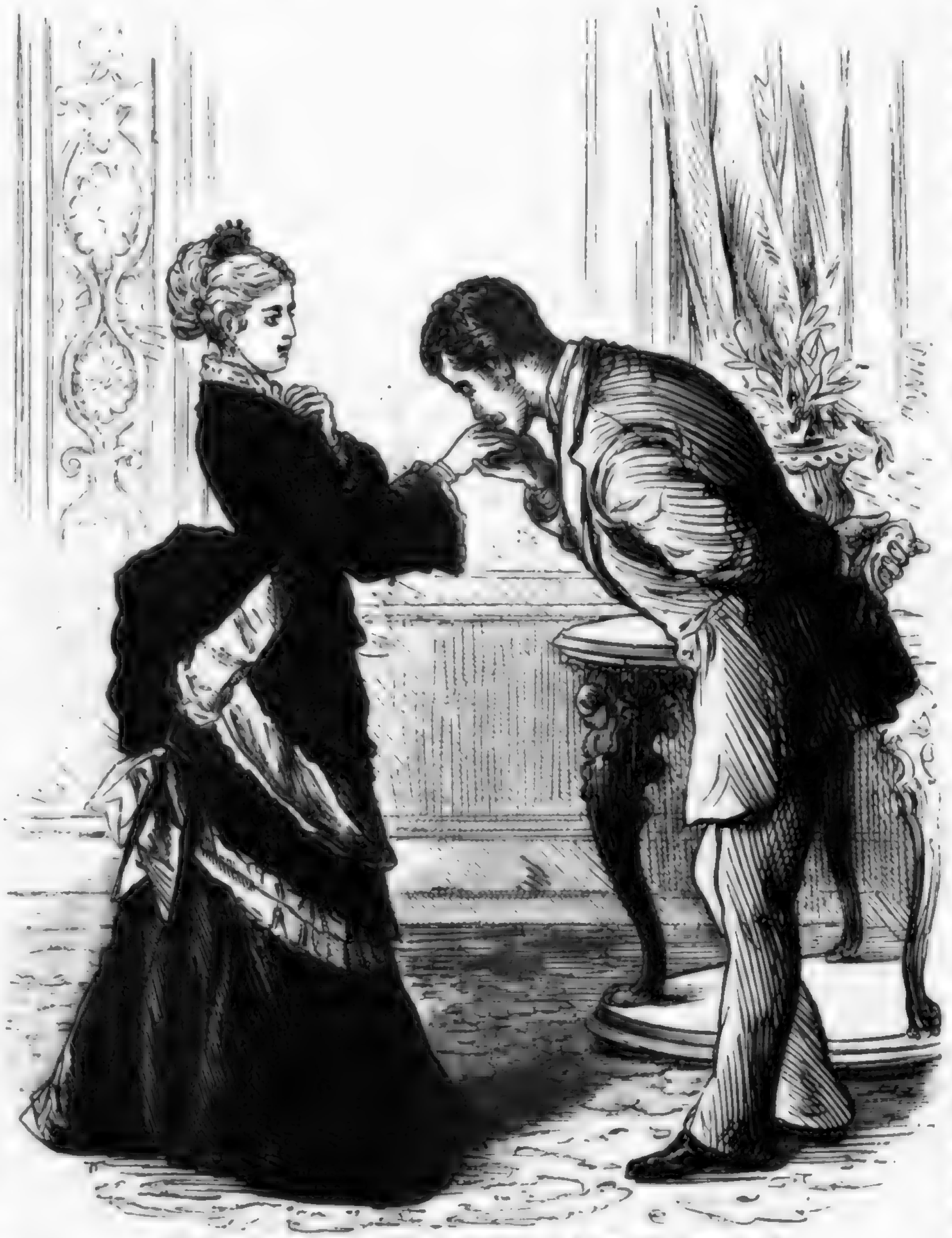
about a promise that he tried to induce you to give him, and that you refused. I saw then that he was leaving home dissatisfied and almost miserable about you."

"I see it all," said Laura. "You told me once I might lose him by my heedlessness. But first, Will, go to Reed's and see if they know anything about the ring."

Accordingly, Will went to the jeweler's, and upon inquiry it was found that the pearl had been returned from Ned's lodgings, and sent after him, another clerk receiving it, who knew nothing about its ownership.

"Now, what shall I do, Will?" said Laura.



THE LOST RING.—"NED TOOK THE DIMPLED HAND AND KISSED IT."

"Write to Ned as soon as you get his address from his father, for he must know where he is."

So a letter was sent under cover to Frelinghuysen, *père*, to be forwarded to Ned, wherever he might be. Then Laura waited again. But now her heart revived, as a flower that has been beaten down by too much rain, when the sun shines on it.

"I believe I shall hear from Ned soon—maybe to-day," she said, about two months after the sending of her letter. "I dreamt about the dear boy last night."

"Did you? What did you dream?"

"Why, I thought he came in and handed me the pearl, and went out again without saying a word. His face was full of reproach, but I was so glad to see him that I didn't mind that. I thought I could explain it all, now that he was home."

"It isn't often dreams are so soon fulfilled," said Will, a few days later. "I believe this is the ring."

And he handed his sister a package with a foreign postmark. It was indeed the ring, and these words:

> "I send you back the pearl. You promised me to wear it always. I exact the promise, though I absolve you from all other promises. It is right that you should be reminded that you have broken a heart."

"And where has it been all this time?" said Laura, laughing and crying.

"Don't ask me," said Will.

"I'll send another letter, to make sure," said Laura.

"All right," replied Will.

Laura waited again. But she had not long to wait.

It was August, and she had loitered the whole morning on the beach. Among the rocks, with one for an armchair and one for a footstool, she had watched the great, green, white-crested breakers, and dreamed of him who was far beyond them. When would he come? When could she make atonement for the wrong that she and Fate had done him?

Suddenly she heard a footstep. She looked up, and there stood Will. She knew at once that something was wrong.

"What is it, Will?" she said. "Do tell me! Is it anything about Ned? I can bear it, only tell me."

Will put a newspaper into her hand, and she read:

> "Died, at St. Petersburg, July 10th, Edmund Frelinghuysen, of Boston."

Then the brother took his stricken sister in his arms, and lifted her to the sand, and they two went slowly to the hotel.

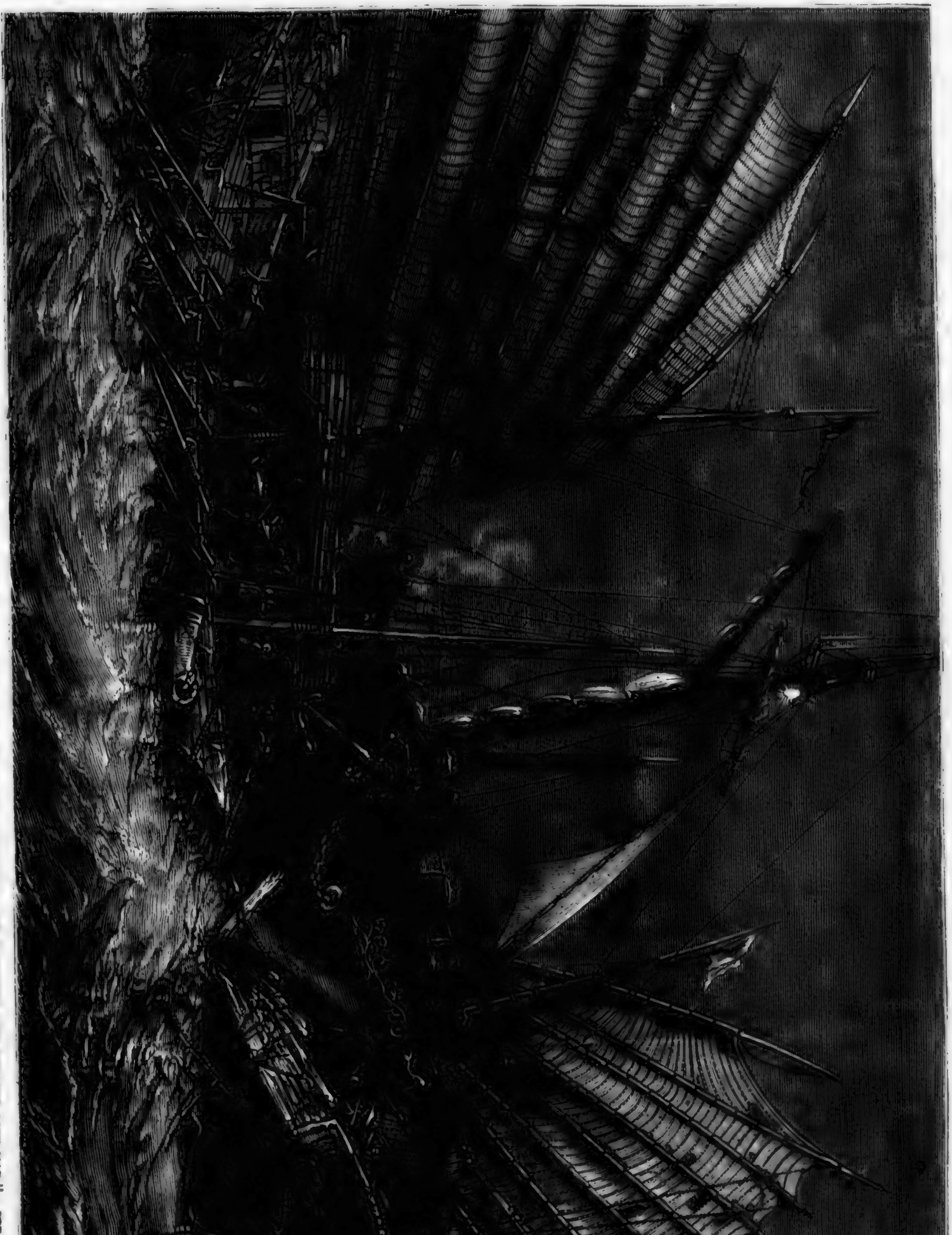
The next morning they went to ——, the only home they had, it being Will's place of business.

September, and Will in his store, and Laura in his little office, waiting for him to go home with her to tea. He has put on his hat, and is attending to a last customer. A familiar form stands suddenly before him.

"Will, what's that weed on your hat for? Is Laura——"

"That weed's for you," said Will, whose nerves were steadied by the dead man's natural address. "You died in St. Petersburg. What are you here for?"

"That was my cousin, poor Ned—as good a fellow as ever breathed. Where's Laura?"



CAPTURED BY PIRATES.—"THE RASCALS CAME OVER THE SIDES LIKE ANTS, CUTTING AT US WITH THEIR SHARP KNIVES AND HATCHETS, AND YELLING LIKE MAD."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

They went into the little office together; and the late customer is fond of saying to his friends that he "never heard just such a scream as that lady did give. It was joy and fright and surprise all mixed up, you see—enough to make a feller wish he was in that feller's place."

CAPTURED BY PIRATES.

The following tale of the capture of the steamer *Favorita* by Chinese pirates, some years ago, was related to me by the sole survivor of the ill-fated crew that manned that vessel on her last cruise.

I was lounging on the forward deck one afternoon, and happened to catch sight of a peculiar-looking scar on the arm of old Ned, the mate. My curiosity being of the true Yankee nature, I questioned him concerning it, and elicited the following tale, which I made a note of at the time, and now give to you out of my journal:

"We were running on the inland trade route, had made several lucky trips, and that was to be the last one of the season. The old man (captain) was noted for getting speed out of vessels, and was a great favorite with the owners of the line, 'cause he always managed to be on time and never had any accidents. He was called lucky; and when a man got that sort of a reputation in them days, he was sure to find good pay and a choice of ships at the end of each trip.

"The men called him 'Old Skip Jack,' 'cause he was always a-driving ahead at full speed. He never spared men or fuel when money was to be made, and when she was a-reeling off the knots, and slinging things right and left, and trembling all over with the working of the engine, he'd go up on the bridge and rub his hands and grin, as if there was no pleasure like seeing her go.

"This was all very well in its way; but he had a bad habit of running down all the junks that happened to get in his way; which got him into trouble at last, as I'm a-going to tell you.

"The Chinese coasters soon got to know him, and give him plenty of room when they'd see him a-coming; for they knowed he wouldn't alter his course a pint for all the junks afloat.

"Before leaving, the old man had been told to keep his weather-eye open, as the pirates was beginning to get mighty bold on the coast just then, and several vessels had disappeared mysteriously which hadn't been heard from no more. The old man laughed, and said he guessed they wouldn't bother him much so long as his boat kept her legs; and thought no more of it.

"Now, just then the trade-winds had set in, and the junks was leaving Hong Kong in shoals, loaded for the Singapore trade; and they stood so thick outside, that it was nothing but turning and twisting about all the morning to get through them; which made the old man awful mad, for he darsn't run 'em down so long as Victoria Peak was in sight, on account of the marine courts. But when we got into blue water, we didn't dodge no more, but, as I said before, went over or through them, just as they happened to lay ahead of us.

"Now, we considered it nothing less than murder, but the old man didn't mind, so long as they didn't get the wreck mixed up with the propeller; and at last told us not to report any more sails ahead unless they were European vessels.

"Just at sundown on the third day out, Bill Simmons and me had the fo'castle watch, and he comes over from the port-side, where he'd a-been staring to windward, and says he to me:

"'Ned, do you see them six junks up to windward, in a row, just north of the brig?'

"'Yes,' says I.

"'Well, you may bet on it,' says he, 'they're up to mischief. I never yet see 'em hugging each other so close but what I know something wrong is going on.'

"Now, Bill was a good sailor man, and what he didn't know about the China trade wasn't worth knowing. So, says I:

"'Hadn't we better tell the old man?'

"'But,' says he, 'it won't do no good, for he won't believe me, although I know those chaps mean something wicked before morning. That's the way they acted before the *Robbin* was lost last year, and I know she was caught by pirates, although we never heard of her no more.'

"At eight-bells we neared the islands, and stood in for the Straits with those six dead ahead. I wanted to let the first-officer know, for I see Bill was uneasy, but he said it would be time enough when we got nearer. We were then about two miles from 'em, and I noticed they was getting right in our way, although I couldn't see how they got along so fast, as there was but little wind. They was single-file, and didn't seem to notice us a bit, keeping right on, until I seed we couldn't help running 'em down, as they seemed to have stopped moving.

"All of a sudden Bill takes me by the arm, and says:

"'Ned, they're pirates, and ain't a-going to get out of our way!'

"With that I jumps aft and tells Mr. Dicks, the third officer; but when we got back it was too late for him to do anything, for we was almost onto them. Their decks were crammed with men ready to board, and they had sweeps out on the leeward-side to get them across our bow.

"'They re going to board us!' yelled Bill.

"'Let 'em board!' says Mr. Ricks. 'We'll run 'em down!'

"'Can't do it,' says Bill; 'they are lashed together with hawsers and we can't get through.'

"He hadn't more than said it before we struck 'em right in the centre of their line with a crash, and fetched up as if agin a rock. Three of their junks folded back on each side of us like a bit of kelp.

"Why didn't we give an alarm? Why, we did strike the bell, but bless you, it all happened so sudden like, that there weren't time to do nothing.

"We made a dash aft; but the rascals came over the sides like ants, cutting at us with their sharp knives and hatchets, and yelling like mad. Mr. Dicks was knocked down and knifed, and Bill was tripped up, with a dozen onto him at once. I didn't stop to see nothing, but made for the cabin just as the old man was coming out, half-dressed, with a revolver in each hand.

"'Back, for your life!' yells I. 'We're boarded by pirates!'

"We jumped in and shut the door, when a dozen rushed against it and burst it in. The old man commenced firing, and shot five of them, when they got out of range, and we shut the door again as well as we could.

"They seemed to leave us then, thinking us safe until they could come back to finish us.

"I grabbed up a cutlass and revolver—for I knowed we stood no chance against so many—and made up my mind to kill myself before being taken alive; for they tortures you if you have any life in you, and they thinks you have money somewhere.

"We heard 'em tramping around and yelling all over the ship, and now and then a shot let us know that our boys, poor fellows! were still fighting—at least, those that were able.

"'Bosen,' says the old man to me, 'we might as well go and die out there with the men. We'll be killed anyway.'

"'All right, sir,' says I; 'I'm with you, captain.'

"'We'll open the door and make a rush for the engine-room; they seem to be fighting there still,' says he; and with that we throwed open the door.

"The villains had gone down below mostly, so we didn't have much trouble in getting to the engine-room; but around the door there was a crowd of 'em trying to get into the fight inside, so we dodged around the deck-house and went in the other way.

"Well, sir, I've seen a good many hard sights in my time, but I never expected to see such an awful one as I did then. The room was half-full of smoke, but I could, at the further end, see three of our men, surrounded by a crowd of Lascars and Chinamen, fighting like tigers. They were the first and second officers and one of the mates.

"They had cleared a space in front of them, and, with their backs to the boards, were dying bravely. A pile of bodies in front of them showed how dangerous they'd been.

"In the doorway lay three of the firemen, with rakes and shovels in their hands, just as they came from below, and had been murdered before they could get out. Under the feet of the crowd lay two sailors who had come in on the first alarm, thinking it the safest place.

"I turned to the old man, and, as he gave the signal, we dashed into the crowd, shooting right and left among the pagans, and fought our way to where the engineer was.

"Our sudden attack surprised them, so that we had a breathing-space before they commenced to finish their bloody work again. The engineer was almost cut to pieces, and fell just as we reached him.

"The crowd seemed to be waiting for some one, when a big, fierce-looking chap broke through the mob and seemed to direct them. He carried a dripping creese in one hand and a knife in the other.

"With a few words to his followers, he gave a signal and closed, picking out the old man himself. The fight was fierce and bloody, for we fought like devils; but it couldn't last long with such odds against us.

"In the midst of the struggle I heard a yell, and looking over my shoulder, saw the skipper give their leader a cut on his shoulder.

"It seemed to madden him; for, drawing back, he grappled one of his own men, and, lifting him up, threw him onto the skipper, and before he could recover, had passed his knife into him a dozen times.

"The old man fell, and knocked me over, so that I fell under, and lay unconscious with the blow. How long I lay there, I don't know; but when I came-to the engine had stopped, and everything was quiet.

"I crawled out from under the bodies, and found I wasn't much hurt, so I determined to make my escape if possible.

"Stealing out on deck, I could see we were anchored near one of the islands, with the junks alongside.

"The pirates were on shore among the rocks, where they had built a fire, and were dancing and carousing over the big haul they had made.

"It wasn't no place for me there on that ship, I knowed, so went aft, intending to get down to one of the boats and ashore; but, just as I passed the cabin, I saw a big chap standing guard at the door. I tried to draw back, thinking he didn't see me; but he did, and came right for me, and we grappled.

"It were a hard fight. I got him down near one of the ports, intending to get him through; but he tripped me up, and we both went overboard together.

"Striking the water together, we both went at it again, and, in trying to get my arm round his neck to choke him, he fastened his teeth in my arm just here, and fetched away a whole mouthful, and that's the way I came by the scar. It came nigh disabling me, but I managed to reach the shore, and hid myself among the bushes.

"At daylight the villainous crew went to work plundering the steamer, and by evening had everything out of her that was of any use to them. That night they set her on fire, and sailed away in their junks.

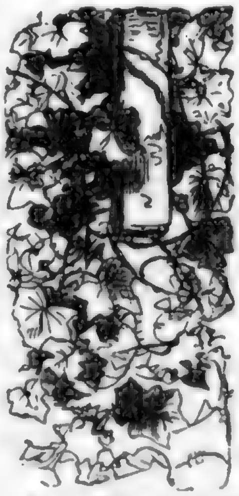
"The steamer burned until morning, when a Danish brig, seeing the blaze the night before, came to see what the matter was, and took me off.

"On reaching port we notified the authorities, and soon after two of the pirates' junks were chased and blown out of the water by the guns of a British man-of-war that happened to be in them waters at that time."

Four bells having struck, I thanked Ned for his yarn, and went aft and turned in, wondering if we should be caught (as Ned had been) before morning.

OLD ELSPA.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, AUTHOR OF "THE MANCHESTER MAN," ETC.



I WAS alone in the world—or I thought I was, which amounted to pretty much the same in its mental and moral effects. My mother died when I was so young that I had only a shadowy remembrance of a pale face, and a long, last clasp to her loving heart.

I had been my father's pet and darling, and now he was dead too, and his will had consigned me, just like a bale of goods, to the care and guardianship of his brother, a doctor, whose home lay amongst the picturesque mountains of Cumberland.

I was "too impulsive," said the will, and would "throw myself and my money away before I knew the value of either, if I had no one to take care of me; and so, when my poor father died in the south of France, where we had gone to Winter, Uncle Ritson, who came barely in time to lay him in his foreign grave, carried me off at once to his house on the bleak hill-side, gave me a kiss as he lifted me out of the stuffy vehicle which had conveyed us from the station, presented me to my aunt and cousins with a "Well, here's Adela!" and told me to consider myself "at home."

It was the beginning of January, intensely cold. The sudden change from a warmer climate had sensibly affected me; I was chilled under all my furs, and perhaps more chilled by the restraining influence of my father's will, having pondered the "too impulsive" all through the journey.

Certainly I was not "too impulsive" on my entrance to my new "home."

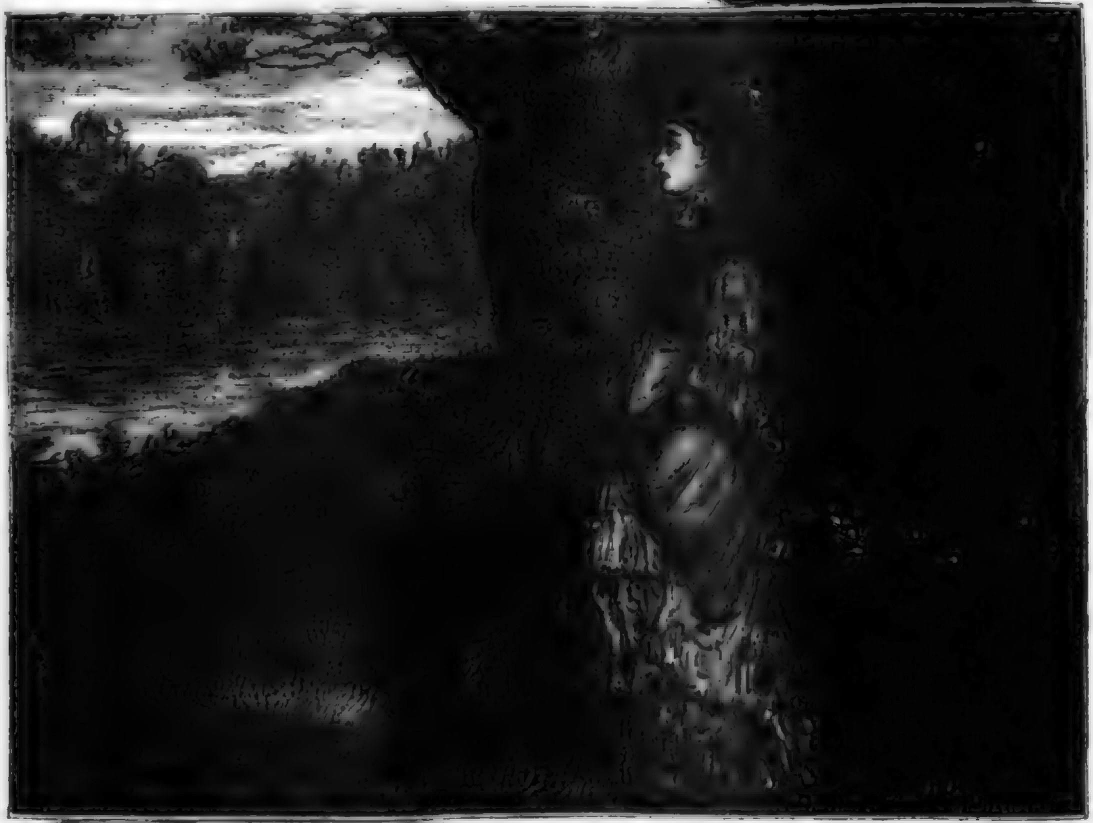
Aunt and cousins had met me on the threshold with warm welcomes, pressed me to remove my wraps and to make me comfortable. There was a huge fire blazing on the hearth, a tea-table piled with north-country luxuries, and all that should have made me feel at home; but something was wanting, and, instead of responding to their greetings in my own natural fashion, I dropped into a seat, after the first glance around, and covering my face with my hands, burst into tears. I have small, thin, quick ears. I overheard Aunt Ritson whisper to Bella and Winifred, as she drew them back:

"Hush! It's but natural, poor barnie! Leave your cousin alone, lasses—she will come to herself all the sooner."

And I did come to myself; but, whether my tears had fallen frostily on their hot hearth, or we travelers had brought a chill in with us, or my own manner did not invite effusion, a certain air of restraint seemed to grow upon us, and, when I was shown to the room set apart for me and left to myself, I flung myself upon my bed, and sobbed in passionate grief for my dead father, declaring that I was alone in the world—utterly alone.

And this feeling grew upon me. Looking back, I am conscious that it was much my own fault, that I had not responded with sufficient warmth and gratitude to the relatives who had made room in their household for one whom they had not seen since she was a baby, and had met with open arms and hearts.

They had heard that I was gushing and exuberant, a creature of impulse, and, finding me reserved and languid, concluded that I, accustomed to elegance and luxury, could not brook the homeliness and retirement of my new life. I was rich, and they were not. They mistook my morbid melancholy for pride, and ceased to press their society or attentions on me, lest I should attribute to them mercenary motives.



OLD ELSPA.—"I WAS OFF AND AWAY UP THE BREEZY HILLSIDES TO THE MARGIN OF THE LAKE—MY ONLY COMPANION MY FAITHFUL DOG."

I see it all now, but then I was blind. I had another grief at my heart besides sorrow for my dead parent, and I fear whenever my thoughts flew to that lonely grave among the Pyrenees, I questioned the policy which had isolated me from the world—the world in which my hero lived and moved—and prisoned my free soul amongst these unresponsive walls of stone.

In this rhapsody I did not apostrophize alone the four walls of the solid stone house that, set against the mountain-side, with a background of pine, larch, and mountain-ash, looked so cold and gray, staring with its many lidless eyes from its rocky perch above the struggling lake-village, on the steep, unguarded roadway in front, and the narrow strips of garden ground stretching like green arms on either side.

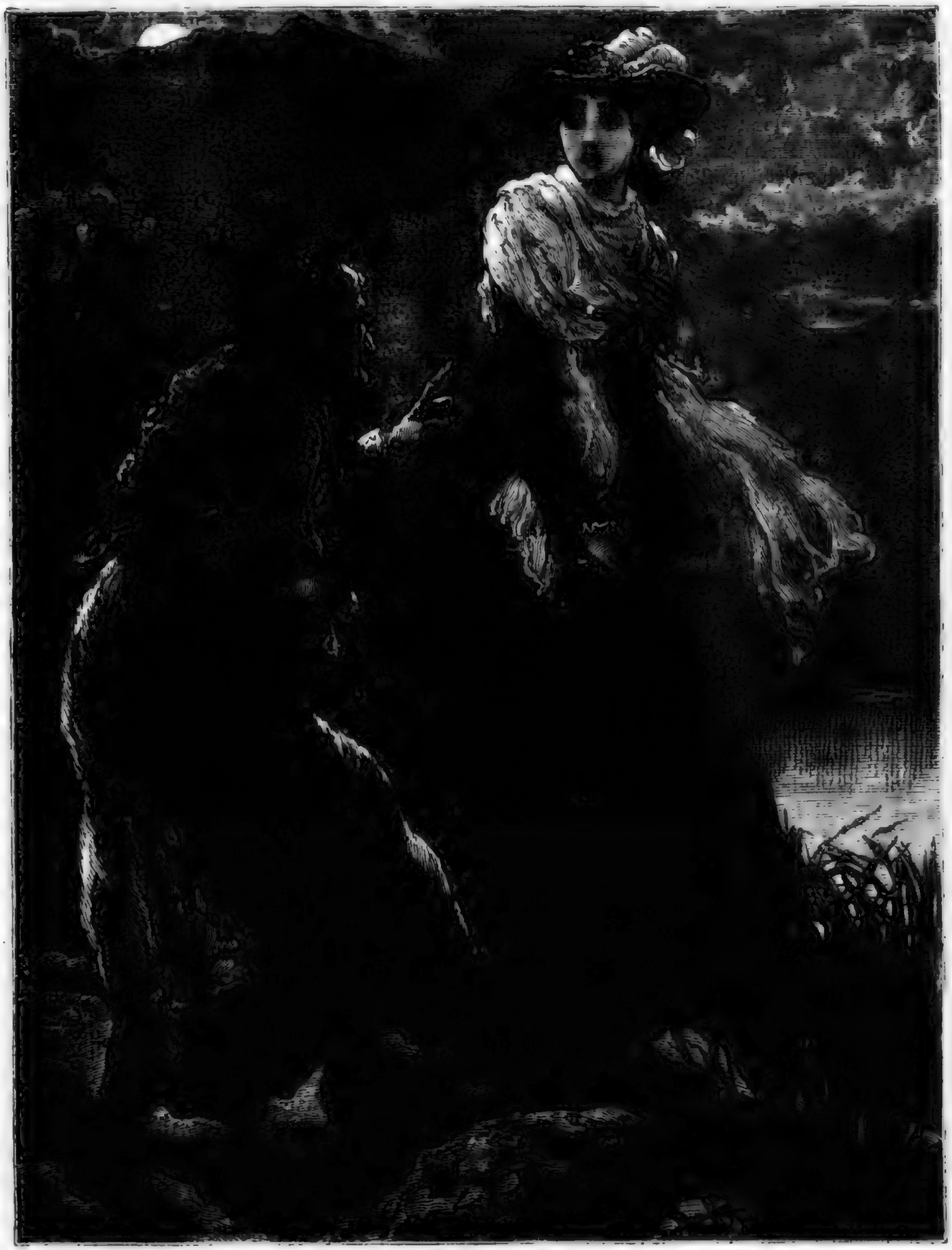
No—I held converse with the mountains. They were to me the barriers between love and life and happiness, but it was only on their solitary heights I felt free to give the feeling utterance. The thrifty household ways of my aunt and cousins, which kept them ever busy, were strange to me. My dainty fingers had no acquaintance with rolling-pin or paste-board. It was not I who kept so bright the mirror in which I saw my own beauty, ay, and my own unhappiness, reflected. I was supposed to be mourning, and, with mistaken delicacy, was left to do—nothing.

Had Uncle Ritson known it, or how I spent my time, he would have shaken me up like a bottle of physic, and I should have been the better for it. But, whether on foot or horseback, or in his ancient gig, he was off in a morning, and frequently was absent all the day. His patients were scattered, and his rounds extended.

I, having no occupation for hands or energies, feeling myself something apart from the rest, was off and away up the breezy hillsides to the lonely margin of the lake, or into the most secluded glens, my only companion my faithful dog; and there, where there was only the wind to answer me, I poured forth all the pent-up feelings of my heart; and oft my gusts of passion found utterance in song. At times I took a pencil and sketch-book with me in these wanderings, but there was ever one figure in the foreground of the most picturesque scene, and often enough the figure was there alone, the adjuncts all forgotten.

At first Bella or Winnie had borne me company, but I think they saw my longing to be alone; and I had my way, not without many cautions from my aunt.

What were perils to me, chafing against the restraint of my father's will, crying from the depths of my inmost heart for the banished love who would never find me in those solitudes, and longing for wings to traverse land and sea until I found my home on his faithful bosom?



OLD ELSPA.—"SHARP WERE HER WORDS, SHARP AS MY NEED."

Lost in abstractions, all danger was forgotten, and I had paid the penalty but for a guardian angel little dreamed of.

My first peril was from the mountain mist, which came down and around me with bewildering suddenness, blotting out the landscape far and near.

Still, I thought I knew my way, and was stepping onward, though with caution, when my dress was clutched from behind, as I fancied by some bush. Turning to disentangle it, I was confronted with what seemed an awful apparition looming through the misty vail, and, with a suppressed cry, I stood still in affright.

I saw a woman's form, bent with age, a face intersected with lines and wrinkles like a map, from which nose and chin stood out like mountain-peaks, and the sunken eyes gleamed like the fiery depths of two volcanic craters.

"Stop, my leddy!" she cried, "the gates of death are open before ye! Tak' my hand, and let me lead you; and thank God that Elspa was near you in your peril."

I had heard of Elspa as a woman who dealt in herbs and simples, but I had heard of her as one with an uncanny reputation. She was spoken of as "the wise woman," but the words were uttered as if they meant "witch."

I confess I was half afraid to accept her guidance, but she stamped her foot, and by gesture strong as words, gave me to understand that I had been walking toward a precipice, and three steps further would have borne me to destruction.

What landmark she had I know not, but I think she seemed to feel her way with her feet. At all events, after about an hour's cautious stepping, we stood below the mist, the blue lake gleaming like a mirror still further down, and my uncle's house within sight. Conscious of the service she had rendered, I did not confine my thanks to words, but was liberal with my coin.

As she took "the siller," she scanned my face curiously, then seized my hand and peered into it closely, whilst a sort of creepy sensation stole over me.

"Once, twice, thrice! Three perils, my bonnie leddy. One is past. The ithers lie before. Perils of your ain seeking. The gates of death stand in the path of your true love. Open them not with rash or heedless hands before the year be out, or love may mourn for love that couldna bide. The air of mountain and of lake is na gude for ye, bairn. Keep mair at hame, and dinna be misdoubtin'. There's a gude God above a'! One danger is overpast. Tak' heed ye seek not the ithers; and dinna scoff at old Elspa's words."

The old woman trotted off, with her basket on her arm, a rusty black bonnet on her head, garments poor but clean, and only a small check woolen handkerchief to protect her from the chilly mountain mists.

I had scarcely decided whether to laugh at her maunderings, or to yield to the superstitious feeling she had awakened, when I opened the house door, to find all within in a state of excitement.

It was long past our dinner-hour, and my absence had alarmed them. Of course I explained the cause of my delay, and it was only by Aunt Ritson's agitation that I fully comprehended the danger I had escaped. I think her motherly concern made me more communicative than usual.

We were still speaking of Elspa when my uncle came in.

"Ah!" said he, as Winnie helped him off with his overcoat—"ah, my dear, you might thank your stars Elspa was on the mountain-side. I dare say she had followed you. The old Scotchwoman is shrewd and far-seeing; she has turned her eighty years' experience to account, has a good practical knowledge of common ailments and curative simples. I should lose my own credit, or I might do worse than take her for an assistant;" and he laughed. "Then she can read character with any physiognomist in the world, and the silly folk think her prophetic, when she is only clear-eyed."

I think uncle was using an invisible probe. I know I colored, and he laughed again, but said nothing more—nor did I.

The excitement had not all been on my account. Bella had received an invitation to spend some months with a newly-married friend in London, and good-natured Winnie was in high glee. Even aunt acknowledged it was "a chance not to be missed, if possible;" and I saw her glance furtively in Uncle Ritson's face, which I fancied was graver than usual. Still, possibilities were never discussed in my presence.

It was not until I had retired to my own pretty room for the night, that I overheard the sisters discussing the problem, unmindful of the thin partition between the head of my bed and theirs.

I found that money—or its scarcity—stood in the way, and heard the chances of the matrimonial market calculated with a balance greatly in favor of London.

Money! How I hated the word! I would have given every shilling I possessed to be assured that Edgar Neville was true to me, and would seek me out when the period of probation prescribed by my father was gone by. But where could he seek for me? Correspondence had been forbidden. He knew not my address, and my father had withheld Edgar's from me. Ah, how he repented before he died! How glad he would have then been to leave me in those strong, protective arms!

I soon bridged the monetary difficulty over, in spite of uncle's opposition, and I think showed something of my old self in the spirit with which I entered into the needful preparations for Miss Ritson's launch on the sea of London society, little thinking what might be its import to myself.

It was May when she went. I had suggested that she should lighten her mourning, being about to visit a bride—a hint she seemed glad to take, for her pretty lavender bonnet set off her face much better than her heavy crape.

She kissed me very heartily before she got into the gig beside her father, to be driven to the station, to which her boxes had already been dispatched, and I felt more satisfied with myself than I had done since I had crossed the Cumberland border.

Letters filled with the wonders she had seen and the places she had visited broke up the monotony of our lives. Then came one from Hastings, in which she told of her introduction to a Mr. Neville.

I think my pulse stopped as Winnie read out the name. I know aunt asked me if I was ill—if the heat was too much for me. But I drew myself together, said "nothing" was the matter, and tried to convince myself that the name was a common one.

Again and again we heard of this same Mr. Neville, and my heart began to be torn with doubts and suspicions, and a very demon of jealousy seemed to take possession of my breast. I felt assured that Bella was in love with him, and that he was the Edgar Neville of my adoration; all that she stated of his appearance and family were convincing.

At length a letter came, addressed in a manly hand to Uncle Ritson, with Edgar's well-known crest upon the seal. It was a proposal for my cousin's hand.

My head swam round, but I mustered courage to ask Mr. Neville's Christian name. He had merely signed J. E. Neville.

Ah, that was it, sure enough—John Edgar!

I had my back toward my uncle, standing in the doorway, as I asked. No one noticed how I staggered into the hall, or how I snatched my hat from the stand and darted up the mountain-side to cool my fevered brow and still my throbbing pulses.

How I went or where I went I could never remember; I have some recollection of falling as I bounded across a beck, of old Elspa's face bending over me, and then no more, until I found myself in my own snowy bed, with Winnie watching me, and an array of physic bottles on the window-seat.

Elspa had found me where I had fallen, half in, half out of, the stream. Unable to drag me thence, she had summoned help with a peculiar whistle she kept suspended to her girdle, the shrill note of which no shepherd dared to disobey.

It brought a couple of shepherds to the spot. My limbs were lifted out of the stream—she had already bathed my brow and plaistered up my temple—and then I was carried slowly down, to interrupt the answer Uncle Ritson was sending to Bella and Mr. Neville.

My fall and the immersion were accredited with the prolonged fever which almost baffled my good uncle's skill. If any one suspected otherwise it was old Elspa, but she was too "wise" to revert to the subject when she came to see me ere my convalescence.

Very slow was my recovery, retarded no doubt by the scraps Winnie read to me as *pleasant news* from her sister's letters. It was now "Eddie" this, or "Eddie" that; and as I shut my eyes and ground my teeth, the better to endure, I felt indignant that my noble-fronted Edgar should have a pet name like a baby. To me, he had the majesty of a monarch. How could she address him so?

I was down-stairs before the Christmas came, able and willing to assist my aunt in her multitudinous preparations, and tried to smile and look gratified during the Christmas merrymaking.

I had heard, but scarcely seemed to realize, that Bella was to be married early in the new year, and that she and her husband would come to spend the honeymoon with us, and I was doing my best to nerve myself for the meeting.

The old year was closing in. Elspa—who else ?—came up to the house with a letter she had found lying in a by-road. It should have been delivered some days previously ; and it was supposed that the postman had taken more to drink than was good for him during the Christmas "cairdings," and dropped it by the way.

Goodness ! how that letter stunned me ! Bella was by that time married. She and her husband were to be with us on New Year's Day, and they would bring with them a New Year's gift for Cousin Adela, as a thank offering for bringing them together. Their photographs were inclosed.

I saw only the one. Yes, it was Edgar's ! There was no mistake.

The house was at once in a bustle of preparation. Again I slipped out, to hide my agony and prepare myself for the coming trial.

Dreamily I went along. I saw nothing before me but that meeting on the morrow and the revelation it was sure to bring. My mind seemed a chaos, in which thought was lost.

All at once, I found myself on the reedy margin of the lake, as the silver circle of the moon was rising above the mountain-tops. And there I stood, looking on the dark waters, whilst something seemed to whisper me that *there* was peace ; that I need not meet the proud bride and my inconstant love unless I chose ; and I might hide my sorrows and my secret there, and none be the wiser.

My foot was on the brink. There was a step on the stones behind me. I turned ; and I think my half-formed purpose was visible in my face, as I once more confronted old Elspa, weird and witch-like in the moonlight, a warning finger held up.

Sharp were her words—sharp as my need. She bade me go down on my knees, and thank God that He had sent her to save me from my third peril—the peril of body and soul. What was I puling over ? What right had I to fling away the life that was given for the service of others ? How dared I tempt death, loving the creature more than the Creator ?

She had heard me raving to the winds when I thought myself alone, and had kept a watch upon me. And she bade me go back home, and pray to be forgiven, and to "trust the Lord to make His dark ways plain."

She took me by the hand, and led me back like a penitent child ; said to my aunt that she thought I was not well, and, by her leave, would watch me through the night. Something she gave me too, and I slept.

When I awoke, a chaise was at the gate ; and, before I could fasten my dress with my trembling fingers, Bella had burst in, radiant with happiness, and flung her arms around me.

"Come, Adela—make haste !" said she. "Edward is all impatience to see you, and show you our New Year's gift !"

"Edward !" I gasped.

"Yes, my dear, Edward ! Did you not know his name ?"

It was all a tangle. I followed her to the living-room below, where the great holly-bush was hanging, and there stood a stranger, who was introduced to me as James Edward Neville, my new cousin—and surely too, Edgar, my own Edgar ; for he held out his arms, and caught me as I was falling.

He had been best man at his cousin's wedding, and Bella had only seen him a few days previously. The postman must have lost another letter—one Edgar had sent to me. The photograph had been inclosed by mistake. The other would be in the lost letter.

Old Elspa kept my secret well. But I never forgot the lesson she had taught me ; and though Edgar carried me away from Cumberland as proud a wife as Bella, we took good care of old Elspa for the rest of her days.

In China large quantities of oysters are dried instead of being eaten in the fresh state. For that purpose they are taken from the shells, simply plunged into boiling water, and then removed at once, after which process they are exposed to the rays of the sun until entirely free from any moisture. In that state they will keep a length of time, and are said to preserve all the delicacy of their flavor. The finest and fattest bivalves, bred and fed on the leaves and cuttings of the bamboo, are selected for preparation by that method.

THE IDYL OF THE VIOLET.

I.—The Blooming.

Ere Winter's chill has died away,
  And gentle Spring has come again,
Ere leaflets deck the barren spray
  With beauty that has hidden lain—
Whilst still may fall the fleecy snow,
  And make on earth an icy bed,
One little flower that dwelleth low
  Is bold enough to raise its head.

It is of Spring the herald sweet,
  The harbinger of calmer days;
Its azure eyes but ope to greet,
  And bid adieu to, wintry ways.
It peeps from out its mossy nest,
  And bids the sleeping buds to cheer;
For they shall soon awake from rest,
  To kiss the Spring that draweth near.

The fays, who in the flow'rets dwell,
  All hail with joy the peeping blue,
And o'er the violet cast a spell
  That makes for aye the lover true.
The maid who first the flower shall find
  Will gain of love an ample store;
The simple bud, thus charmed, will bind
  A heart to hers for evermore.

II.—Sibyl's Song.

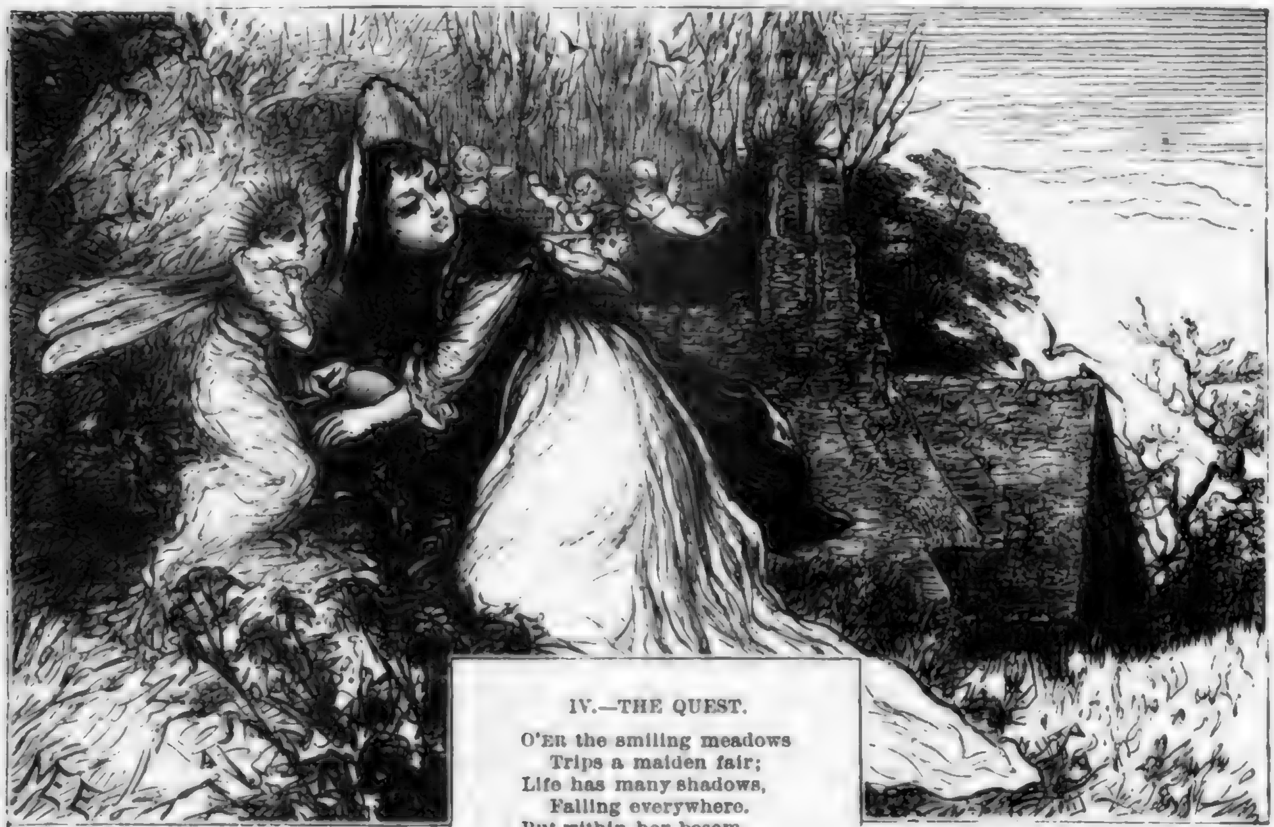
I know that he is far away,
  And that I cannot see him now;
But o'er the sea there comes to me
  The echo of a plighted vow.
A voice is wafted from afar,
  As soft the ocean zephyrs blow,
His accents dear I plainly hear
  As they were spoken long ago.

Oh, I have waited, sad and lone,
  Whilst two long years have journeyed by,
And no loved voice beside mine own
  Has ever sooth'd the saddest sigh.
But now again shall sorrow flee,
  And tender joy usurp its place;
For, oh, to-day the breezes say
  My own love comes, and comes apace!

Chorus of Fays.

Love has wings, and o'er the sea
Home he brings a voice to thee;
Swift across the snowy main,
"I am coming, love, again!"

(*Continued on next page.*)



III.—THE FAIRY QUEEN.

HASTE thee, Sibyl, pluck the flower
Ere thy Robin comes again;
Seek it in its verdant bower,
Let it hide itself in vain.
Swift through every dell and dingle,
Where it makes its mossy home—
Where the lea and brooklet mingle—
Haste thee, maiden, haste and roam!

For if thou dost not possess it,
Who can tell but others may?
Seek it now, O maid, unless it
Steal thy Robin's heart away!
He is fair, and many lasses
Lief would love him passing well;
Dally not, the time swift passes,
Seek it out in dale and dell!

IV.—THE QUEST.

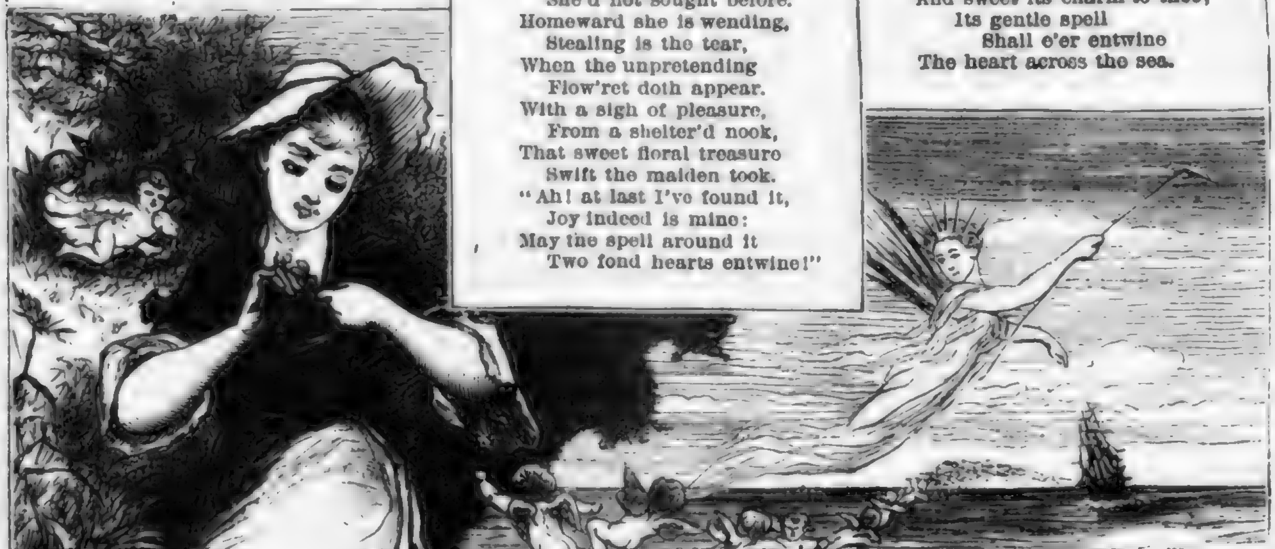
O'ER the smiling meadows
Trips a maiden fair;
Life has many shadows,
Falling everywhere.
But within her bosom
All is joy to-day,
For the magic blossom
Frightens Care away.
By the silver river
And the rippling brook,
Where the willows quiver,
Doth that maiden look.
Through the hardy bramble,
With its spiky thorn,
In her floral ramble
Is that maiden borne.
Over banks of mosses
Swift her glance is thrown,
Where the spring embosses
Jewels of its own!
But in vain her mission,
She must give it o'er;
Sad is her contrition
She'd not sought before.
Homeward she is wending,
Stealing is the tear,
When the unpretending
Flow'ret doth appear.
With a sigh of pleasure,
From a shelter'd nook,
That sweet floral treasure
Swift the maiden took.
"Ah! at last I've found it,
Joy indeed is mine:
May the spell around it
Two fond hearts entwine!"

V.—THE FAY'S FAREWELL.

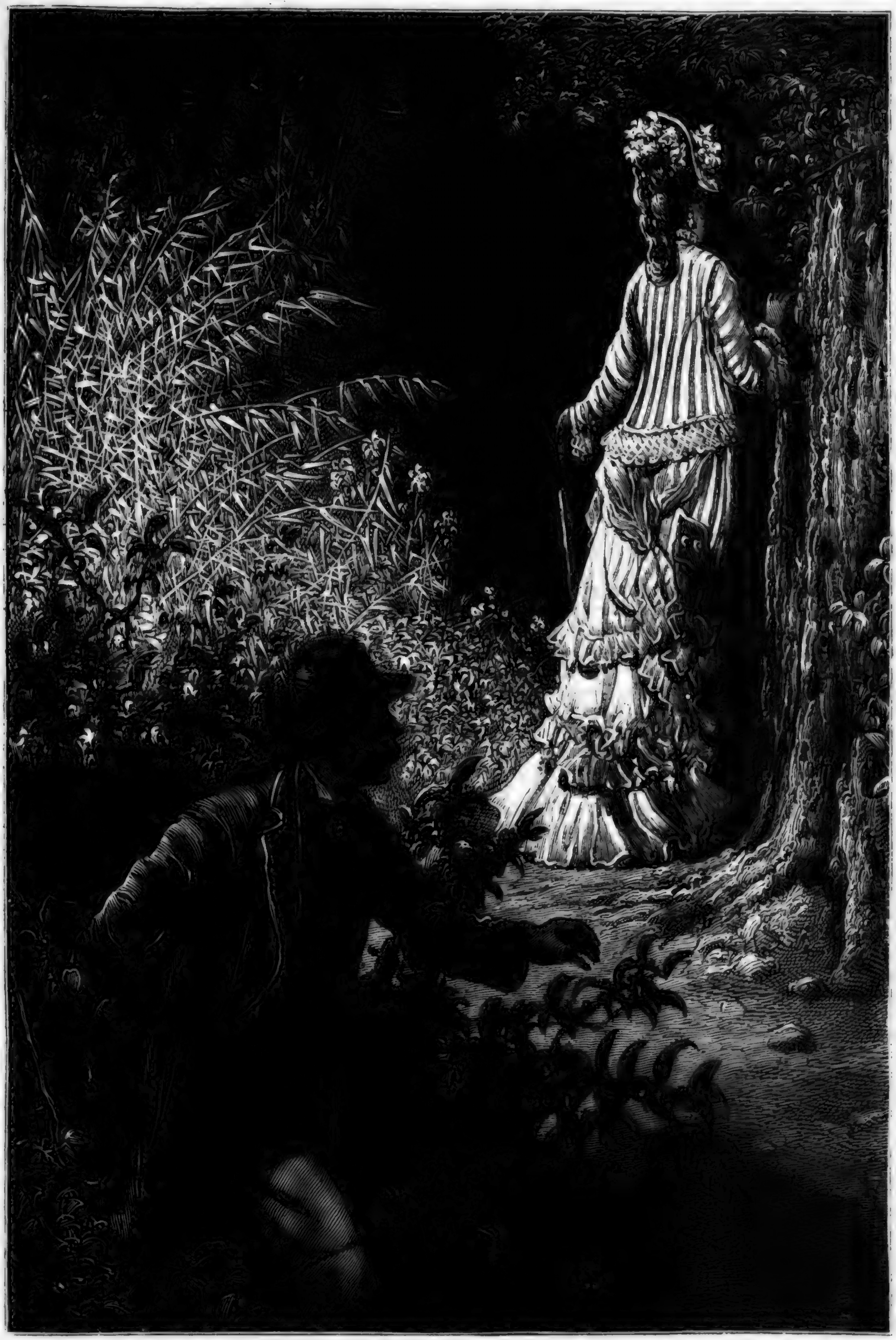
FAREWELL! farewell!
Our task is o'er;
Sweet maiden, rest in peace.
Thou hast the spell
That will insure
His love shall never cease.

Care not for smart
Of piercing thorn,
Tho' sharp and sore its pain,
A loving heart
To-day is borne
To thee across the main.

Farewell! farewell!
The flower is thine,
And sweet its charm to thee;
Its gentle spell
Shall e'er entwine
The heart across the sea.



EARLY in the fifteenth century, a band of Highland robbers, headed by one Macdonald of Rosse, having taken a cow from a poor woman, she vowed that she would wear no shoes till she had complained to the King. The savages, in ridicule of her oath, nailed horse-shoes to the soles of her feet. When her wounds were healed, she proceeded to the royal presence, told her story, and showed her scars. The just monarch instantly dispatched an armed force to secure Macdonald, who was brought to Perth, along with twelve of his associates. The King caused them to be shod in the same manner, and, after they had been exhibited for three days, they were hung.



THE STORY OF LADY ALICE.—"HE SAW AGAIN THE SAME GRACEFUL, LITHE FIGURE, WITH ITS EVEN, RAPID WALK. THIS TIME HE HAD NO DOUBT OF ITS IDENTITY, AND, WITH A SICK, ANGRY FEELING AT HIS HEART. HE CAUTIOUSLY KEPT THE FIGURE IN VIEW."

THE STORY OF LADY ALICE.

By Mrs. Amelia E. Barr.

SIZERH is an old, gray stone hall, standing in the midst of vast stretches of densely wooded park; behind it, rise hills plumed with pine and larch; before it, is a sweet old-fashioned garden, full of terraces and fountains, and smelling of all the scents of paradise.

In the hall are soft lights, fine furniture, rare pictures, and a family who have written themselves "noble" for hundreds of years. But there has been no enchantment in these things to keep out sorrow and disappointment, hatred and jealousy, tears and death.

The luck of the Sizerhs has been in land. In love they have never prospered since the sixteenth lord married beautiful Alice Singleton, and then drove her, by unmentionable cruelties, into the deep waters of Sizerh Lake for rest.

That was in the early part of this century. The joy-bells were ringing for some great victory of Nelson's when they brought in the dripping, drowned figure, and laid it down across the marble hearthstone of the great entrance-hall. Lord Thomas, coming in from the kennels, with his horsewhip in his hand, had found himself suddenly confronted with the still, white, upturned face, and been smitten with an appalling remorse.

The sight of his mother and sister, who had been the inciters and instruments of his cruelties, was intolerable; the rough temper of his race found relief in bitterly upbraiding his confederates, and in frantic cries of anguish over the insensible corpse.

The next day he had disappeared. That dumb, accusing face, his mother's jeers and sister's scorn, were beyond his defense or reply; public opinion was nothing in comparison with his own comfort. He left Alice to be buried by those who hated her, and plunged into the wildest excitements of metropolitan life.

He was the only son, and his mother's idol; her punishment followed hard on her sin. Not one word of recognition, not one word of courtesy, did he send her for two long years—long years of anxieties and fruitless longings.

Two years told upon her like twenty; her splendid beauty began to fail, her magnificent physique to feel weariness.

Vague reports of Alice's cruel treatment had gradually spread around the neighborhood, and the squires and gentry who were strong in their own position did not scruple to say bitter, scornful words respecting Sizerh. Even those families who could not afford to offend the lord of the manor rendered a courtesy in which the sensitive women readily detected dislike and disapproval.

Caroline Sizerh, in spite of her splendid beauty and desirable fortune, had no wooers. She saw no company, for no one asked her out, and Lady Sizerh was too proud and prudent to risk refusals to her invitations.

Thus the hall settled down into such a dreary, desponding monotony that the younger servants left, and Caroline, wandering about the lonely gardens and silent rooms, had full leisure to remember all her sin, and imagine what Sizerh might have been had they not interfered between her brother and his bride.

"Thomas did love her so passionately, and Alice was at first so willing and anxious to please us. She promised to take me to London with them, and she could make Tom do anything, at first. I do wonder why mother hated her so!"

This question, that was continually haunting her, she at length asked. It was a sight to see the still handsome old woman turn fiercely round, and say:

"Because I hated her mother!"

"Who was her mother?"

"Mary Bellingham, a sweet, simpering, deceitful *cat!* How I hate the whole tribe! I am a Gilpin, and the Gilpins and Sizerhs have hated the Bellinghams for generations. We shall hate each other for ever. I am glad there is a for ever to hate them in. Your father and I agreed upon this point, Caroline, though we quarreled upon every other. Where is John Bellingham?"

"He has not spoken to me since—since——"

"Since Alice Singleton drowned herself—little fool! I would give ten years of my life if Tom would come home. They treat us scornfully, because we are women; they would not dare to pass Sizerh of Sizerh without a courtesy. Your father was a brute, but I have wished him back again many a time these last two years."

"Mother, write to Tom, and ask him to come home."

"I write? I ask a favor of my own son? Never! never! He will come soon, now; I can wait."

"Do you think he will come soon?"

"I know it. Am I not my own head-steward? An empty purse will bring him home. He will come for gold, if not for love."

The old woman's words were a prophecy. That very night a letter arrived, announcing the Lord of Sizerh's return.

There was something almost fiendish in her triumph. She patted the letter, and nodded her head in no pleasant way.

"We shall see, now! We shall see, now!" she muttered, exultingly.

"What does Tom say, mother?"

"He is coming home—that is enough. For the rest, he says a great deal about beautifying Sizerh, and is bringing some Italians with him for the purpose. Anything but a wife! He may have as many painted and sculptured beauties as he likes; but I do not intend to be Dowager Lady Strickland—unless I choose my successor!"

"Italians coming here! That will be a fresh scandal—foreigners and heretics to earn the Sizerh money! The country-side will be indignant!"

"Let them! I am glad Tom is bringing them. I shall not ask the country-side who is to work for Sizerh. If I choose to invite the devil, or Napoleon, I shall do it, and turn Sizerh into a fort and defend them, if necessary."

Tom followed his letter in about a month, and with him came a small party of Italian workmen, and a famous artist called Sparti.

Tom was going to have wonderful chimney-pieces of carved wood, marble fountains, buffets, and the great hall was to be made a marvel of antique carving and fine painting. Sparti designed and superintended, and the little company of six men under him soon began to introduce a new element of grace and beauty into the old house.

The friendship between Lord Sizerh and Sparti, singular as it was, was very sincere; the rough nobleman thought the handsome, clever artist a wonder, and the slight Italian looked with an almost foolish admiration on the Englishman's skill in field sports, his great strength and physical endurance. Each valued the other for qualities exactly opposite to those which he possessed.

Sparti was of the most splendid type of Roman beauty, and the first glance from his wondrous eyes troubled Caroline's heart with their strange fascination. She began to dress elegantly, to call forth every charm, to flit through the rooms in which he was working, to meet him in the

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dim, sweet garden-ways which his poetic soul loved and haunted. She grew wonderfully young and beautiful under his influence; she compelled the passionate nature of Sparti to a homage as wild and unreasonable as her own.

For it was unreasonable. Every sentiment of honor and friendship for his patron, every sentiment of fidelity to his compatriots, forbade the indulgence of his love. But Caroline had much of her mother's resolute will; she was determined that this man should love her as blindly and as madly as she loved him; and what could such an idolator of beauty deny to loveliness like Caroline Sizerh's?

He forgot everything—flung honor, friendship, success away, and counted the world well lost for this one fair woman.

On a night when nights are longest, and when her brother Tom had joined a two weeks' hunting-party, Caroline and her lover fled toward the Scotch border. In ten hours they were married, in another day they had reached Leith, and taken a ship for Liverpool. In Liverpool, Sparti easily found a vessel to an Italian port.

The impotent rage of old Lady Sizerh was a terror to her servants, and a shame and scandal for the whole village. Tom was speedily summoned. His anger was far beyond words; his friend and his sister had both deceived and betrayed him; his home was in a state of half-finished confusion; he had been made to spend money on works worse than useless, in an unfinished state.

It was a miserable house in which the half-frantic mother and sullen, revengeful son passed the night in mutual recriminations. The next morning Tom said:

"Mother, I have cleared the house of those fellows who came here with your artist son-in-law; now do what you like with the rubbish they have left—I am going away."

"Tom, you are a barbarian. Will you leave me here, in the midst of all this shame and sorrow, alone?"

"You should have looked better after your daughter. You watched poor Alice close enough—do you remember that?"

"Don't throw that up to me to-day, Tom."

"Don't speak to me at all. I am going away on important business. I really do not know when I shall come back; but when I do come back, mark my words, *Caroline will come back with me!*"

There was something in Tom Sizerh's face and manner that even his mother durst not question. In an hour afterward he came into her room, and touched her brow with his lips. She made no moan and said no word, but she understood that it might be a final farewell. She followed him to the door, and after he had mounted his horse said, in a low, trembling voice:

"What you do, do without warning. No Italian can be trusted."

He gave her a grim nod of intelligence, and rode away without further parley. Whatever purpose was before him, he settled steadily to it, and galloped through the village without turning his face to the right or the left, or answering any one's greeting.

As for the runaways, in the first glory and joy of their triumphant love, little did either Sparti or Caroline think of Sizerh, or any one there. Caroline knew very well what storms of passion would rage inside and outside its walls; but she had no fear as soon as the ocean was between her and her home.

"Tom never cared very much for me," she said. "He will curse me every hour for a day or two, send my picture into the lumber-room, and forbid any one to name me. Mother—she will scold Dixon twice as much as usual, and abuse me every hour of the day for two or three months. Why should I care? I have never been happy—I have never lived until now."

Perhaps Caroline was right in this. She had never known happiness before—never known what it was to be loved with all the passion and poetry of a great, enthusiastic soul—to bask in Italian sunshine and music, and live on fruits and wine, and delicacies and sweet words; to be absolute mistress of the four pretty rooms she called Home; to be wondered over and admired by all Sparti's friends; to be the proud, happy mother of a baby as lovely as a dream.

Sixteen months of such a life, and she had forgot that she ever lived before.

"I am twenty months old, beloved," she said one evening, as Sparti stooped with idolatrous admiration over her and his little Beatrice—"twenty months old, Sparti. I was born that night I met you in Sizerh dining-room, and your eyes said to my heart, 'Awake and love!' Ah, do not leave us to-night; the skies are dark and heavy—there will be a storm."

"Only for one hour, dearest. I have works of great value in my studio, and it is unlocked; the storm will not break before I come back to you."

But Sparti was mistaken; lightning, thunder and a perfect deluge of rain was upon the city ere it was possible for him to return; and Caroline knew she must wait patiently until the tempest had spent itself. Yet, when midnight came and no Sparti, she began to be uneasy; two o'clock, the clouds reveal a pale, watery moon, and the rain was over, yet no Sparti; daybreak, and still she was alone.

These long, lonely hours had filled her with dreary, superstitious fears; she could not keep Alice out of her mind; if she closed her eyes, she could not help seeing that pale, dripping figure that had once lain across Sizerh's hearthstone. Never had her petty slights and cruelties to the poor, childish bride seemed so shameful and so cruel.

With such dreary thoughts she sat just as the gray light of day dawned. She rose to open the lattice. No Sparti was visible; only a little group of men far up the street. She walked to her baby's cradle and kissed it; then to the window again, for it was impossible for her to be still. This time the group was much nearer—it came steadily on—it came to her house—mounted her stair—opened her door, and laid down upon the bed, with muttered prayers and condolences, a figure whose clothes were saturated with blood and rain. It was poor Sparti—dead for many hours—stabbed and left to die amid the tempest.

She knew, now, what her brother had suffered; she vaguely wondered if she could live through weeks of such suffering as he did. She was consumed by a dumb, dry grief, without voice or tears. Sparti's friends cared tenderly for their companion, and watched, with solemn sympathy, a grief whose passionate intensity could find no expression.

That night, as she walked up and down her room, with little Beatrice wailing in her arms, the door opened, and Tom Sizerh entered.

"Caroline," he said, sternly, "I am come to take you home!"

"I will not go with you—murderer!"

"There is a dead woman who could retort for me, madam; but that is neither here nor there. The carriage waits, our passports are ready, gold has made it impossible for you to disobey me. Put that child in its cradle and follow me."

"Without my child! I will kill it and myself first!"

And she darted to a drawer, and drew out a stiletto.

"I have no desire to increase my trouble in managing you; bring the brat with you. But, mind, I will be delayed no longer—not five minutes. Put on your hat and cloak."

Tom moved to the door and made a sign. Instantly two dark, cruel-looking men walked forward.

"Conduct that lady and her child to the carriage below."

"Tom Sizerh! Brother Tom! For God's sake, don't let those men touch me! Let me carry my baby, and I will come!" He suffered her to take no last look at the dear, shrouded form in the inner room—to take no memento from the little *salon* in which she had reigned the brilliant, idolized wife of her husband's artistic circle.

"The Sizerh jewels you will bring, Caroline—they belong to the family. Nothing else."

In less than the five minutes allowed, she was riding very rapidly through the streets so linked with all her brightest hours. They were soon behind her for ever. What a wretched, dreary journey was before her! She could not weep, nor scold, nor pray, nor sleep. She seemed insensible either to her own wants or those of her child. She was upon the verge of insanity when she reached Sizerh. Her mother's mocking welcome filled her cup of grief to overflowing. She passed the first night of her return in a restless, rapid walking up and down the long corridor into which her room opened.

Early in the morning she sought her brother's room, and called him up. There was something in her voice that compelled even Tom Sizerh to obey. He rose, and, coming to the door, said:

"What is it, Caroline? Poor girl! I am not angry with you now. God knows it was easy to love the man you did."

"Don't you speak of him! How dare you? You ought to tremble and shudder to think of him! See, Tom, I am going mad—I know it! Do I speak sensibly yet—so you can understand me? Oh, yes; I must keep quiet until I tell you to take care of Beatrice for me. Tom! Tom! I am going mad! Don't let any one be cruel to Beatrice!"

"I swear I won't, Caroline! Poor girl, go to your bed; I will send at once for a doctor."

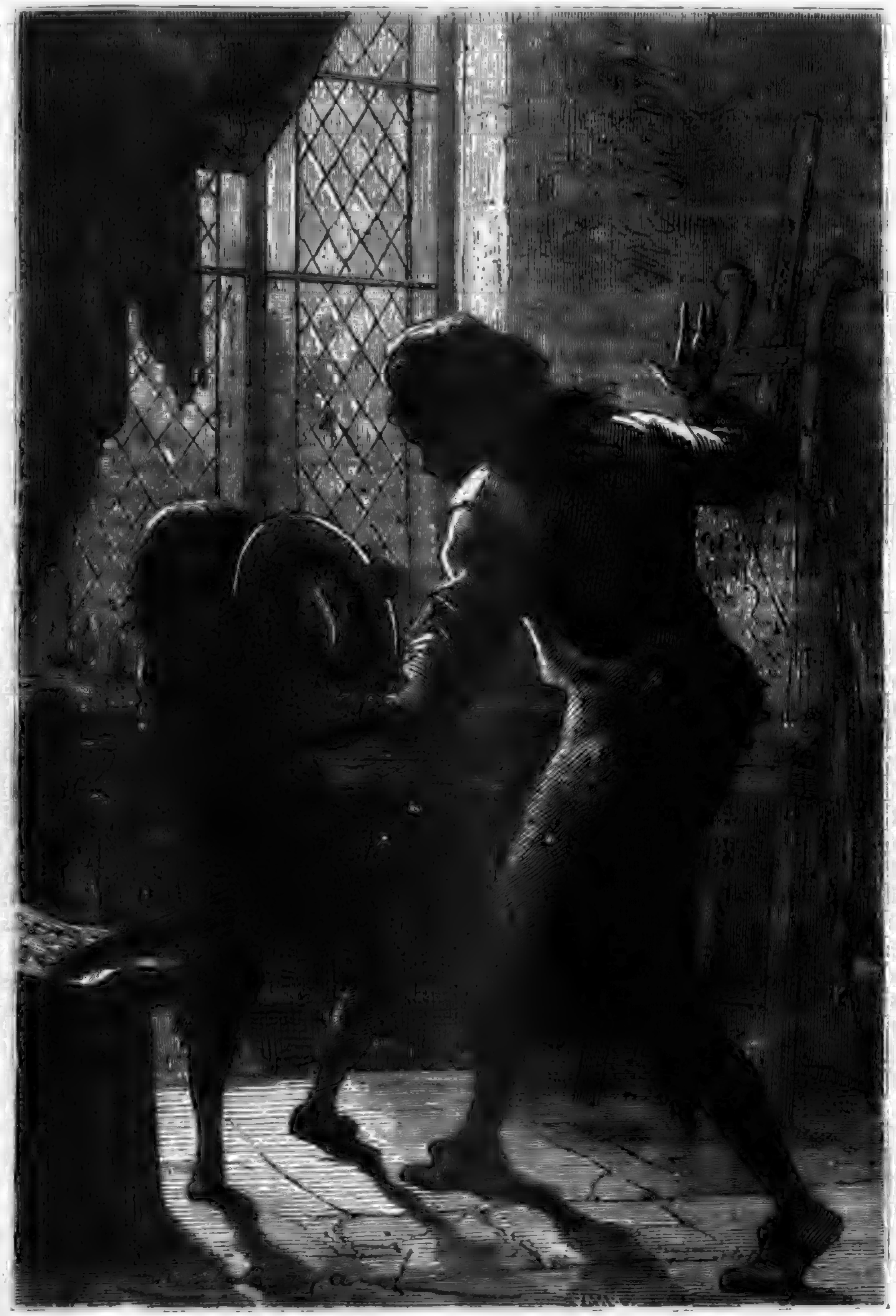
"But little Beatrice, Tom! Am I speaking as you understand?"

She reeled, put her hands to her head, and then ran shrieking through the house.

"Brain fever," the physicians said; heart fever would have been the truer definition. For long weeks Caroline Sparti lay in raving agony, or muttering stupor. Even Lady Sizerh was humbled before such suffering; she watched her incessantly; she made passionate promises for the poor girl's future. But the love and the promises were too late.

Caroline had inherited a magnificent constitution from generations of physically perfect men and women; but nothing could stand such a fierce and protracted mental conflict. Reason fled first; then it was a relief to know that life was but a question of a few days, more or less. Three months after her husband's murder, Caroline followed him into that eternal shadow which girds all our lives around.

The whole community was stirred. Much was known from the incoherent complainings of the dying woman, and more was suspected. Only the wild grief of Lady



HOW CLAUDE BALLIN SURPRISED HIS FATHER.—SEE PAGE 503.

Sizerh saved her from insult; Tom's great wealth and influence, and his known tenderness to Caroline's child, scarcely protected him from some popular outbreak of disapprobation.

But time covers all offenses—though it was little the fierce, proud old mistress, and the passionate Lord of Sizerh, cared for the world's opinion.

Beatrice became the idol of Sizerh now; Tom bowed low before it, and the child's wonderful beauty and intelligence was a source of great pride to old Lady Sizerh, who chose to imagine that she exactly resembled her own family. No pains and no expense were spared on her education and adornment; to her every harsh voice was gentle; for her pleasure the oldest household customs and prejudices were broken; from "grandmamma" and "Uncle Tom" Beatrice Sparti might ask and receive, not only the half, but the whole of whatever kingdom they had.

QUEER GAME IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.—"WE PADDLED OUT INTO DEEP WATER, AND HAD SOME VERY PRETTY SHOOTING, AS THE DUCKS AND TEAL KEPT FLYING OVERHEAD."—SEE PAGE 503.

Still there was an element of bitterness in Tom's adoring affection for this young girl—he was insanely jealous of her. Lovers he knew must come to Beatrice, but he would keep them off as long as possible; he knew that he should hate any man who stole from him any portion of the affection of his darling. But Beatrice seemed too gay and happy, too satisfied with life just as it was, too fond of him and Lady Sizerh, to be in any hurry to form a tenderer tie. That trouble, Tom thought, must be five or six years away yet—Beatrice was only seventeen.

It was just such thoughts as these he had in his head one night as he strolled down the grounds toward a portion of the park in which some changes had been proposed by the steward.

Suddenly he fancied he saw a figure like Beatrice's flitting rapidly along the deer-walk; but then he considered that was impossible. Beatrice had gone to the village to take tea with the rector's wife.

He stood still and thought, and while he stood, he saw again the same graceful, lithe figure, with its even, rapid walk.

This time he had no doubt of its identity, and, with a sick, trembling, angry feeling at his heart, he cautiously kept the figure in view.

The timber was so large and thick that it was easy to do this without revealing himself; but Beatrice had evidently no suspicion. She walked directly on, without turning her head, until she came to a little hut, which was used in moonlight nights as a shelter for the gamekeeper.

It was only a rude structure of round logs, bound together by a dense growth of ivy and a thatched roof. It had no door, and contained no furniture but a few rustic seats. By parting a few leaves, it was easy to see what was passing inside.

Tom did not scruple to thus satisfy himself. What he saw was Captain Philip Bellingham, and what he heard was Beatrice saying, amid passionate sobbing:

"Surely, Philip, you do not mean what you say? Not marry me! Why, that will utterly kill me!"

"My dear little girl—now, 'pon honor! You must not get into such passions. Italian blood, I suppose. But you see now, it really never would do! Have nothing but my pay; that couldn't support you, you lovely little extravagance!"

"Good God!" cried Beatrice, in a white heat of passion. "Do you mean to say that you have only been amusing yourself with me this Summer?"

"Very nice amusement, too, you charming little inconsistency. Of course I love you; but marriage, my dear, is a very different thing. Why, your uncle would kill me if I married you."

"He will most assuredly kill you if you do not! You will make Beatrice Sparti your wife, Captain Bellingham—or, by the heaven above us! you or I will leave this world—within the next hour! Here is my pencil, and a leaf from my pocketbook; now write just what I dictate."

"I am not your servant, my lord!"

"Yes, you are! Don't answer me, if you value your life! Beatrice, go home!"

Under ordinary circumstances, Beatrice rebelled against any command she did not approve of. But this was not the ordinary Uncle Tom—it was the Tom Sizerh who had driven Alice Singleton to suicide and Caroline Sparti to lunacy and death. In every man there is a *madman;* the madman in Tom Sizerh was now dominant. There was no disgrace in Philip Bellingham submitting to an invincible necessity.

Beatrice went flying home, terror-stricken; and Philip, taking the pencil and paper, said, in a sneering tone:

"You have a fit of insanity, my lord; I will write to humor you."

"I have a fit of justice; you will write to humor it. Go on, to my dictation:

> "MY LORD SIZERH: I humbly, and with a profound sense of my unworthiness, ask of you the hand of your niece, Beatrice Sparti; and, as I am willing to take her without fortune, and must return to my regiment immediately, I request that the marriage may be celebrated at once, without any ceremony or formality. The long antagonism of our families will excuse to the public such omission. Respectfully, my lord,
>
> "PHILIP JOHN BELLINGHAM."

"My lord," said Philip, "I write this under protest. I consider you, at present, simply as a lunatic, whom I must humor in order to save my life."

"And I consider you as a scoundrel, whom I am going to compel to do an honorable action for once in your life. You will please to accompany me to Sizerh Hall."

Philip's first impulse, at this order, was to draw his sword. Tom struck it from his hand as if it had been a willow wand.

"You are at my mercy, Bellingham; do not provoke me beyond endurance, if you would save your pitiful life."

Two men have seldom walked a mile under more irritating circumstances; but Tom seemed sunk in miserable thought until they reached the main entrance.

"Go first, Captain Bellingham," he said. "We shall finish this business in a very short time."

What passed between the two men no mortal ever knew; but Tom's arguments had the desired effect. There was a private wedding in Sizerh Church next morning, a weeping bride, a sullen bridegroom, and half-a-dozen of the retainers of Sizerh.

As for old Lady Sizerh, she was in fierce, open rebellion. To marry her granddaughter to a Bellingham was an unparalleled outrage. She could not resist Tom's passionate will, but she vowed she would never forgive him.

So poor little Beatrice went away with her forced bridegroom to London, and the mother and son kept a resentful, sullen state in the miserable old hall.

For a long time Tom would not open the sorrowful, repentant letters Beatrice sent him; but one day the rector made an excuse for the foolish girl which just chimed in with Tom's prejudices.

Henceforward he made apologies for Beatrice, watched for her letters, and longed continually to see her.

Lady Sizerh began to fail rapidly. Soon her weakness compelled her to sit still in the great oaken chair; and there, on New Year's morning, she was found, cold and dead. The event greatly shocked her son. His heart turned with ungovernable longing to Beatrice.

"Poor child!" he said, "I was so hasty and unjust with her; yet she forgives, and begs my love. I will send for her to come home again."

Beatrice's marriage turned out better than might have been expected. Her husband had been ordered to India—she was not willing to leave him. Still, there was a reconciliation which extended even to Captain Bellingham. The captain said he could afford to forgive an insult which had given him a far better wife than he deserved, and Tom was so pleased with this concession and compliment to Beatrice, that he placed ten thousand pounds to her credit, as part of her marriage portion.

Then Sizerh Hall was shut up, and got an evil name. Tom was abroad, traveling, nobody knew where or whither. But ten years afterward he was in Madras, a bronzed, weather-beaten man of nearly sixty years of age.

Beatrice had had a large family, but none save her eldest son had survived the climate, and it was now imperative that he should be sent to England, both for his health and education. He bore Tom's name, and looked exceedingly like him, and no one knew with what joy Lord Sizerh appropriated him. Beatrice was to follow in eighteen months, when Captain Bellingham would have a furlough; but he was shot dead in a surprise attack of the Mahrattas. Then Beatrice, still a beautiful woman of twenty-eight, came to reign supreme at Sizerh Hall.

The man whom once none could safely advise, was now blindly obedient to a desire of Beatrice or a fancy of young Tom Bellingham's. Beatrice wanted her father's work finished, and artists came from Italy to do it; Tom wanted his cousin Lionel to visit him, and Lord Sizerh made him free of Sizerh Hall.

Tom was a fine fellow naturally, or else all this indulgence would have ruined him; but he was one of those rare characters born for prosperity, and whom no amount of it could spoil. He passed through college with *éclat*, studied fairly, was generous and dashing without being foolishly extravagant, elegant without being a fop, and clever in all field sports without being an athlete. When he was twenty-three years old, his uncle desired him to take the entire control of the Sizerh estates; but Mr. Tom had suddenly made up his mind to travel for two years.

Not much did the old lord think of this plan. He was full of anxieties about this dear lad, the last hope of his life of disappointed hopes; but the request was so reasonable, and so in accord with the spirit and customs of the young men of his class, that nothing but cheerful acquiescence was possible. And soon the old man began to feel a real pleasure in laying out plans and routes, and bringing all his own experiences and knowledge to Tom Bellingham's help.

But suddenly again, when every preparation was nearly complete, the young man lost all interest in the matter, absented himself strangely from home, was thoughtful and retiring and strangely silent, and finally announced his intention of not going at all.

The servants said he had seen the ghost and had a warning; the old lord, who was strangely superstitious, was inclined to believe the servants. Beatrice alone guessed the truth.

"Dear uncle," she said, "our Tom is in love."

"Well, if he is, he will tell me soon—I know he will; and he, at least, shall have his own way. There has been sorrow and sin enough at Sizerh Hall with crossed love."

The confidence expected was not long delayed. The two men were out riding one lovely Summer evening, and the younger said to the elder:

"Let us take this road, and go round by Salkeld Grange."

It was a long ride for the old lord, but a man expecting a revelation humors every whim that can induce confidence. At length they came to a low, long, stone house, covered with vines, and sheltered by a grove of walnut-trees.

"What a pretty place!" said Lord Sizerh. "It is Salkeld Rectory—is it not?"

"Yes," replied Tom, carelessly. "Let us go in and see the family."

"I do not know the family."

"But I do."

Just here, a rarely lovely girl came blushing out, and said:

"Will you alight, Mr. Bellingham? Papa wishes to see you."

At once the old man perceived how matters stood. Tom was in love with this girl, and he kept assuring himself that Tom should do as he liked. So, after a pleasant chat and a glass of wine, the two rode away, and one said to the other: "You are in love with that beautiful girl, Tom?"

"Yes, dear uncle; she is the one fair woman in the world to me."

"What is her name?"

"Alice Singleton."

"Good Heavens!" For some time he could say no more; then he asked, "The Singletons of Kentmere?"

"The same. Her father is the youngest son of old Stephen Singleton, who rebuilt Kentmere Church. He has been rector of Salkeld for twenty years."

"Alice's youngest brother!"

No more did he say to any human being that night; but next morning he called Beatrice and her son into his room, and, amid profound emotion, told them the story of the first Alice Singleton Sizerh.

"Tom, my dear Tom, if you are going to help me redeem the great wrong my passionate, jealous temper led me into, then God bless you, boy."

So this time the wedding at Sizerh was a public and splendid affair. Rich and poor were invited to rejoice and make merry, and the old lord gave gifts to every one in Sizerh village who could remember the coming home of the first Lady Alice. Never did a Lady of Sizerh assume her honors amid more triumphant love and rejoicing.

HOW CLAUDE BALLIN SURPRISED HIS FATHER.

Maitre Ballin was a prosperous goldsmith in the days of Louis XIII. of France. As was the custom of that day, the fine works in gold and silver sold by men of his business were all produced in their own establishments, except special orders of great importance, which were sent to the famous artists.

Ballin rose to wealth, but, as he was not an artist, his limited knowledge of design and composition kept him from attaining the highest rank. His son Claude was the pride of his heart, and he wished this son to take his business, and become a thoroughly artistic goldsmith.

He gave him the best instruction in the arts of design, and Claude was thus thrown into the society of young men who aimed to become painters and sculptors, and who showed great pity for Claude, who was not to be an artist, but merely a tradesman.

The father began to fear that his son might thus be led to despise the business for which he intended him, and watched him closely.

Claude had a work-room, or studio, if we may call it so, at the top of the house, which Maitre Ballin held sacred and never intruded into it. From time to time Claude brought down some fine piece of work which he had completed, and as these were in good taste and sold well, the father was pleased; but after a time no work came down. Claude often took up canvas, stretchers, brushes—articles that were natural enough for a painter to have, but not what a goldsmith needed.

Getting desperate at last, Maitre Ballin, on seeing an old fellow, well-known as an artist's model, creeping up to his son's room, resolved to storm the castle and solve the mystery.

Bright and early he reached the door; he could see nothing through the keyhole, and the door was locked. He knocked, but his son did not open. Instead of that, Claude asked time to put the place in order, to ask his father to come some other day, that he wished to surprise him; but the old man was immovable. Claude at last extorted a promise that he would not get angry, and opened the door.

Maitre Ballin's worst fears were realized. There stood three circular oil-paintings, completely finished, and a fourth canvas in progress. The work-bench of the young goldsmith showed no signs of work.

He sternly demanded what these paintings were.

"They represent," said Claude, "the four mythological ages—the Golden Age, the Silver, the Brazen, and the Iron. The last I was just retouching to correct an attitude of the old man."

Maitre Ballin looked around for some sharp implement to cut these paintings into shreds, but Claude, after vainly attempting to check him, ran to the bed, and, diving under the curtains, drew out a round silver disk, and, holding it as a shield, ran between the paintings and his angry father.

As Ballin's eyes fell on the glittering piece of plate, he was fascinated by the sight. He dropped the graver, and stood pale and startled.

"Bless us! what do I behold?" he cried.

There on the basin was the Golden Age, reproduced from his painting with a skill and finish that would have charmed Benvenuto Cellini himself. Laying it down, Claude ran to the bed and drew forth the Age of Silver; then the Age of Brass, and, last of all, the Iron Age, as yet only outlined.

"Ah, father!" he cried, "I wished to surprise you, but you would not trust me, and have spoiled all!"

But Maitre Ballin was too overjoyed to heed his son's disappointment. Clasping Claude to his heart, he cried:

"Blessings! Now I can die happy—my Claude is a great goldsmith!"

When the four masterpieces were exposed, they excited general admiration. The offers for them came like bids at an auction, but Cardinal Richelieu carried them off at last, ordering four vases to match them.

QUEER GAME IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

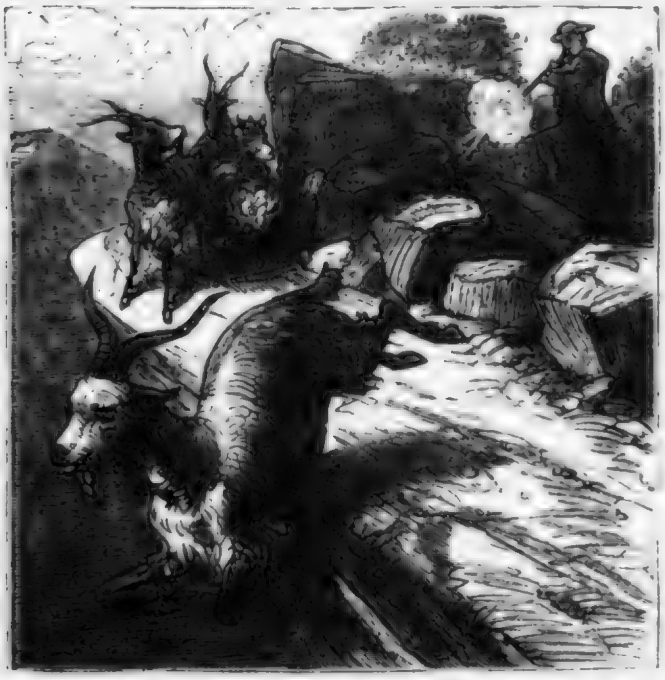
An English naval officer thus describes some of his sporting experiences in the South Pacific:

We had been but a few days at Callao, when a telegram reached us, ordering me to proceed to Rio de Janeiro, and the next day but one saw us off on our long cruise.

On the 16th of February we arrived at the famous island of Juan Fernandez, the scene of Alexander Selkirk's voluntary imprisonment, where we heard that there was first-rate fishing to be had, but that the goats on the island, though numerous, were very wild and difficult to approach. Having a few hours to spare, the afternoon of our arrival, I started in the gig in search of them. Following the coastline to the eastward, we had not gone above a couple of miles before we saw some goats feeding in a hollow, with precipices on all sides, so that it seemed wonderful how they ever got there, and difficult for them to escape.

They appeared not to notice the boat, and allowed us to approach to about one hundred yards, when a ball from my gun rolled one over—the others bolted in different directions, but not before a second had shared the fate of its mate, and came tumbling down the rocks with a ball through the shoulder. Firing at a third, we noticed it to stop suddenly, turn around, and bound along at an incredible rate, considering the nature of the ground. Having secured the two dead goats, we followed as fast as possible in the direction of the third, which we thought was wounded. After scrambling along the beach, climbing huge boulders, and seeing nothing of it, we concluded that it must have escaped, when we came upon the animal lying down, with the blood streaming from a wound in the head.

XUM



QUEEP GAME IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.—"A LUCKY SNAP SHOT SENT A BALL THROUGH HIS HEAD, AND TUMBLED HIM OVER THE PRECIPICE TO THE BEACH, MANY HUNDRED FEET BELOW."

The next morning I started up the mountains on foot, accompanied by one of the officers and my coxswain and steward, in hopes of getting an old billy-goat. We had seen some fine specimens the previous evening, standing on the very brink of the precipice.

We had not gone far before we heard the most frightful yells and shouts for assistance; on going back, we found my steward hanging over a precipice, and nearly exhausted. Having relieved him from his unpleasant position, we climbed up the mountain, and in about forty-five minutes had the satisfaction of reaching the top.

With our glasses we could see some goats feeding on the opposite side of a ravine; so, having recovered our wind, we started in pursuit. It took us nearly an hour to cross the ravine and climb the opposite side, but when we reached the spot where the goats had been feeding, they were no longer in sight.

My coxswain now joined us from reconnoitering a neighboring height, with the report that a herd of goats were feeding not far off, and they "look as big as donkeys," he added. Cautiously following in that direction, we soon spied the herd, which certainly were as big as donkeys, being no other than those noble animals, a few of which run wild on the island.

As there were no goats in sight, we amused ourselves stalking the donkeys for practice; we got close up to them unobserved, and having watched them for some time, fired a shot over their heads, when they scampered off.

Soon afterward my steward, whilst lighting his pipe, accidentally set fire to the dry grass. In a moment the whole place was in a blaze, and the flames spread so rapidly that we had to hasten down the valley and take refuge in a wood. Upon emerging from this wood on the opposite side from which the flames were approaching, we caught sight of a small herd of goats, led by one fine old ram. They galloped off on seeing us, and made toward the cliffs, where they have paths where no man could follow them.

By running to cut them off, I reached the edge of the cliff just in time to see the old fellow leading his flock along a narrow path below me. A lucky snap shot sent a ball through his head, and tumbled him over the precipice to the beach, many hundred feet below. We were unable to see the spot where he had fallen, but some of our people were fishing not far from the place, and hearing the shot, and seeing what had happened, they landed and secured the goat. He proved to be a fine old fellow.

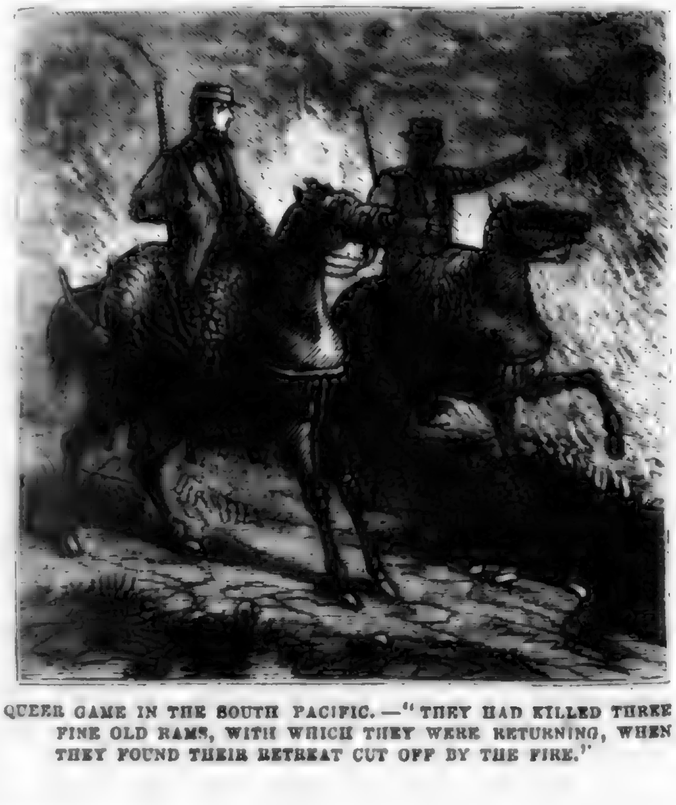
Meanwhile the fire had extended down the mountain-side, crossed the valley, and swept over an extent of ground fully a mile square, destroying everything in its course and making an awful noise. The path by which we had ascended in the morning was intercepted by the flames, and we had to find our way down by another way.

In the evening two officers returned from a hunting expedition. They had ridden many miles beyond where we had been, and had killed three fine old rams, with which they were returning, when they were horrified to find their retreat cut off by the fire. The path was completely obliterated, and it was getting dark and almost impossible for them to find their way, when, most fortunately, they hit upon a trail which brought them to the settlement.

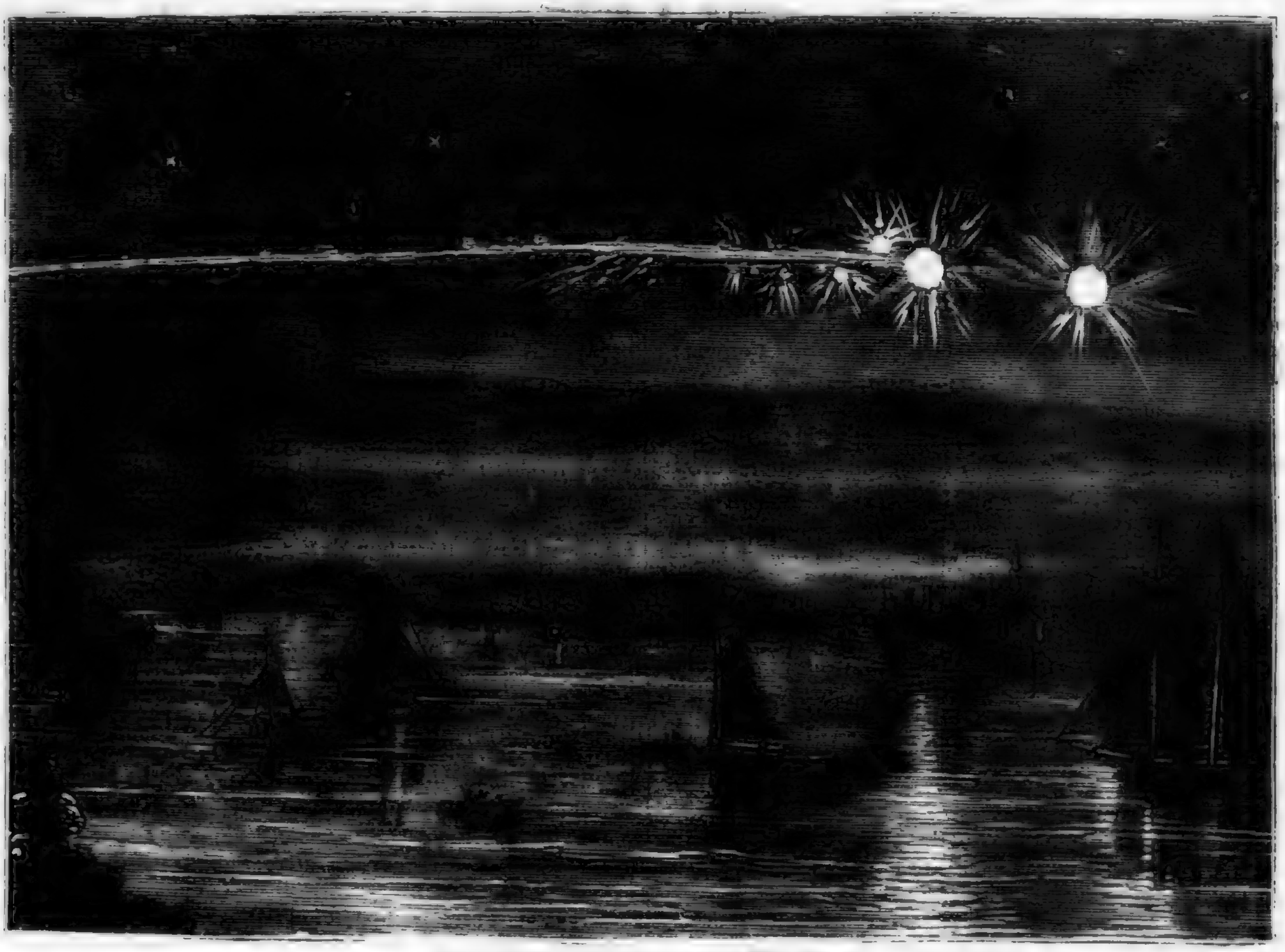
Returning to Callao to meet the mail, we sailed again to visit some small ports to the northward, and, after a pleasant run down the coast, anchored at Huacho, a wretched place and a bad anchorage. There is some sport to be got at a place called San Lorenzo; but the best shooting is at a lagoon about fifteen miles from the port.

I rode over to this place, accompanied by two of the officers, and guided by a native; there were plenty of ducks in the lagoon, but it seemed almost impossible to get at them, owing to the immense height of the reeds, which were from fifteen to twenty feet high. It seemed as though we should return empty-handed. We could see the ducks swimming about in the open spaces in the middle, out of the reach of our guns. At length we hit upon a plan which succeeded. Cutting down several bundles of reeds, we made them into a couple of rafts, or *bolsas*, as they are called, and sitting astride of them, one on each, we paddled out into deep water, and had some very pretty shooting, as the ducks and teal kept flying overhead.

On our way back we killed some doves, which abounded in the neighborhood, and also several couple of jack-snipe. Our birds proved most acceptable food, for, on our return to Huacho, we found that heavy rollers had set in, rendering communication with the ship impossible, and we were detained on shore for two days, until the sea subsided.



QUEER GAME IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.—"THEY HAD KILLED THREE FINE OLD RAMS, WITH WHICH THEY WERE RETURNING, WHEN THEY FOUND THEIR RETREAT CUT OFF BY THE FIRE."

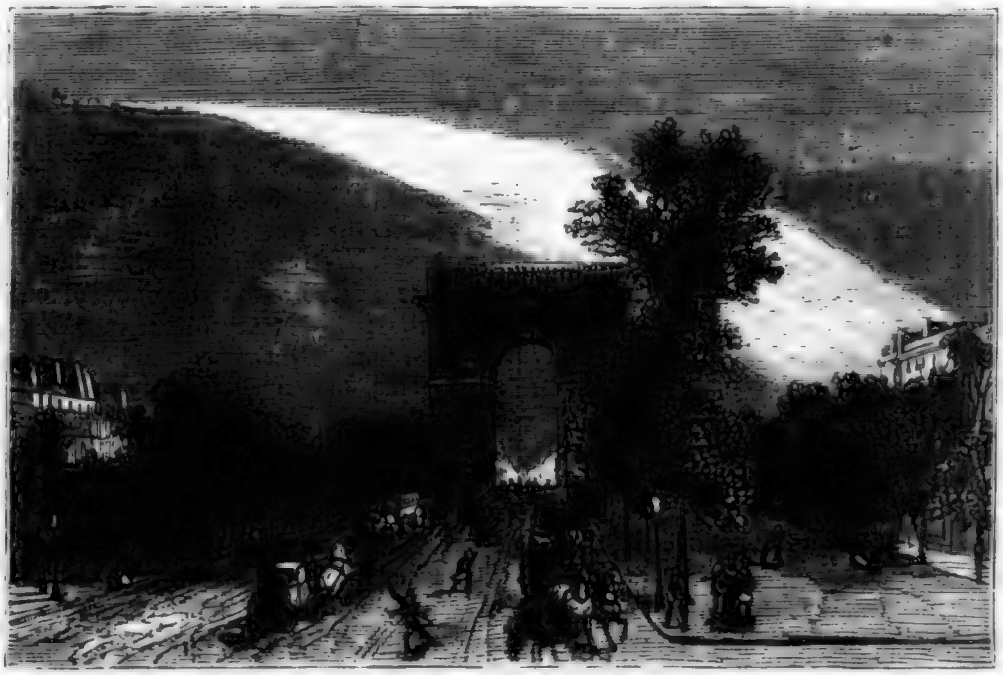


METEOR SEEN AT NEW YORK, JULY 20TH, 1860.

SHOOTING STARS.

By W. F. Denning, F.R.A.S.

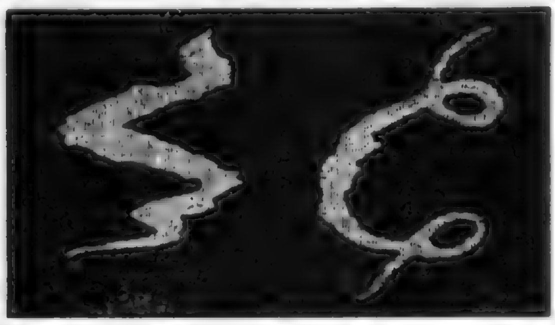
If a person will watch the sky on any evening of ordinary clearness, when the stars are shining with some brilliancy, he will observe one or more luminous objects in rapid motion amongst the constellations. These "shooting stars," as they are called, often attract the attention of the most casual observer, either by their frequency or splendor. The suddenness of their appearance, the bright light they sometimes throw over the landscape, the rapidity with which they travel athwart the sky, occasion surprise; and as the observer's eye still lingers on the place of apparition, his interest is excited, and questions arise in his mind as to the origin and nature of these remarkable bodies. Whence do they come? Whither do they go? What are their magnitudes, distances and velocities? If he pursue his observations with any diligence, he will have noticed that they are visible on *every* clear evening; and that, as sure as the darkness comes on and the constellations begin to show, so sure do these falling stars manifest themselves, darting here and there, and exhibiting many attractive features in their unceasing activity. They present every variety of speed and appearance. Some glide along the sky with a slow and stately motion, remaining visible for several seconds, and allow their paths to be conveniently traced. Others are seen to move in extremely quick and transient courses, like flashing rays of light. Some speed along in star-like aspect, devoid of trains or sparks, while others will be seen to leave



METEOR SEEN AT PARIS, ON OCTOBER 7TH, 1868.

in their tracks phosphoric lines or streaks, perceptible for some seconds, and distinctly marking the direction of the paths. A few will be noted to move apparently upward in the sky, and there will be others with nearly horizontal courses; and many will be descending in oblique and vertical paths toward the horizon. Our observer, as he attentively views their irregular and complicated motions, will be impressed that these objects are not following any laws capable of being reduced to the same harmony as pervades the solar system; but he will have formed a wrong idea, for there can be no doubt that they are beginning to be as well understood in their motions and appearances as celestial objects which have been observed from the earliest ages.

By persistent observations, made night after night and year after year, it was found that shooting stars diverged from certain definite points in the sky. Tracing the observed paths back in the same direction of motion, it was discovered that they intersected at a focus, known as the *radiant point*. This was especially noticed on certain nights in August and November, when meteors were seen in great abundance. No matter in what region of the heavens the meteors appeared, they were all directed from the same part of space, and exhibited many features in common. They converged, like the spokes of a wheel, upon a common centre. In 1799, on the night of the 11th of November, Humboldt and his fellow-traveler Bonpland witnessed a great fall of meteors; and in 1833, on the 13th of November, the phenomenon recurred with much splendor, when it was remarked that the vast majority of the meteors had the same point of departure in Leo, near the star *Gamma* of that constellation. It was therefore suggested that they belonged to the same system, and occurred periodically at intervals of about thirty-three years; which more recent observations have fully borne out; for on the 13th of November, 1866, there was another brilliant display of meteors.



LUMINOUS TRAIL LEFT BY THE METEOR OF OCTOBER 19TH, 1877.
First Effect. Second Effect.

In August, too, on the night of the 10th, a large number of these objects had often been observed. Their apparition on St. Lawrence's Day caused them to be known as "St. Lawrence's Tears"; and it was remarked that in this case the point of departure was in Perseus, and that the phenomenon returned every year with much regularity and intensity—in this respect differing from the falling stars of November, which seemed to be more periodical in character.

Another meteor shower of great intensity was witnessed on the 7th of December, 1798, and on the 6th of December, 1838, and the members of these several systems were designated after the constellations from which they emanated. The August meteors are now familiarly known as *Perseids*, the November meteors as *Leonids*, and the meteors of 1798 and 1838 as *Andromedes*.

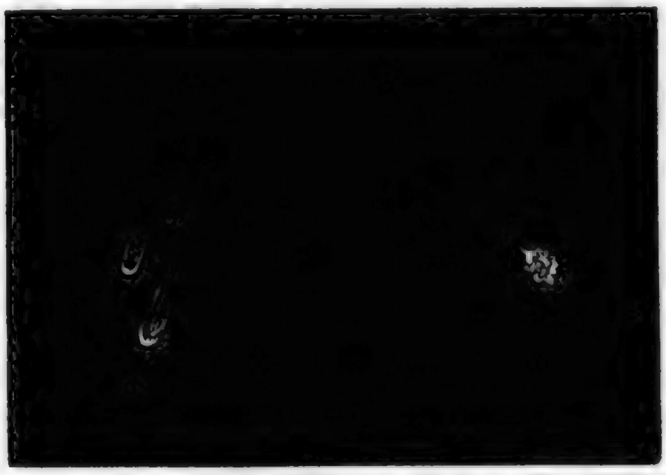
As observers began to pay more attention to this subject, it was soon found out that, in addition to these rich meteoric displays just mentioned, many other systems of a like nature were manifested, though of minor importance. Star showers of more than usual significance had been recorded on the nights of January 2d, April 20th, October 19th, and December 12th; and as observations further accumulated, it was sought to explain the apparition of these singular objects. Many facts about them tended to puzzle theorists, who had very scanty materials to work upon.

When Heis, in 1833, began systematically to observe and record the directions of shooting stars, he entered into an entirely new field of research. Before his time they were seen in a vague, careless way, and seldom recorded with any fullness or accuracy. They were considered to be purely atmospheric phenomena, and of little importance. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the ideas prevailing were of the most crude and uncertain nature. Some imagined that they had their origin in phosphoric fluids, which ascended from the earth's surface at various points, and became visible when, having become decomposed in the higher regions, they had taken fire, and the ignition extended itself rapidly backward to other parts of the column, until it came to a moisture-laden current, which extinguished it. It was further sought to establish a connection between these falling stars and gales of wind, for there are passages in old writers showing the idea to have been very prevalent. Another theory, which also had a section of adherents, ascribed a lunar origin to aërolites and meteors. They were said to be ejections from the volcanoes in the moon, and that occasionally coming within the sphere of the earth's attraction, they were drawn toward her surface.

But these ideas gradually gave way to the more reasonable hypothesis that they were of celestial origin, and revolved in orbits around the sun as a centre. To account for their luminous appearance, it was suggested that on entering the earth's atmosphere, as would frequently be the case when the two orbits intersected, the concussion was so great as to ignite their combustible materials, and they were wholly consumed before reaching the earth's surface. The smaller classes of these bodies would, no doubt, be soon dissipated in the upper regions of the atmosphere; but it was thought doubtful that the ordinary shooting-stars belonged to the same order as the large meteors and fire-balls, and required the same explanation.

Our knowledge in this branch was, however, most unsatisfactory, when, in 1833, and for several years at about that period, there occurred a succession of remarkably fine meteoric showers, which excited the interest of all ordinary gazers, and, what was of more importance, diverted the attention of astronomers from other subjects. Professor Olmsted witnessed the bright display of 1833 in America, and was led to collect observations made at many parts with the view to throw some light on the subject of these falling stars. His investigations led him to infer that they had their origin beyond the limits of our atmosphere, because the point of the sky from which they fell moved with the stars. If the meteors had their origin within the atmosphere, they must have been carried along with the earth in its diurnal rotation. He also concluded that the meteors were combustible bodies, constituted of light and transparent materials, and said that when massed together they formed a body bearing a strong analogy to a comet. From this he was led to ask whether the meteor shower was caused by a comet which "chanced at the time to be pursuing its path along with the earth around their common centre of motion." Recent researches now enable this question to be answered in the affirmative, for the periodicity and appearances of shooting-stars show they are closely allied to comets, and form a number of elliptical orbits or rings revolving around the sun. An actual identity was found between the orbits of several comets and meteor showers.

The eminent Italian astronomer, Schiarapelli, showed that the August meteors were directed from a point in the heavens at which the earth encountered the third comet of 1862. The elements of the two were almost coincident; and it was soon afterward pointed out by Dr. Peters that the November meteors corresponded with the first comet of 1866. These important discoveries lent a new interest to the subject, for they put beyond doubt what had for a long time perplexed astronomers. They had proved that shooting-stars played an important part in astronomical physics, coming, in fact, from the interstellar regions, and forming the material constitution of comets. Though extremely small, they exist in planetary space in vast multitudes, and compensate for their smallness in size by their great numbers.



FIRE-BALL OF SEPT. 7TH, 1875. METEOR OF NOV. 27TH, 1877.

The original cometary systems from which they are distributed would appear to be in process of dissipation, or wasting away, for it is impossible to conceive that a body will not suffer diminution when it casts off such a vast number of its atoms as fell toward the earth during, say, the great meteoric shower of November 27th, 1872. But such a process must be very gradual; for though, to our conception, the number of meteors that fell is vast indeed, yet it is trifling when compared to the illimitable supply of the parent systems, and the density with which they are found scattered over a long range of their orbits. Thus, in the case of Biela's periodical comet, which supplied us with the fine meteoric displays of 1798, 1838, and 1872, it is certain that for at least 500,000,000 of miles along the orbit the particles are extended in rich profusion, and sufficient to give a display of much splendor whenever the earth encounters it. Professor Kirkwood has pointed out that in 1838 the earth intersected a part of the comet's orbit, fully 300,000,000 miles in advance of the nucleus, and in 1872 the earth was immersed in the rear some 290,000,000 of miles.

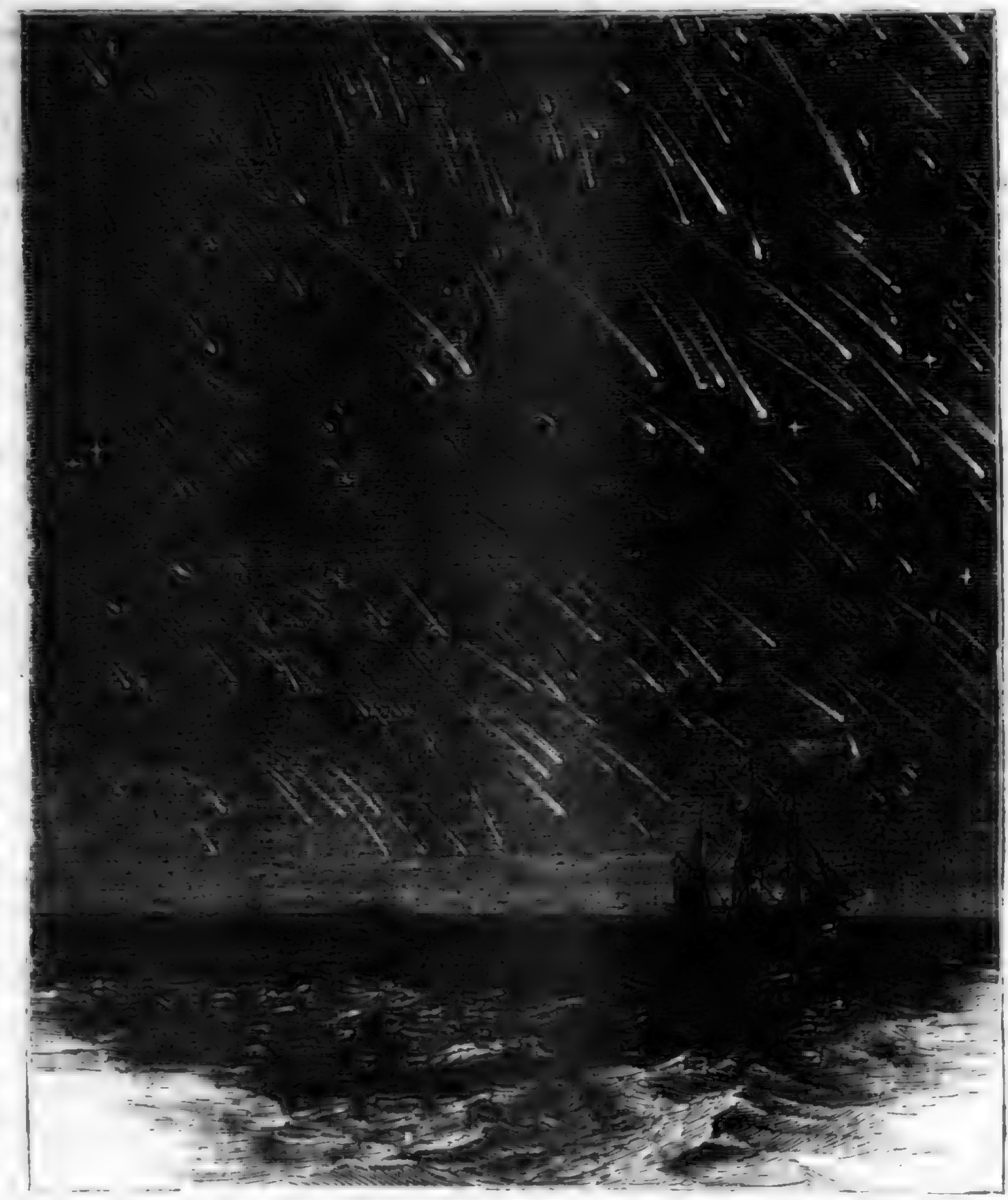
It is evident, therefore, that if at a point so distant from the real body of the comet the particles are so thickly strewn as to present showers of considerable intensity, we might expect, in the event of the earth's collision with the actual nucleus of a comet, a meteoric display or illumination far beyond the experience of anything recorded in our annals. The heavens would be alive with the swarming and seething of a vast host of falling stars chasing each other in densely packed ranks, and exhibiting a parallelism of motion most beautiful to behold. Fire-balls of great size and rare brilliancy would be mingled with a thick rain of meteoric dust, suffusing the whole sky. Near the point of space from whence they came, a number of stationary meteors, like transient stars, would be seen; while in a circular area, a few degrees distant, a fringe of meteors would appear with very short paths. Further off, and in regions removed from the radiant point, none would be seen but those with long, graceful courses; and these would exhibit greater speed than the rest, and generally be more conspicuous.

Never more than on an occasion like this should we be thankful for the protection afforded us by our atmosphere, which would be certain to act as an impenetrable shield, and destroy by combustion the meteor particles as fast as they came on. Evidently, therefore, the earth could suffer little in an encounter with a comet; the latter would be certain to get the worst of it. Not only would the comet experience a considerable loss of its materials, but its path must be greatly affected by the earth's powerful attraction, and henceforward it would pursue a new orbit; for we know that cometary motions are much liable to perturbations if they approach near a planet.

Jupiter is a frequent disturber of cometary orbits, for his great mass cannot fail to exercise itself strongly upon the light and thin materials of their composition. But though the earth has never yet been known to meet with a comet, the great meteoric storms that have sometimes been witnessed were signs that a comet was not far off. There is, however, nothing impossible in such an encounter, though it is highly improbable; and some alarm was created in 1832, when it was announced that the nucleus of Biela's comet passed within 20,000 miles of the earth at a point which the earth would occupy on the 3d of December in that year; but the comet arrived at the place about a month before the critical date, and hence a collision was avoided.

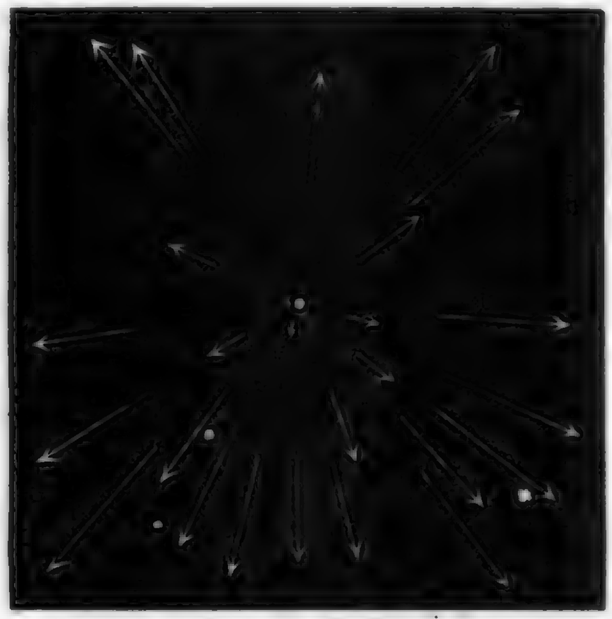
It has been stated that certain of the principal meteor-showers agree in the most conclusive manner with the orbits of periodical comets. This is the case in regard to the meteors of April 20th, August 10th, and November 13th and 27th. But it must not be assumed, therefore, that all the phenomena of falling stars are to be explained at once on the same grounds. Certain anomalies have been pointed out, which render it difficult to harmonize theory with observation. In the cases alluded to, not even the most skeptical would fail to admit the wonderful agreement in the meteor and comet orbits, and must accept the identity as beyond question; but in a vast number of other instances no such excellent coincidences are to be met with. The observed duration of many showers is far beyond the limits assigned to them by theory. Those who have worked most diligently in the department of observation affirm that some of these meteor systems continue visible for a month and more. In some cases, indeed, the time extends over two months, and even beyond that, occasionally. Now, it is certain that a meteor-shower brought about by the intersection of the earth and a comet's path

FIRE-BALL OF OCTOBER 7TH, 1867.

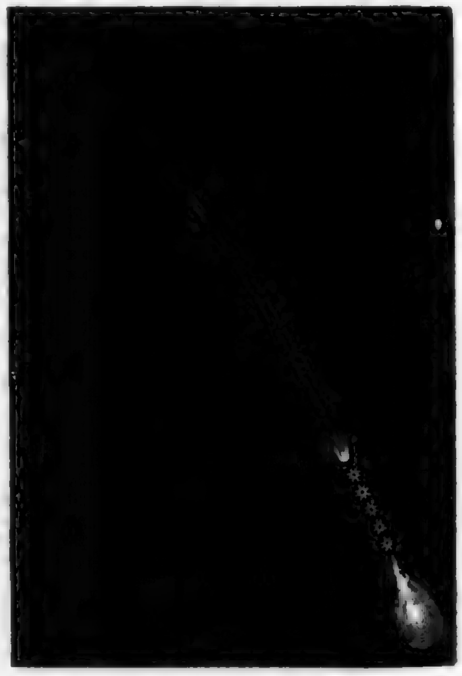


METEORIC SHOWER SEEN ON NOVEMBER 14TH, 1867, OFF SANDY HOOK.

can last only a few days (except in a special case, when the duration may be longer), and that there will be a short period of maximum intensity. The earth in her orbit travels over about one and a half millions of miles in a day, and hence must very soon make her passage through the meteor-storm, unless it has far wider proportions than is considered probable. In the case of the several systems specially referred to as agreeing with comets, the shower of meteors is of very short endurance, and seldom exceeds one or two nights in its real intensity. They conform precisely to what theory teaches. But how shall we explain in the same way a meteor-shower continued during two months? Obviously the observations are false, or the theory requires modification. The difficulty may, to some extent, be got over if it is granted that these meteor-streams have each become scattered, or widened out, over a vast space by the annual effects of the earth's attraction as she sweeps through them. This having been going on for many ages, it is probable that they must suffer considerable distortion; and if this is what has actually taken place, without any material displacement of the radiant points, we can understand how these long-continued showers have their origin. At present, it has been attempted to account for them on the supposition that each one consists of several distinct systems succeeding each other from the same directions, but the explanation is untenable in the face of the numerous and exact observations supporting a contrary view. Meteors are frequently seen coming from the same points in the sky for two months, almost without apparent cessation, and it is only fair to conclude that they belong to the same parent system. If our present ideas as to the nature of meteor-orbits cannot explain, then they must be remodeled on the basis of observed facts. It will never do to make observation subservient to theory, or we shall have a bad precedent, and



RADIANT POINT OF SHOOTING STARS.

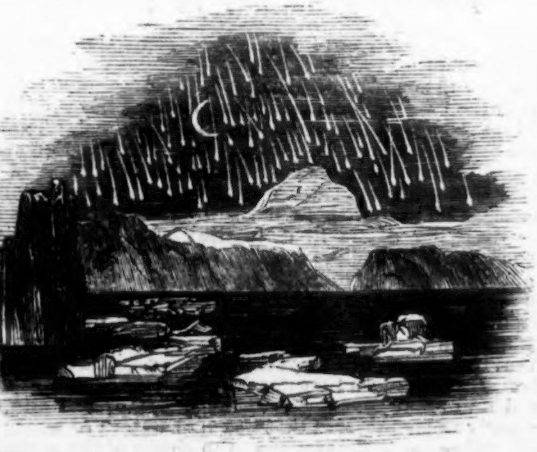


METEOR OF NOVEMBER 12TH, 1861.

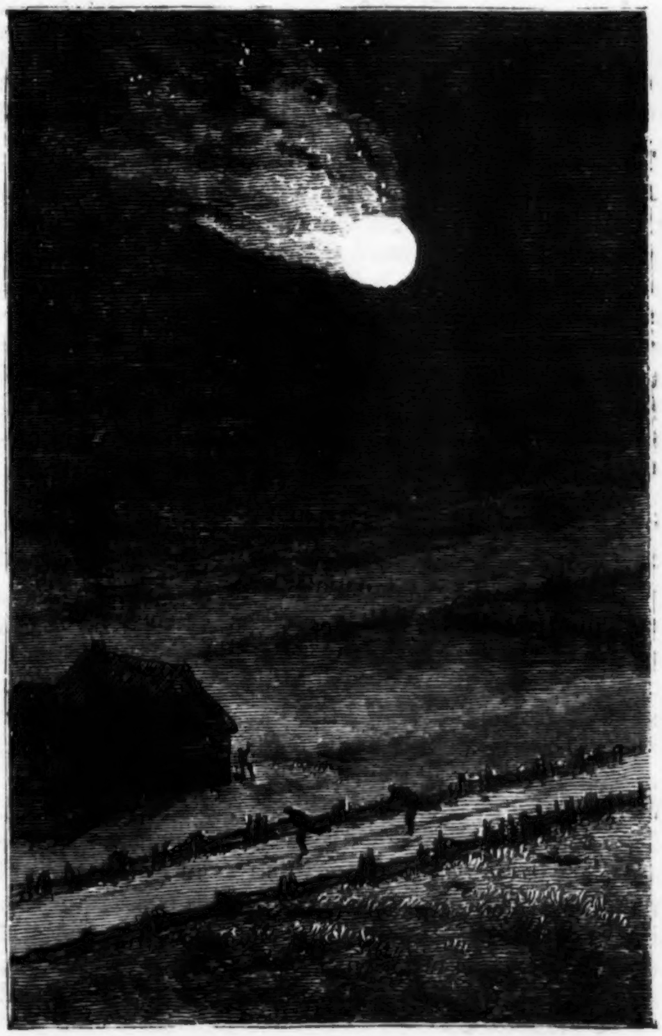
SHOOTING STARS SEEN OFF NEWFOUNDLAND.

one which can only tend to stultify original research. Our knowledge in this department is admittedly very recent and incomplete. We must continue for many years to gather materials, taking as little as possible for granted, and bearing in mind that there is great variety displayed throughout the planetary system, and that in the vast assemblage of meteor-swarms enveloping the earth we may find many varieties of orbit and origin. There may be terrestrial meteor-rings that have an analogy with the zodiacal light. The planets Jupiter and Uranus have each their families of comets, and it is possible that the earth is attended by a number of the same bodies, the scattered and attenuated nature of which places them beyond the range of visibility. Evidently, we have much to learn about these shooting stars and about their allied comets; and he is wise who works and waits, without a too-hasty assumption of knowledge that he does not possess, or a too ready broaching of theories based on insufficient materials.

It was long known, before the fact of a connection with comets was ascertained, that shooting stars moved with planetary velocity, and that their average height above the earth's surface was less than 100 miles. The same meteors were occasionally observed at two different stations, and the paths, when compared, showed a large displacement or parallax, and the amount of this afforded a ready means of calculating the meteor's height above the earth, the actual distance (forming the base line) separating the two observers being known. Brandes found, as early as 1823, that of 100 shooting stars seen, twenty-two had an elevation of between twenty-four and forty miles, thirty-five between forty and fifty miles, and thirteen between seventy and eighty miles. Of sixty-six shooting stars recorded in August, 1863–71, Professor Herschel determined the average heights as seventy-eight miles at first appearance, and fifty-three miles at disappearance, giving an elevation of sixty-five and a half miles at mid-course. The velocity of a similar number of meteors he found had an average of thirty-four and a half miles per second. Heis's work, embracing a summary and analysis of forty-three years' observations, gives the heights of 262 shooting stars. The largest number first became visible at sixty-seven miles, and disappeared at forty-four miles. The several results



METEORIC SHOWER IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



METEOR SEEN NEAR DES MOINES, IOWA, FEBRUARY 12TH, 1875.

show differences, but it must be remembered that these bodies vary a good deal in their heights and velocities. The latter element depends upon the position of the meteor-orbit with respect to the earth at the time of intersection. If the meteors are coming directly from that point toward which the earth is moving in her orbit, it is evident that they will be of extreme swiftness, because their orbital speed is increased by the earth's, which corresponds to eighteen and a quarter miles per second. The *Leonids* of November nearly fulfill this condition, and their calculated speed is forty-four miles a second. On the other hand, meteors coming from a stream pursuing a similar course to the earth will be characterized by slowness of motion, because they have to overtake the earth, and their orbital velocity is lessened by the amount of the earth's velocity to the extent before mentioned. The *Andromedes* (or meteors of Biela's comet), visible on November 27th, partake of the latter class; hence their calculated speed is only twelve miles per second. Thus it is evident that the apparent velocities of shooting stars depend in great measure upon the angles at which they meet the earth.

It is difficult to select, from amongst the large numbers of known meteor systems, those which afford the most conspicuous displays, but it is believed that the following short table comprises many of them. The positions are given in right ascension and declination.

Jan. 2—3	234°	+ 49°	July—Aug	309°	+ 48°
Jan	230	+ 30	Aug. 10	44	+ 53
Jan.—Feb	180	+ 35	Aug. 6—12	96	+ 72
Dec.—Feb	131	+ 48	Aug.—Sept	335	+ 52
Feb.—Mar	180	+ 56	Sept. 1	306	+ 54
Feb.—Mar	175	+ 14	Sept.—Oct	46	+ 35
April 19—20	272	+ 35	Sept.—Dec	83	+ 50
April—May	204	+ 56	Oct. 18—20	90	+ 15
April—June	235	+ 23	Oct.—Nov	60	+ 20
May 2	326	— 2	Oct	107	+ 25
July—Aug	6	+ 37	Nov. 13	149	+ 23
July 27—29	341	— 14	Nov. 27	25	+ 43
July 30—Aug. 1	32	+ 53	Dec. 6	80	+ 23
July—Aug	282	+ 60	Dec. 9—12	105	+ 32

The durations must be regarded as very uncertain.

As to the number of meteors a person may expect to see on ordinary nights, Schmidt and several other observers have given the horary rate for each month in the year, but their figures are much below the true values. Ten per hour in the evenings and nearly seventeen in the mornings are the average numbers found by the writer, from observations of 3,323 shooting stars during the last six months of the years 1876–78. For the first half of the year the figures will be somewhat less. In the morning hours shooting stars are very frequent, as a rule, and occasionally fall in unusual numbers.

The same systems supply large and small meteors. Fire-balls (of which examples are given in the illustrations) intersperse with the most minute of these objects. As to their actual size, little can be ascertained with certainty. It is difficult, especially in the case of bright meteors, to separate angular diameter from the effects of "glare." The fire-ball of November 23d, 1877, was estimated to have an apparent diameter of half a mile, but the solid nucleus must have had vastly smaller dimensions.

The ordinary class of shooting stars are extremely small, and are conspicuous more for their light than size. Observations, a few years ago, placed the weight of twenty of these bodies as varying between 30 grains and 7½ pounds. The number of small meteors also vastly exceeds those of great brilliancy. In the catalogues of meteor-observers, they are classed according to their brightness, as compared with star magnitudes.

The writer, in order to determine the relative percentage of the various magnitudes of meteors, sorted out more than 50,000 shooting stars in various lists, and found that the best observations showed the following average proportions:

Exceeding 1st magnitude.	Equal 1st mag.	2d mag.	3d mag.	4th mag. and below.
3.0	10.6	18.4	26.2	41.8

The results indicate a progressive increase of 7¾ per cent.

It is often asked, What becomes of the vast number of falling stars which enter our atmosphere? It is impossible to conceive that they are utterly dissipated and vaporized in the upper regions. The probability is, that, after combustion, they are frittered into dust, which slowly subsides upon the earth's crust; for it has been shown that, though many of the particles of dust that are always floating in the air rise from the soil, some display a peculiarity of composition and form strongly suggestive of a celestial origin. A fall of "cosmical dust" has been inferred from the investigations of several scientists, whose conclusions appear to be that iron is mingled with the dust that has been accumulated in church-towers by the winds of ages, and that this iron, as it floats in the air, is often trapped in its fall by snow, which frequently gives traces of it.

In 1875 and 1876, a quantity of dust was collected from the towers of cathedrals and other elevated positions, and placed under chemical and microscopical analysis. The application of a magnet proved it to contain minute spherical corpuscles, with a slight roughness, which made many of them bottle-shaped. Snow was also collected at many places in France, and by Nordenskjöld in the arctic regions, care being taken to avoid the lower and upper layers, and the presence of iron was detected in each of the residues, and there were irregular particles which were influenced by the magnet.

A continuous fall of cosmical dust of meteoric origin seems to be the probable inference from such inquiries, and the further development of labors in this direction may open out some interesting points and explanations in regard to many observed phenomena.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

EARTH'S CENTRAL FIRE.—Geologists are now pretty generally agreed in accepting the theory that the globe was originally in a fluid and incandescent state; that it gradually cooled by radiation, preserving the elliptic form resulting from its movement of rotation, and that the earth's crust was thus formed. The latter is supposed to be very thin, in comparison with the diameter of the sphere, and the way in which its thickness is calculated is based on the fact that the temperature increases in a regular proportion as the interior of the earth is penetrated. Taking this law as a base, no difficulty exists in estimating at what depth the heat would be sufficient to make even the most refractory substances liquid. In this system, volcanoes are safety-valves disseminated over the surface of the gigantic boiler we call the earth. However, the existence of the central fire is not admitted by everybody, and one savant in particular, M. Hermite, disputes the theory, and also denies that the elliptic shape is due to the originally fluid state of the globe. He considers that the difference in temperature of the equatorial and polar zones, due to the action of the sun, has not been properly regarded, and that the vast extent of water has had a material influence in determining the shape of the earth.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE SUBSTANCE.—The staff of the Austrian artillery have been for some time engaged in making experiments at the arsenal of Zamky, on a material which is said to possess far greater explosive power than any other substance hitherto discovered. During a series of investigations relative to dynamite and compressed gun-cotton, M. Nobel found that the latter could be prepared in such a way that it could be completely dissolved in nitro-glycerine. The product is a gelatinous, gummy substance, which, at the highest pressures, does not part with any of the nitro-glycerine. The explosive gelatine resists water, cannot be fired by any shock, but only goes off with difficulty, and imperfectly, when ignited. Further experiments showed, however, that with it a new compound could be formed, admirably adapted to all military purposes. This is prepared by simply adding a little camphor to the gelatine. The proportions are four per cent. of the

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former to ninety-six per cent. of the latter, which consists of ninety per cent. of nitro-glycerine and ten per cent of fulmi-cotton. The gelatinous mass is elastic, transparent, of a pale yellow color, and can be cut with a knife. When set on fire in the open air, it burns like dynamite, or dry, compressed guncotton. It only takes fire at very high temperature, and the action of the camphor is very evident in that respect, for the ordinary gelatine by itself explodes at 200 deg. Cent. (392 deg. Fah.), while the heat required to produce that effect after the addition of the camphor, cannot be tested by any of the apparatus usually applied to that purpose. The new composition cannot be fired by a blow, even from a projectile; it shows no sign of alteration, even after having been left in running water for forty-eight hours. When solidified by cold, it forms a mass resembling sugar-candy, and is thus more sensitive to mechanical action, but as soon as it is thawed it resumes all its original properties. When exploded, however, it produces less smoke than dynamite or guncotton, with a clearer and more sonorous report, and has far greater force than either. The principal objection to its adoption was the difficulty of igniting it, but that has been overcome. When cotton fibre is subjected to the action of sulphuric acid, a white, pulverulent substance is obtained, which has received the name of hydro-cellulose, is easily soluble in nitric acid, when it becomes nitro-hydro-cellulose This compound, mixed in the proportion of forty per cent. with sixty per cent. of nitroglycerine, forms the most powerful means of ignition ever hitherto discovered. By means of properly-constructed cartridges of that substance, the explosive gelatine becomes as manageable as ordinary powder, with less danger and far greater explosive force.

Detection of Fire-damp in Mines.—Fire-damp is now detected by observing the flame of a safety-lamp, which, when the explosive gas comes in contact with it, is surrounded with a blue aureole. The brilliant white light of the lamp marks the color, and to obviate this the miners reduce the flame when they wish to use it as an indicator; but in spite of this precaution the lamp only marks—to use the workmen's terms—when the atmosphere contains at least three per cent. of the explosive gas. As three quarters of one per cent becomes explosive in presence of fine coal-dust, this rude indicator affords insufficient protection. Messrs. Mallard and Le Chatelier propose to have in every gallery a lamp in which a jet of hydrogen is burned, instead of the ordinary illuminating oil. The hydrogen burns with an almost colorless flame, and gives little light, but great heat. Owing to the latter property, when fire-damp is present in the air, it keeps the explosive gas burning, and at the same time the flame elongates, and the blue aureole is seen when so small a portion as one quarter of one per cent. of fire-damp is in the air. The ordinary glass chimney is replaced by one of copper. Hydrogen is furnished compressed in cylinders.

Impure Alcohol.—Impure alcohol contains aldehyde, propyl alcohol and acetic ether. The first of these is the result of a certain decomposition of the alcohol itself, caused during rough or careless distillation. When isolated, it is exceedingly suffocating, like sulphurous ether; a mouthful inhaled from a bottle is sufficient to knock a man down insensible. Its preparation and manipulations are excessively dangerous for the operator. The second is a highly poisonous substance, discovered by Chancel in 1853, in the fusil oil of the residues left in the distillation of brandy from wine. The third is also a deadly matter, produced by an alteration of the chemical constituents of the alcohol. Cheap brandies often contain these substances, and have the bad taste and the bad consequences of their use.

Balloons in Warfare.—The English Government is about to adopt war balloons into the land and sea service. Movable apparatus for inflating and manipulating the balloons has just been completed in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, which has been successfully tried. The appliances consist of a portable tank, weighing 400 pounds, containing iron shavings and turnings, and a boiler and furnace. Hydrogen is generated by passing steam over the iron turnings, the buoyant power of this gas being found infinitely greater than that manufactured at gasworks. As soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, it is in contemplation to send a few war balloons out to Zululand.

Object Teaching in Science.—If a child has any latent capacity for the study of nature, a visit to a real man of science, at work in his laboratory, may be the turning point of the child's life. He may not understand a word of what the man of science says to explain his operation, but the child sees the operations themselves, and the pains and patience which are bestowed on them; and when they fail, he sees how the man of science, instead of getting angry, searches for the cause of the failure.

Dr. Horace Binney Hare, who recently died at the Island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, was only thirty-five years of age, but was well known on account of his aptitude for chemical research and for his ability as an instructor. He was the grandson of the late Horace Binney and of the late Dr. Robert Hare, and gave great promise of sustaining the high reputation of his illustrious ancestors. His early death will be deplored by a wide circle of friends in this country and in Europe.

Organic Ultramarine.—By causing hydriolic ether to react on the ultramarine of silver in a closed vessel for fifty or sixty hours, at a temperature of 350 deg. Fah., the silver is removed by the iodine, and there remains a clear, gray powder which, on heating, gives off the odor of sulphuric ether. If this be mixed with chloride of sodium and heated, there results a blue powder, which has all the appearance and properties of ordinary artificial ultramarine.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Uncomfortable Wraps.—Those of the waiter at the hotel who calls you for the early train.

Why is it impossible to cheat at chess? Because all movements must be made on the square.

A married man sometimes finds himself to be an April fool soon after the wedding March.

A new brand of cigars is called "The Lottery Ticket," because only one in a thousand draws.

An elderly lady, head nurse in an institution for children, calls herself "queen of the bawl-room."

Who wrote "The harp that once wore over-alls," and the song of "When I swallow homesick flies"?

"Dying in poverty," said a modern moralist, "is nothing; it is living in povery that comes hard on a fellow."

"Anonymous articles will receive no attention," the editor remarked when a baby was left on his door-step.

What king, on ascending his throne, slipped on a piece of orange-peel and sat down on the back of his neck?

"Thar iz no good substitute fur wisdum," says Josh Billings, "but silence iz the best that haz been discovered yet."

When the door-bell is sounded by a friend with whom you have made an appointment, can it be called an engagement ring?

As they passed a gentleman whose optics were terribly on the bias, little Dot murmured, "Ma, he's got one eye that don't go!"

It is inferred from the heroism with which Spartan women used to encourage their husbands to go forth to battle, that they looked well in black.

"Storms are a mystery," said a lecturer. "But, for all that, anybody can see the drift of a snow-storm!" exclaimed a young wag in the audience.

When Katherine's husband was arrested for correcting that lady with a strap, he said it was a pity that a man should be pulled up for strapping his skate.

"I walked the floor all night with the toothache!" said he. To which his unfeeling listener replied, "You didn't expect to walk the ceiling with it, did you?"

Not Particular.—A woman purchasing some cups and saucers, was asked what color she would have. "Why, I ain't particular," she said; "any color that won't show dirt!"

"Beg pardon, sir; but I've just caught these two young rascals making a slide in front of your doorstep, and they say you gave 'em permission." "It's quite correct; I did, policeman. The fact is, I expect my mother-in-law to luncheon!"

Sam recently got married, and told his wife that she might retain all the change which dropped on the floor out of his pockets. What was his astonishment on Monday morning to find no money in his pants. He has since ascertained that his wife hangs his pants upside down.

The following unique epistle was picked up in the street lately: "Dear Bill—The reason I didn't laff when yu laft at me in the post-offs yisterday was becaws I hev a bile on my face, and kan't laff. If I laff she'll bust. But I luv yu, Bill, bile or no bile, laff or no laff. Yure luvin' Kate till deth."

Prof. Daniel Vaughan, well known throughout the United States as astronomer, linguist and mathematician, died recently in Cincinnati. He was born in Ireland, and came to the United States when quite young. For the past twenty-five years he has resided in Cincinnati, and at the time of his death was fifty-eight years of age.

"Are you the woman of whom I bought this handkerchief yesterday?" asked a purchaser. "I am the lady that served you, madame," responded the reduced empress in long watch-chain and ringed fingers, who presided at the counter. "Well," said the customer, "I will take a dozen more; and as I wish to get them to my washer-lady at once, I will get you to send them to my carriage round the corner. My coach-gentleman cannot get to the door just now for the cart of the dust-gentleman."

A True Cockney.—At a *table d'hôte* a true cockney, who spoke nothing but English was seated next to a German lady, who did not speak it at all. Handing her a plate of peaches, he said, "Have a peach, marm?" "*Nein*," (No) replied the lady. "Nine!" said he, staring with astonishment, first at her and then at the other guests at the table "Why, marm, there are only six in the dish; but there they are for you!" at the same time rolling the whole of them on to her plate.

Facts for the Naturalists' Field Club.—"A goose, so far from being a foolish bird, is a very wise one. A flock of geese saved Rome once." "I shouldn't wonder," said Master Van, "for a flock of wild ones saved Le Haive Island once. They got overloaded with sleet and wet snow, and lighted on the island one Spring, and was caught there, and actually saved the folks from starvation" "Well," says I, "out of gratitude to these birds the Italians erected a college for 'em at Rome, and called it the 'Proper Gander College.'"

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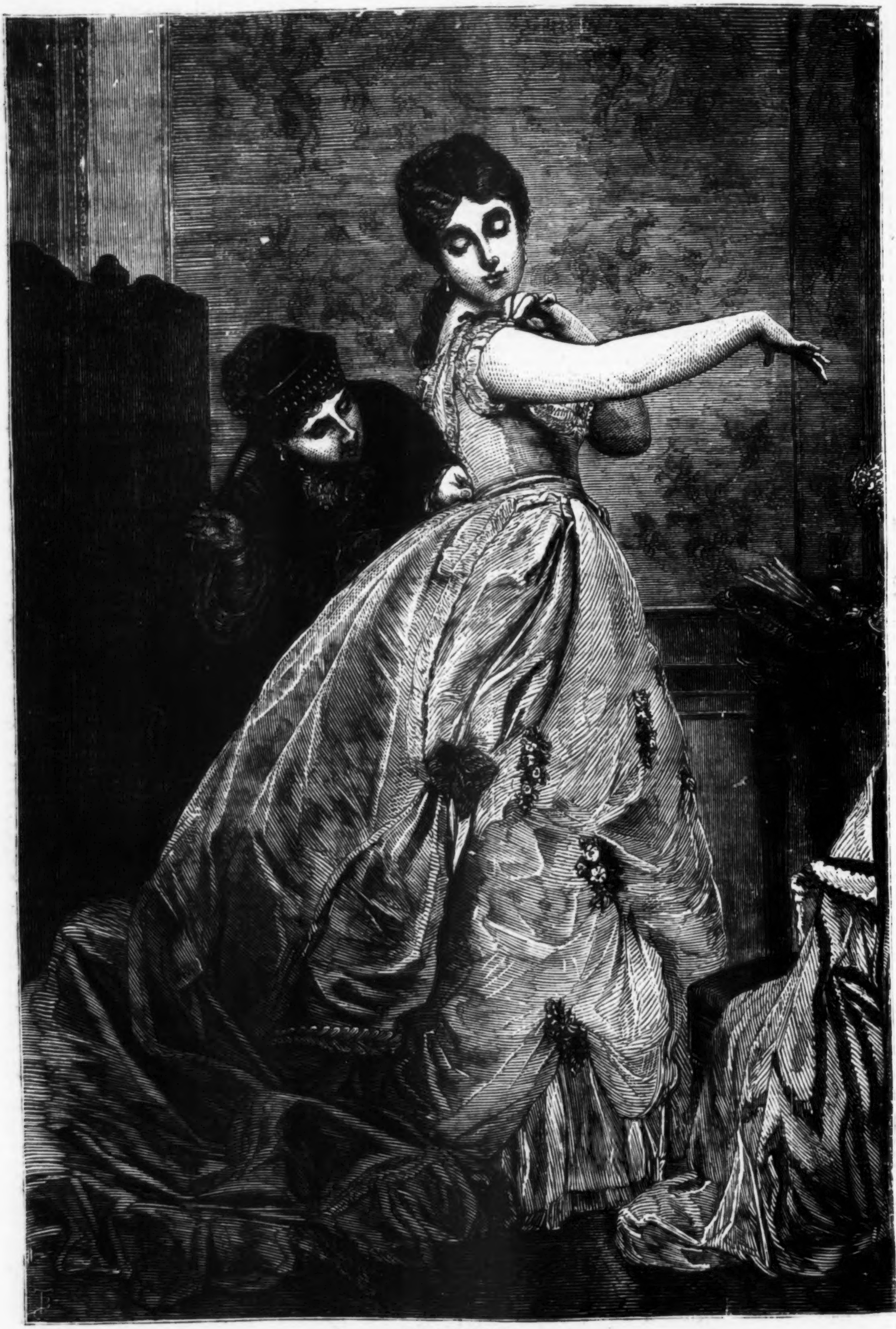

THE LAST STITCH.